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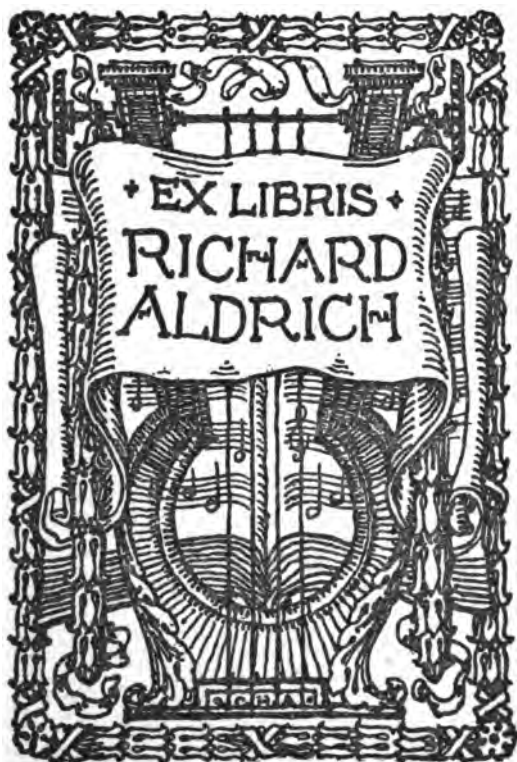
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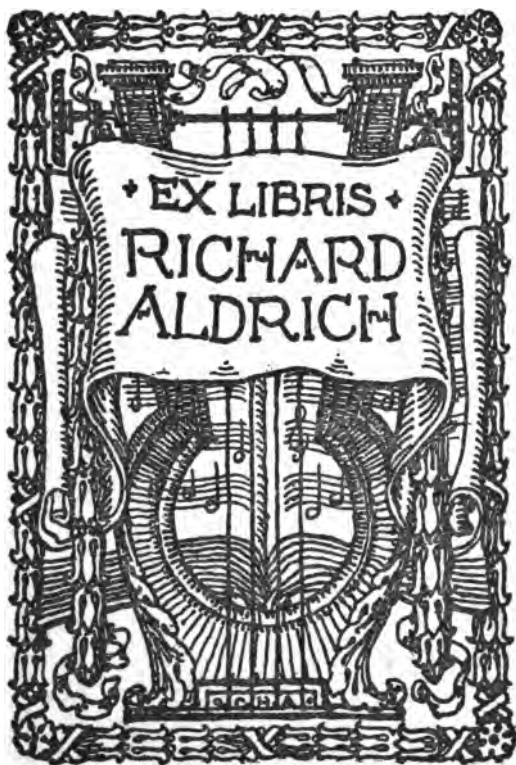
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LOVE IN LITERATURE AND ART.

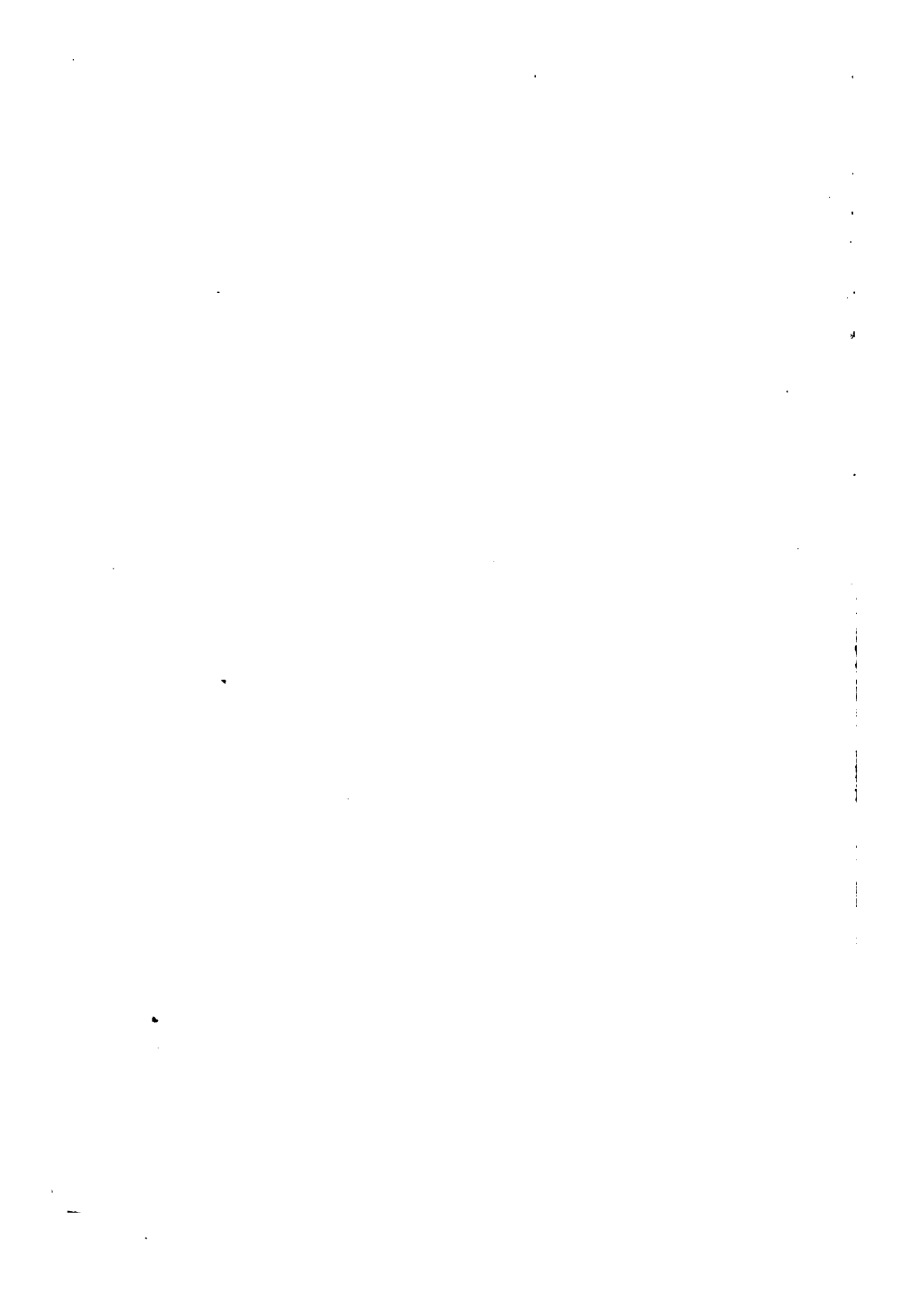
THE GOLDEN ROD FAIRY BOOK.

THE WILD FLOWER FAIRY BOOK.

DUTCH NEW YORK. Manners and Customs of New Amsterdam in the Seventeenth Century.

A GUIDE TO THE OPERA.

A GUIDE TO MODERN OPERA.



A GUIDE TO MODERN OPERA

Mus 242.19.5
B.



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Published, October, 1909

Preface

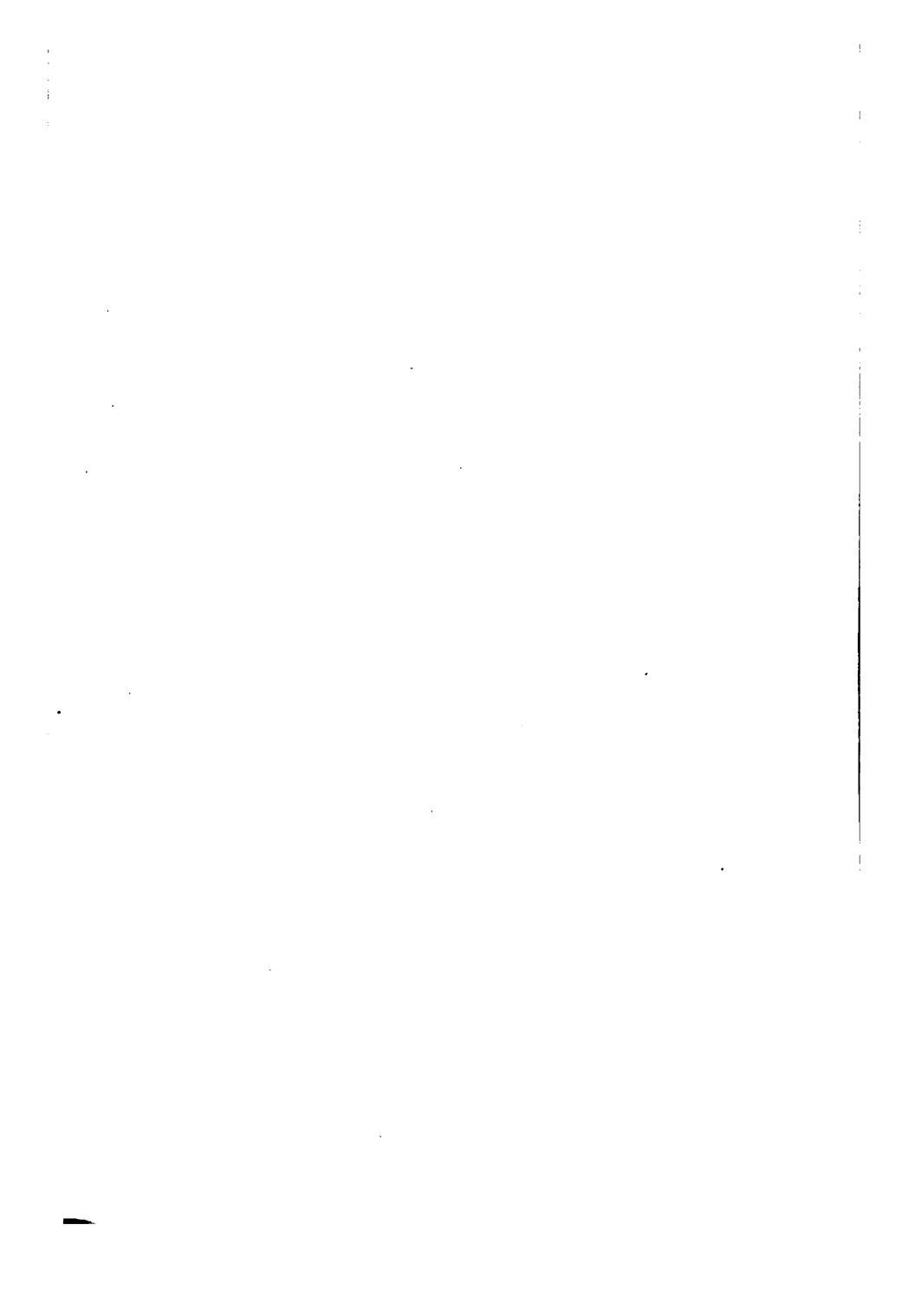


Y *Guide to the Opera* was devoted to the works of Wagner and his predecessors. The welcome it received from opera-lovers encourages the hope that a second series dealing with the works of the new school of composers may also find favour. I have selected the most popular of the newest operas that are performed on the contemporary stage, at the same time including some older works of the new school that are not in my former book, such as *Mefistofele*, *Parsifal*, *The Queen of Sheba*, etc. The only opera which is distinctly of the old-fashioned type is Smetana's *Bartered Bride*, which, represented in this country for the first time in 1909, achieved immediate popularity.

I have followed the same plan of treatment as that of *The Guide to the Opera*, describing the plot and music as the drama unfolds before the spectator, and calling attention to the most striking musical numbers and the orchestral annotations. In the analysis of *Parsifal*, I have followed M. Lavignac's nomenclature of the leading-motives.

E. S.

NEW YORK,
September, 1909.

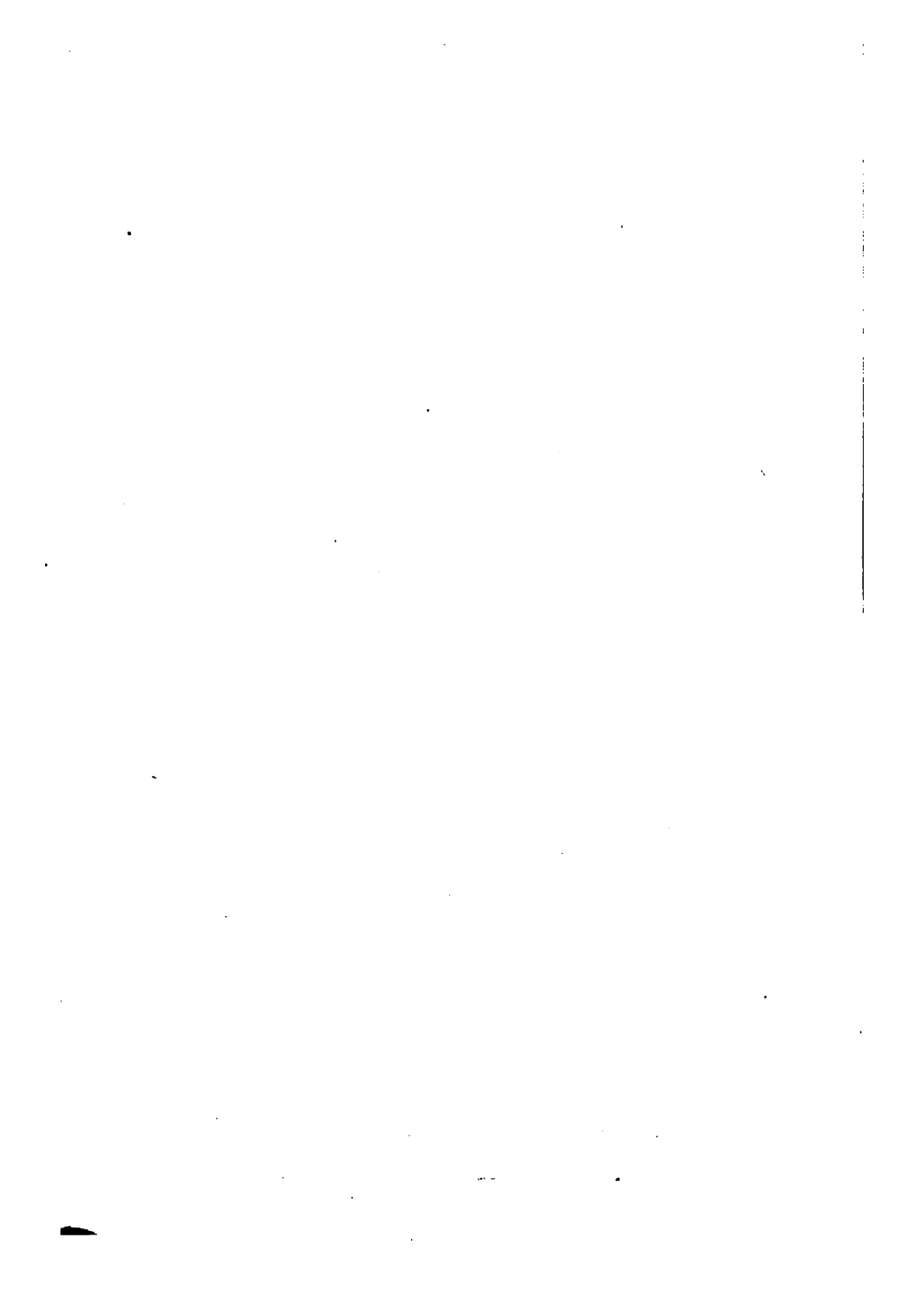


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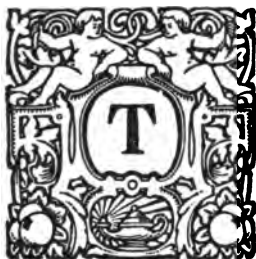
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The Music of the Future



THE Music of the Future," which was discussed and defined in such detail by Wagner in his *Art-work of the Future* (1850) and its succeeding work, *Opera and Drama*, has now become the music of the present. In the former, Wagner's main argument is as follows: "Poetry, mimetics and music were united in the drama of the Greeks; the drama disappeared with the downfall of the Athenian state; the union of the arts was dissolved, each had an existence of its own, and at times sank to the level of a mere pastime. Attempts made during the Renaissance, and since, to reunite the arts, were more or less abortive, though the technique and the width of range of most of the arts increased. In our day, each 'separate branch of art' has reached its limits of growth, and cannot overstep them without incurring the risk of becoming incomprehensible, fantastic, absurd. At this point, each art demands to be joined to a sister art—poetry to music, mimetics to both; each will be ready to forego egotistical pretensions for the sake of an 'artistic whole,' and the *musical* drama may become for future generations what the drama of Greece was to the Greeks."

The thesis of *Opera and Drama* is as follows: "In the opera, the means of expression (*music*) have been taken for the sole aim and end,—while the true aim (*the drama*) has been neglected for the sake of particular musical forms. The dramatic cantata of Italy is the root of the opera. The scenic arrangements and the action formed the pretext for the singing of arias, *i. e.*, people's songs artistically arranged. The composer's task consisted in writing arias of the accepted type to suit his subject, or to suit this or that vocalist. When

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the ballet was added to the conglomerate of airs, it was the composer's business to reproduce the popular dance-forms. The airs were strung together by means of recitatives, mostly conventional. The ballet tunes were simply placed side by side. Gluck's reform in the main consisted in his energetic efforts to place his music in more direct *rappor*t with the action. He modified the melody in accordance with the inflections and accents of the language employed. He put a stop to the exhibition of mere vocal dexterity, and forced his singers to become the spokesmen of his dramatic intentions. But as regards the *form* of his musical pieces (and this is the cardinal point) he left the opera as he found it. The entire work remains a congeries of recitatives, arias, choruses, dance-tunes, just as before. Gluck's librettists furnished words for airs, etc., in which the action was not lost sight of; but it was considered to be of secondary importance. Gluck's great successors, Méhul, Cherubini, Spontini, cultivated the dramatic musical ensemble, and thus got rid of the incessant monologue which the arias of the elder opera had necessitated. This was an important step forward, and in essential matters the development of the opera is therewith at an end. For, although Mozart produced richer and more beautiful music than Gluck, there can be no doubt that the factors of Mozart's opera are essentially those of Gluck's. Subsequently, in the hands of Weber and Spohr, Rossini, Bellini, Auber, Meyerbeer, etc., the history of the opera is the history of the transformation of 'operatic melody.' " (Dannreuther.)

Wagner, therefore, set himself the task of fusing the separate arts of poetry, dramatic action and music together; and, as Arthur Symonds has happily said, "in the realising of this achievement, Wagner demanded in the combination of the arts, two main factors: poetry, carried to its utmost limits in drama; and music carried to its utmost limits as the interpreter and deepener of dramatic action."

To this end, Wagner summoned a great orchestra which

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he enriched with additional instruments to complete the groups of wood-wind and brass, getting therefore full chords from each group, and with which he produced new effects by subdividing the violins, violas and violoncellos and in writing chromatics for the horns and trumpets.

"To account for the exceptional array of extra instruments in the scores of the *Nibelungen*," writes Mr. Dannreuther, "it is enough to say that they are used as special means for special ends. Thus at the opening of the *Rheingold* the question is what sound will best prepare for and accord with dim twilight and waves of moving water? The soft notes of horns might be a musician's answer; but to produce the full, smooth, wavelike motion upon the notes of a single chord, the usual two or four horns are not sufficient. Wagner takes eight, and the unique and beautiful effect is secured. Again, in the next scene, the waves change to clouds; from misty mountain heights the gods behold Walhalla in the glow of the morning sun. Here subdued, solemn sound is required. How to get it? Use brass instruments *piano*. But the trumpets, trombones and tuba of Wagner's usual orchestra cannot produce enough of it; he therefore supplements them by other instruments of their family; a bass trumpet, two tenor and two bass tubas, a contrabass trombone and contrabass tuba; then the full band of thirteen brass instruments is ready for one of the simplest and noblest effects of sonority in existence. At the close of the *Rheingold*, Donner with his thunder-hammer clears the air of mist and storm-clouds; a rainbow spans the valley of the Rhine; and over the glistening bridge the gods pass to Walhalla. What additional sounds shall accompany the glimmer and glitter of this scene? The silvery notes of harps might do it; but the sounds of a single harp would appear trivial, or would hardly be audible against the full chant of the orchestra. Wagner takes six harps, writes a separate part for each, and the desired effect is forthcoming."

It is not on the stage but from the orchestra that Wag-

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ner's most impressive, inspired and brilliant pages are heard. Pagner's description of St. John's Day in Act I, and Hans Sach's monologue in Act III of *Die Meistersinger*; the conversation between Wotan and Erda, the Ride of the Walküres and the Magic Fire Scene in *Die Walküre*; the Sounds of the Forest (*Waldweben*) and Siegfried's Journey to the sleeping Brünnhilde in *Siegfried*; the Funeral March in *Die Götterdämmerung*; the Garden Scene in *Tristan und Isolde*; and the Spell of Good Friday in *Parsifal*, are among the striking instances.

A propos of Wagner's orchestra Arthur Symons says:

"The orchestra possesses a distinct faculty of speech, 'the faculty of uttering the unspeakable,' or rather that which, to our intellect, is the unspeakable. This faculty it possesses in common with gesture, which expresses something that cannot be expressed in words. The orchestra expresses to the ear what gesture expresses to the eye, and both combined carry on or lead up to what the verse-melody expresses in words. It is able to transform thought ('the bond between an absent and a present emotion') into an actually present emotion. 'Music cannot think but she can materialise thoughts. A musical motive can produce a definite impression on the feeling, inciting it to a function akin to thought, only when the emotion uttered in that motive has been definitely conditioned by a definite object and proclaimed by a definite individual before our very eyes.'* The orchestra, then, can express foreboding or remembrance, and it can do this with perfect clearness and direct appeal to the emotions by the recurrence of a musical motive which we have already associated with a definite emotion, or whose significance is interpreted to us by a definite gesture."

But Wagner was not the first to give to the orchestra the task of explaining, illustrating or foretelling the doom of the individuals and events that come and go upon the stage. Among the earliest composers to appreciate the possibilities

* Wagner.

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of the many voices of instruments was Rameau, who not only combined them with great effect, but wrote long instrumental descriptions. Gluck was another. At the end of the third act of *Armida* it is the orchestra that describes the emotion of the heroine and her sudden transition from hatred to love; and a still more striking example of his use of the orchestra occurs in *Iphigenia in Tauris*. During the rehearsals of this opera in the scene where Orestes in prison says: "*Le calme rentre dans mon cœur*," the orchestral players hesitated because the accompaniment was still agitated and Orestes had said that his heart was calm. "Go on," said Gluck, "he lies, he has killed his mother!"

Instances of Mozart's use of the orchestra as a medium of expression will occur to the opera-lover. It was appreciated in his day and after, when Napoleon, for instance, asked Grétry to define the difference between the styles of Mozart and Cimarosa, he replied: "Sire, Cimarosa places his statue on the stage and its pedestal in the orchestra, and Mozart places the statue in the orchestra and its pedestal on the stage."

Nor is realism new. When Handel's *Rinaldo* was first represented in London in 1711, with magnificent decorations—probably the most brilliant of any opera given up to that time—living birds were let loose on the stage in Armida's garden during the Flute Symphony. This was the opera that provoked Addison's hostile criticism in the *Spectator*.

The absurdities of the opera also struck Charles Panard, whose amusing stanzas, *Les merveilles de l'opéra*, were written for a one-act piece, called *Le Départ de l'Opéra-Comique*, which was represented in 1733. He tells us he has seen Mars descending to a cadence; Justice holding the balance by two threads; the Sun and Moon discoursing in the air; the terrible Neptune rising with dressed hair from the sea; the amiable Cytherea in her machine surrounded with loves of Chambéri; Phaëton in the chariot of his father re-

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ducing the world to ashes; a shepherd and shepherdess about to sleep in the woods, commanding the birds to be quiet and then singing at the top of their voices; quite tractable dragons showing their harmless teeth; poignards that kill men without wounding them; fifty imps running from the dark regions with an engine to destroy a paper palace; Roland in an angry passion endeavoring to tear from the ground trees that were not growing; warriors with crossed arms and rigid bodies crying "To arms" and never stirring; proud soldiers deeming themselves worthy of the laurel wreath because they felled to earth monsters made of wicker and canvas; a fury who became quite human; magicians who were after all not very great sorcerers; large demons on brown horses nimbly trotting through the air; spectres too agile of limb to be very much dead; the master of the thunderbolts attentively listening for a valet's order to hurl his fires upon the earth; Tritons, those sea-creatures exchanging their tails for a pair of dancing-pumps; Diana chasing the deer with ardour and behind the scenes the game chasing the hunter; Virtue in a temple with several layers of paint on her face; Rivers dancing chaconnes and gavottes, and sailors, Joys, Pleasures, and Winds also dancing together; and the hero of this strange country despairing in D natural and giving up his soul in *ré-mi-la*. Finally, he has seen very palpable shadows flitting on the borders of the Styx, and the infernal regions and all its devils only fifteen feet from Paradise.

H. Sutherland Edwards cleverly imitated these verses in *What May Be Seen at the Opera*:

"I've seen Semiramis, the queen;
Die in her dressing-gown of phthisis.
A lady full of health I've seen
I've seen the Mysteries of Isis;

"I've seen a wretched lover sigh
'*Fra poco*' he a corpse would be,

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Transfix himself, and then—not die,
But coolly sing an air in D.

“ I’ve seen a father lose his child
Nor seek the robbers’ flight to stay;
But, in a voice extremely mild,
Kneel down upon the stage’ and pray.

“ I’ve seen a churchyard yield its dead,
And lifeless nuns in life rejoice;
I’ve seen a statue bow its head,
And listened to its trombone voice.

“ I’ve seen a herald sound alarms,
Without evincing any fright;
I’ve seen an army cry ‘ To arms ’
For half an hour and never fight.

“ I’ve seen a maid despond in A,
Fly the perfidious one in B,
Come back to see her wedding-day
And perish in a minor key.

“ I’ve seen the realm of bliss eternal
(The songs accompanied by harps);
I’ve seen the land of pains infernal,
With demons shouting in six sharps.”

For the last half century the opera has been developing along the lines laid down by Wagner. “*Opéra-Symphonique*” is the name that Camille Bellaigue appropriately bestows upon the music-drama of to-day, in which the orchestra is of more importance than the singers or any accessory of the stage. A good idea of a modern work could indeed be obtained with mediocre singers and poor scenery, provided the orchestra was composed of skilled performers, while on

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the other hand it would not be possible to represent one of the operas of the present with a small or unskilled orchestra, no matter how brilliant the singers or spectacular the scenery.

The scores of the new works not only demand increase of numbers, but constantly call for strange instruments,—barbaric instruments, instruments that have become obsolete, and new instruments. Conspicuous among the latter are the Celesta and the Heckelphone (see pages 215 and 312). There seems to be a growing fondness for the sound of bells and the throb of drums; and Puccini has even tried the humming voice used as an instrument in the introduction to the last Act of *Madama Butterfly*.

It is interesting to compare the orchestra required for *Electra*, *Salome*, *Louise*, *Tosca*, or *Samson and Delilah* with that demanded for *Fidelio*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*, in which the heavy brasses are reserved for solemn and impressive moments and the strings and wood-wind sing their parts with beautiful effect and in perfect balance. The question is, has the orchestra improved since the days of Wagner? Felix Weingartner writes:

“We are undoubtedly passing through a transition period, which is responsible for the bizarre and abnormal musical creations. This state of things has been brought about primarily by the significant development in the technical apparatus and resources of musical expression since the flowering period of the classical epoch, and it has also been influenced by the fact that the majority of modern composers do not know what to do with these tremendous resources. As a consequence we have the orchestral extravaganzas, under which so many of the more recent modern compositions suffer, as well as the abuse of tone-colouring, which so many of the compositions reveal. . . .

“The prevailing tendency among composers is to out-rival one another in colour orgies in their musical creations.

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The natural result is often an absolute lack of proportion between form and contents. A composer often has nothing to say, but he says it in trumpet and trombone tones.

"Most of the faults in the modern opera have arisen from the imitation of the misunderstood Wagner. Composers have not been able to distinguish between the essence of his reforms and their secondary quality; to separate the objective and the legitimate from the artistic personality of Wagner.

"The impulse which Wagner gave to the modern opera consists chiefly in the change he made from a collection of dialogues and vocal numbers to a music drama. His artistic individuality demanded the most powerful materials, and it was solely from this cause that he was also forced to call into existence a powerful instrumental apparatus.

"He who brought the world of gods and goddesses down to earth was obliged to have at his service the most powerful means of expression. Wagner's successors make the mistake of applying this art of instrumentation to any and every subject, and believe themselves to be intensely modern if they only imitate the Wagnerian motives and harmonies.

"The only composer who really understood Wagner and caught his true creative spirit was Verdi. *Falstaff* I consider the only operatic masterpiece which has been written since the Wagnerian revolution."*

Regarding the choice of subject, as will be noted in the operas treated here, there is a tendency towards works of human interest that present strong passions, such as *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *I Pagliacci*, *La Princesse d'Auberge*, *Tosca*, etc. Tragedies of love and revenge vie in interest with pictures of life, such as *Louise* and *La Bohème*.

Mythological heroes and heroines have been temporarily supplanted by mediæval characters, and the enchanted forest has taken the place of the banks of the Rhine and Walhalla. While *Pelléas et Mélisande* owes much of its interest to being a long love duet like *Tristan und Isolde*, the latest

* *The Independent* (New York, 1907.)

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novelty, *Electra*, is entirely without the element of love. Here we have a strong play of a daughter's revenge—the story reduced to its simplest elements and the music reaching its most complex expression.

A critic in the *Edinburgh Review* (1906) notes:

"Through all Europe the field of composition has been broadening; it has been mapped into a thousand routes and traversed by a thousand explorers: Grieg and Dvořák, Cornelius and Hugo Wolf, Bizet's *Carmen* and Borodine's *Prince Igor*, Mascagni's superficial talent and straw-fire reputation, Gounod's insipid sweetness and the laboured eloquence of Anton Brückner; at no time has musical activity been wider or more varied, at no time has it offered a more bewildering range of topics to the critic and the historian."

Of the composer who has attracted such world-wide attention lately he writes:

"Among the most distinctive and uncompromising is M. Claude Debussy. His *provenance* is not easy to determine. There are occasional touches in his music that recall César Franck, but its general tone and character are very different from the missals which that cloistered and saintly artist occupied his life in illuminating. Paris has always been the home of experiments in style and treatment; it may well be that we have here but another instance of that keen individual vitality which can transmute as well as absorb the ideas of its generation. In any case he is a true artist, a master of half-lights and delicate shadows, of colours that shift and intertwine and baffle our gaze, of a kind of beauty that is as inexplicable as it is literally beyond question. We may take it or leave it, but we cannot analyze or discuss. The discords—so to call them—of which its texture is mainly composed are such as have no name and no designation: they are so far from being justified by the grammarian that they cannot even be convicted by him; he turns page after page and there is no room for them even as breaches of rule. In

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the Introduction to *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the most familiar passage is one of consecutive fifths balanced by one of consecutive sevenths; the rest is a tangle of semi-tones falling together in shapes and patterns that own allegiance to no recognized harmonic system. It never modulates, for it is without tonality; it never rests on a cadence, for it is without punctuation; its key-signature is a mere concession to the printer, and in its phraseology the laws of syntax are ignored. Yet the effect of it, as of the whole opera, is indescribably charming. Soft in tone, subtle in workmanship, exquisitely scored, it has all the delicate loveliness of Maeterlinck's play: the silent shadowy lake, the transparent nightfall, the dim castle with its tiny beacon-fire, the gentle hesitating figures that speak in the voices of dreamland."

Let us now see what the distinguished critic, Camille Bellaigue, has to say: "France, which barred its doors so long against Wagner, after accepting him, regarded his theories as Gospel and he was slavishly imitated and copied. For several years, however, it seems as if we have been returning to ourselves and beginning to reject the Wagnerian principle—I will not say poison. The production of *Pelléas et Mélisande* (I consider its nature and not its merits) is significant. An excellent historian of music has recently said: 'The victory of *Pelléas et Mélisande* marks a natural, legitimate, vital and fatal reaction of the French genius against the art of the foreigner, particularly that of Wagner and his bad representations in France.' *Pelléas et Mélisande* is essentially a French work; and if the changes that it brings or announces were inevitable, or are yet to be desired, one thing, at least, is certain,—that the musical drama is once again about to be transformed. After plurality, it is not impossible that unity will resume the lead. From the vocal monody of antiquity to modern instrumental polyphony, the evolution of music, notwithstanding several halts and returns, has pushed forward towards the increase of number."

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Writing in 1903 before the rise of Debussy, M. Albert Lavignac made the following prediction:

"What will be the coming Art? That is impossible to foretell.

"Nevertheless, after the manner in which the preceding evolutions have announced and produced themselves, considering also certain tendencies which manifest themselves in the highest representatives of the art of it to-day, we may conjecture that a return to the tonalities of Plain Song or the Greek scales, much richer than ours, with a preponderance given to the melodic element, allied to a far greater simplicity of procedure, is not improbable. Everybody knows that in every species of art the greatest effects are produced by the simplest means, and that in everything, good taste and distinction do not consist in producing embarrassment nor a parade of one's knowledge. Now, the farther we have strayed from this simplicity of method, the greater the chance that we shall return to it; the same reason should attract composers to the antique modes, which, long forgotten and embellished with prodigious artifices of Harmony, now appear as novelties. Likewise, it seems natural that the purely melodic element, which latterly has been in truth too much disdained, will claim its ancient rights. Who lives will see. Not till two hundred years hence shall I know if I have been a good prophet."

A Guide to Modern Opera

The Bartered Bride

(*Prodaná nevěsta*)

Prague, 1866

"There are few countries in which there are so many lovely wild flowers of music as in Bo-

hemia, and Smetana's mind was so saturated with this spirit that while the melodies he wrote were his own they were unmistakably Czech, too, like those of his successor, Dvořák. He had the good sense to introduce some of the national dance rhythms, particularly the polka and the furiant, into his opera, and to this it owes much of its refreshing animation. His melody shows, besides, the influence of Mozart, who also is often reflected in the folk-music of this country. . . . If the abundance of melody makes *The Bartered Bride* seem unmodern, as compared with *Salome* and *Pelléas*, few will find in this a cause for complaint."

HENRY T. FINCK.



THE BARTERED BRIDE is constructed on the old model of separate numbers and recitatives, interspersed with dances. It is vivacious and humorous and is full of melody, local colour and national rhythms. The orchestration is rich and great use is made of the clarinet and bassoon.

The overture, which contains many of the themes used in the opera, is a brilliant work and is often played in the concert-hall as an independent composition.

Act I. opens with a festival day in spring and the people are merrily dancing and singing in a public square in front of the inn of a Bohemian village. The happy villagers praise lovely spring with its buds bursting on every bush and its gay songs of birds! How bright and joyous is the world! This is the time, too, for ardent youth to choose a sweet-

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heart; but he had better beware, for marriage sometimes brings its woes,—therefore, all you lovers take care!

“Tell me, dear heart, why you are so sad and quiet?” Hans (tenor) asks Marie (soprano); to which she replies that she cannot be anything but sad because her mother has told her that the husband chosen for her is to arrive to-day, and then she asks her lover if he can’t find some help for her. “Listen!” he answers. “If you really hate the fellow, let him come; and be firm. Believe me, nobody can dominate a strong heart!”

Again the merry villagers sing of love and spring and sweet-hearts and dance away. Marie is too sad to join them. She cannot dance to-day; and Hans tries to comfort her. He does not like to see her tearful eyes; Marie can hardly bear to think that soon Micha, the father, and his son are coming. “What are you going to do?” asks Hans. Poor Marie doesn’t know: all that she knows is that she belongs to Hans forever. “If only my parents would not force me to have him!” “That would be very sad!” replies Hans somewhat laconically. Marie is hurt at his calm way of taking this matter, while she is in such despair and distress. Perhaps, after all, he is deceiving her and loves another! Hans’s emphatic denial reassures her; and Marie vows that she will gladly trust him and believe in him,—whom could she believe, indeed, if her lover were untrue?—then she adds that who he is she knows not; he came here from a distant place; and that she, trusting his honest face, took him for her sweet-heart. Yet he has never told her of his youth!

It is a painful subject; but, nevertheless, Hans will tell her. He comes of a rich family; but when his beloved mother died, his father married again. His step-mother turned his father’s heart from him and he was driven from home. All his youthful happiness died with his mother; and now he has to earn his daily bread among strangers. Marie is sympathetic; and Hans tells her that her love is

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home and all the world to him. They sing together that they are united in joy and sorrow and that they will soar like swallows through life, and will hope and trust and build a nest; but they must be secret and discreet about announcing their happiness.

"Hush!" exclaims Marie, "somebody is coming! Oh Heavens! it is my father. They are looking for me!" "Then I must go!" Hans answers, "It is hard to part! Good-bye until I see you again!" He runs off and Marie hides as her father and mother, Kruschina (bass) and Kathinka (mezzo soprano), and Kezal (baritone), the marriage-broker, enter.

The latter announces that everything is arranged and that all he now needs is their word for a pledge; and he is perfectly satisfied that when the couple meet they will burn with the flames of love. "What do you think about it?" Kruschina asks his wife, "I have half decided."

Kathinka replies that she will not consent to the marriage without consulting her daughter. "That is not necessary," quickly interposes Kezal, "your word is sufficient!" "She must first see the bridegroom!" Kathinka objects. "See him!" exclaims Kezal. "Oh, bosh! There is no need to see him; there is nothing to criticize! Micha's son is just like his father. He pleases everybody. He is highly respected, and he is worth about thirty thousand! Everything is ready and I only need your word as a pledge."

Kathinka wants to be sure they know what they are about, and her husband lacks courage to contradict her. Kruschina remembers, moreover, that he knew Tobias Micha when a child and also knew he had two sons. "Which of the sons are you suing for?" asks Kathinka. "Why do you ask that?" replied Kezal. "He has only one, Wenzel. It is said that his first wife's son is dead." Kruschina thinks it strange that Wenzel has not appeared; he must have some reason for staying away; but Kezal assures him that Wenzel is such a stickler for etiquette

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and he is so well-bred that his delicacy kept him away, and proceeds to catalogue his virtues in such manner that Marie's parents only wish he had come along with Kezal.

"Now she is coming!" Kezal notes, "Now is the time for admonition!" "Dear Father, dear Mother, what do you want to say to me?" Marie asks, as she trips in. It is Kezal who replies. "Pretty little child," he says, "I have brought you something. Guess what it is?—A young man!" Marie doesn't want a strange man. "You shall be his wife, dear little daughter," Kruschina begins, and Kathinka whispers to her: "If you don't want him, just say *no!*" "I, his wife!" exclaims Marie impudently, "what are you thinking of? He can run along and find somebody else." Kruschina and Kezal sing that she shall be his wife, and Kathinka repeats: "If you don't want him, just say *no!*" "Lose no more time," adds Kezal, "say yes and we'll have a wedding in four weeks!" "There's no hurry," Marie answers, "because there is an obstacle in the way." Obstacles are of no consequence to Kezal; and when he finds out that Marie has promised her hand to another, he advises her to let the poor fool go. Marie, however, announces that she and Hans have sworn eternal fidelity this very day. Kruschina is furious because his consent has not been asked. Besides, he has given his word to Micha that his son shall have Marie! Kathinka says he acted stupidly to do that, and Kezal produces a paper, signed and witnessed.

"But I was not present!" and Marie strikes the paper out of his hand. "It is worthless! I mean what I say and I will stand up to it!" Then she runs away.

Kezal is astonished; Kruschina says he should have brought Wenzel along, so that he could at least have presented himself to the bride; and Kezal thinks it would be wise for Kruschina to go and have a quiet talk with Father Micha, who is in the inn—everybody will be at the dance—and he, meanwhile, will go and settle matters with Hans.



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DESTINN

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As they go off in different directions, the people begin to crowd the square. The older ones seat themselves at tables in front of the inn and drink, while the others sing and dance a gay polka.

The curtain rising for Act II. shows a room in the inn, where Hans is drinking beer with some friends. Standing, he drinks a toast to his loved one; but his friends tell him that he had better beware of that man on the other side of the room. This is Kezal, who stands up, raising his glass to ready money and sneering at those who have none.

After the drinking-song, the girls, who have been walking about, join the young men in a dance—the furiant, a kind of waltz movement in which the drone of the 'cellos should be noticed.

When they have all gone but Marie, the stuttering Wenzel (tenor) enters timidly, and, in a little song, soliloquizes that his mother has told him that it is time to woo and that he must muster up courage and be a man; but he has come home safely. Marie laughs and so does Wenzel; and Marie asks if he is not the betrothed of Kruschina's daughter. Wenzel assents. Marie then compliments him on his good looks and tells him that all the girls in town are pitying him, because Marie is not true; she loves another; she laughs at him; and she will be sure to worry him to death. In despair, Wenzel says his mother wants him to marry Marie and he must get married some time! Coquettishly Marie suggests that he choose another girl. Not a bad idea, Wenzel thinks, but what will Marie do? "Oh, she'll marry the other one!" Marie answers; and tells Wenzel that the other girl is just as pretty as Marie and just as young, and that she can't live without him! and then she pretends to cry. Wenzel is quite puzzled. If this girl were only like her! "Does my love make you happy?" asks Marie, and, on Wenzel's assurance

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that it does, she, saying that she will evermore be true to the one she loves, makes him swear to renounce Marie; never to go near her; and to regard her as having no existence. Then she runs away from Wenzel's embraces and he follows.

Kezal now enters with Hans, who does not want to talk to him; but Kezal persists. He knows that Hans is clever and skilful and that he has captivated a young girl. He wants to know two things,—has he any money, and where was his home. Hans has come from the Moldau and in this strange land has found a lovely angel who is going to be his wife.

Kezal then sings of the folly of love, especially without money; then he tells Hans that he can get him a wife who has a house and garden, cows, pigs, hens, pigeons and many other things, including clothes and a fine new cupboard; but Hans, repeating the articles ironically, refuses the offer. Then Kezal offers Hans a hundred gulden if he will give Marie up. Hans refuses his offer to double it. Three hundred, then Kezal offers, and Hans asks who will give the sum. "I," Kezal answers, and tells Hans that he is trying to arrange matters for Micha's son. Hearing this, Hans agrees,—only he must have a written contract that no one shall have Marie but Micha's son; and Kezal goes out to draw up the contract and get the witnesses.

Hans, left alone, sings how everything has succeeded; that the wily fool has fallen into his own net; and that within a few hours he and his loved one will be united. After storm and rain, the sunshine has come!

Kezal now enters with Kruschina and a crowd of curious gossips who want to know everything. Kezal reads the contract and Hans gives up his bride in favour of the son of Tobias Micha. Kruschina is very happy that the troubles are settled and Kezal agrees to pay Hans three hundred gulden. Kruschina never would have believed that Hans was so mercenary. Hans signs his name "Hans Ehren-

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traut," and everybody cries, "Shame! Shame! He has bartered his bride!"

The curtain rises for Act III. upon the same room. Wenzel, alone and distressed that the girl has escaped, is diverted by the arrival of Springer, a showman, who enters with a dancer, Esmeralda. He announces that this afternoon at three o'clock his performance will take place; and, to a flourish of trumpets, proclaims that the special attractions are "the Tight Rope dancer, Esmeralda; the Indian chief, Murru, from Bummerang Island; and a large trained Bear from America. The latter will perform a dance with Esmeralda."

A short performance is given by the strolling players to the admiring crowd, and Wenzel is captivated by Esmeralda's dancing and by Esmeralda herself. Muff, the Indian, comes running in to tell the manager that the Bear is drunk and cannot play his part. Springer is in despair, for the Bear is their best number. Muff must find another! Any young fellow will do! Muff has already tried to get somebody; but one is too fat, one too thin, one is too short and one is too tall to wear the hide. Noticing Wenzel, who is making love to Esmeralda, he thinks it would just fit him! Springer instantly invites Wenzel to join his company: he can have Esmeralda! Wenzel is overjoyed, but he can't dance! Well, Esmeralda will teach him! and Springer tells Wenzel what a happy life will be his, to joke and jump and sing—here to-day and there to-morrow.

Then Esmeralda and Springer assure Wenzel that his mother will not recognize him and instruct him how he is to behave as a pretty brown bear. Then they go off.

As Wenzel is practicing his steps, his mother, Agnes, enters with Micha and Kezal. They are amazed when he refuses to sign the contract because he doesn't want Marie Kruschina after all! He knows she will worry him to

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death! Where did he get that information? A charming girl told him; one who said she loves him dearly. "Do you know her?" his mother asks. Wenzel answers, "No"; and runs away. Micha, Agnes and Kezal think some trap has been laid: they must find a way to bring Wenzel to his senses.

Marie comes running in, followed by her parents. She will not believe that Hans has deceived her. Marie doesn't want to hear a fairy tale invented to get himself out of trouble.

They are interrupted by Kezal, who wants Marie to sign the contract, taking Micha's son for her husband. "She will get no one but Micha's son," says Hans, who has come in with the others, "and if I want her to do so, she will marry Micha's son!"

Marie begins to think Hans a devil and a hypocrite. Kezal considers him a second Solomon, or a gallows-bird! and goes to call the witnesses.

Marie is sadly resigned; and Hans joyfully tells her that Micha's son will certainly be her husband.

Micha, Agnes, Kezal, Kruschina and Kathinka, accompanied by the villagers, enter. "Why is Marie so pale?" the friends ask, and they wish the bridal pair long life.

"I'll gladly do what you desire," Marie says. Kezal shows her the signed contract, whereupon she is deeply grieved; she still hears Hans's words of eternal devotion, and then refuses to unite her fate with Wenzel's.

Wenzel, coming in angrily, is delighted to find that Marie is the girl that spoke to him that morning. Certainly he will take her! Then everything is settled! And, at Marie's request, they leave her alone for a little while.

In a pretty song she gives way to her sorrow and disappointment. The world has no more joys, no more love for her! Hans rushes in joyfully; but she repulses him: she can no longer believe in him! He cannot resist the temptation to play with her a little, and laughs when she

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tells him she is going to be married to Wenzel. Listen, Hans says, for he wants to tell her something; but she refuses to listen to Hans, having made up her mind that he shall not taunt her any longer; but Hans steps up to her with: "They never saw such a pair!"

Micha and Agnes instantly recognize him. It is Hans, Micha's eldest son! Hans explains that, according to contract, Micha's son is to marry Marie, and she can take her choice of the two, whereupon Marie rushes into the arms of her lover.

Kezal is furious; and Micha, turning to the latter, sarcastically remarks that he has managed the affair very cleverly. The people laugh at Kezal, who runs away.

A noise is heard and some boys come running in to say that the Bear is loose and is coming here. "Don't be frightened," cries the Bear, "I am only Wenzel!" and he is led away by his mortified mother.

Kruschina, turning to Micha, says it is not hard to understand why Wenzel was refused and Hans preferred. Micha is satisfied and blesses the kneeling couple, while all rejoice and sing: "Long life to the Bartered Bride!"

Mefistofele

Milan, 1868

Remodelled

Bologna, 1875

"The first distinct utterance of the new dramatic methods."—

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

"*Mefistofele* strikes one as an experiment, with Wagner as a model. The most admirable thing in the work is the free

treatment of the declamatory passages. In this Boïto set the pace for Verdi. Boïto's devil is greater than Gounod's. The French devil is not a terrible fellow; he is too fond of high living, and has a pretty taste in wine. The sardonic, mocking arch-fiend of Boïto is more like the popular notion of mankind's enemy. He is familiar with the powers and is contemptuous of earth-worms. His defiant and evil song of Triumph is the best thing in the work. The solo in the Brocken scene, *Here is the World Empty and Round*, does not make the same impression as the Denial song."—JAMES HUNEKER.



HE six sections—Prologue, four acts and Epilogue—are taken from Goethe's *Faust*. The work seems more like a series of dream-like *tableaux* than a drama, which, perhaps, was the idea that the composer, who was his own librettist, wished to convey.

The Prologue in Heaven begins with a short instrumental prelude—*Largo*—in which mysterious trumpet calls behind the curtain alternate with a broad and melodious phrase in the orchestra. When the curtain rises, the stage is covered with roseate clouds, through which a section of the earth and a few stars are dimly seen. After the sounding of the seven trumpets and the booming of seven thunders, an *Adagio* follows, in which the praises of God are sung by the Celestial Phalanxes (in E) behind the clouds, "Hail Sovereign Lord" (*Ave Signor*).

A short instrumental *Scherzo*, in which the bassoon and

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piccolo are conspicuous, introduces Mephistopheles, who appears in the shadows standing on the edge of the world, as it were, and furnishes the representative theme for this character. The Prince of Darkness now asks and obtains permission from the Deity to tempt Faust,—a paraphrase of the first chapter of *Job*; and this is followed by a brief *Sanctus*, sung by the Celestial Phalanxes.

"It is very pleasant to hear these powers of good and ill so freely conversing," Mephistopheles remarks; and then he listens to the vocal *Scherzo* of the Flying Cherubs, a chorus of invisible boys: "We're spirits from limbo up-soaring" (*Siam nimbi*), in which they describe themselves as choirs of fair cherubs soaring in celestial regions, turning and turning and turning in angelic dances.

The droning hum of their wings reminds Mephistopheles of myriads of bees, and he detests them. This chorus is chanted on one note, softly repeated, gradually increasing to *forte*, and then dying away to the softest *pianissimo*, while the accompaniment consists of long-sustained notes.

Next follows a chorus of Penitent Women (invisible), from the earth, "Hail Queen of Heaven" (*Salve Regina*),—a grave, imposing melody, accompanied by the organ. The Celestial Phalanxes join their prayer to this; the Flying Cherubs return; and, after a striking progression, all the heavenly hosts unite in the great *Adagio*, Amidst the booming of thunder and sound of trumpets and a return of the theme in E, the curtain falls.

The first Act opens with a *Kermesse* on Easter Sunday on the outskirts of Frankfort-on-the-Main. The music begins with a peal of bells, and the *tempo* changes with nearly every bar. The holiday crowd is enjoying itself in various ways, singing and dancing and watching mountebanks performing. Three students, four citizens and two huntsmen in two groups (tenors and basses), question each other as to where they are going, and eight girls (sopranos

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and contraltos), sing, as they pass by, of the lovely April weather. A herald sounds a trumpet and proclaims the coming of the Elector, and some halberdiers and peasants gather round a beer-seller (chorus, *Qua il bicchier*).

A Grey Friar with drawn cowl now stealthily enters,—and the orchestra informs us that it is Mephistopheles by the return of the motive heard in the Prologue. As he wanders among the people, some kneel to him, but others shun him. Soon the crowd notes the approach of the cavaliers escorting the Elector; bells peal and all pay homage.

At this moment, Faust (tenor), and his companion, Wagner (tenor), appear. The former, old and grey, and clad in his doctor's gown, notes in a charming, and thoroughly Italian air, the calm beauty of the early spring (*Al soave raggiar*). Wagner objects to the crowd, particularly to the noisy ones who now approach singing a merry waltz (*Juhél Juhél*), "the handsome young fellows have come to the dancing." At the end of the dance they disperse; the sun sets; and the mists of evening begin to rise.

Faust suggests that they seat themselves and enjoy the twilight; but Wagner reminds him that it is the hour of phantoms, and at nightfall everyone desires to return home. He then asks Faust what he is watching so attentively, whereupon Faust points out the Grey Friar. "Observe him," he says, "for, if I err not, flame marks his foot-prints!" (The orchestra emphasizes this remark by imitating the springing flames). Wagner only sees a Grey Friar muttering to his rosary; but Faust shudders; and, as they walk away, from the distance the merry waltzers are heard singing "the handsome young fellows have come to the dancing"; and then a few prolonged bass notes fill in the interval of a change of scene to Faust's laboratory, into which the latter enters, followed by the Grey Friar, who hides in the alcove.

"From the green fields, from the meadows" (*Dai campi*), Faust has returned home from his walk, his peace-

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ful heart filled with love and devotion to God and man. He opens a Bible, placed on a lectern, and is astonished to hear the shriek of the Grey Friar, who rushes from his hiding-place. Faust wonders who the horrible phantom may be, but, "be he fiend, demon, or spectre, o'er all his race the sign of Solomon is potent." As Faust makes this sign, the Friar throws off his disguise, and appears as Mephistopheles, with a black cloak thrown over his arm to await Faust's orders. His theme returns with him. First, Faust will know who the visitor is. "I am only a portion of that great force that always and eternally thinketh ill but well-doeth," is the reply; and when Faust asks for an explanation, Mephistopheles sings: "I am the Spirit that denieth all things" (*Son lo Spirito che nega*). In this song, Mephistopheles acknowledges himself the Evil Spirit, desiring the ruin of the world and a return to chaos and darkness. At the close of each verse, he puts his fingers to his mouth and whistles.

"Thou strange offspring of night!" exclaims Faust on the conclusion of this song. Mephistopheles immediately offers to become Faust's slave, servant, and companion; but upon certain conditions,—that in the next world the places will be reversed! Faust agrees, saying: "If thou wilt bring me one hour of peace in which my soul may rest—if thou wilt unveil the world and myself before me—if I may say to some fleeting moment 'Stay, for thou art blissful!' then let me die and Hell engulf me!" (*Se avvien ch'io dica al l' attimo fuggente.*)

"Done!" cries Mephistopheles, "from to-night you shall be master" (*Fin da sta notte*). "We will now go to the revels!" In this duet, Faust asks where are the horses, postillions and coach; but Mephistopheles replies: "I have but to stretch my cloak,—thus—and through the air we shall journey!"

After a short prelude, the curtain rises for Act II.,

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showing Margaret's Garden, where Faust, now a handsome young man known as Henry, walks up and down with Margaret (soprano), while Mephistopheles escorts the widow, Martha (contralto). Both couples sing duets in snatches: Faust and Margaret are serious; and Martha is delighted to have found a lover and does not realize that the gallant gentleman is only flirting with her.

The scene rises to a high degree of pathos when Margaret questions Faust about his religion and he explains his pantheism in a melodious phrase of the Italian type: "Flood thou thy heart with all the bliss" (*Colma il tuo cor d'un palpito*), which frequently appears as the Faust motive.

Faust pleads for a still closer interview, and gives Margaret a phial containing a sleeping potion for her mother. Finally, both couples, who have been passing in and out and strolling about, unite and sing a quartet, expressing their different emotions. This ends in riotous merriment: Margaret runs away, "Hurry, scurry," and Faust chases after her; Mephistopheles pursues Martha; and all break into laughter and disperse as the curtain falls.

The scene now changes to the Brocken, on the Night of the Witches' Sabbath. Mephistopheles is helping Faust to climb the rocks, over which the moon is rising. The wind is whistling weirdly.

"Come up higher and higher and higher" (*Su cammina*), calls Mephistopheles, and, like an echo, bass voices from within repeat his words. The road is dreary to Satan's abode! Flames now appear in front of Faust and Mephistopheles; Will-o'-the-wisps dart about; and Faust welcomes their light (*Folletto, folletto*), for the road is so dreary; and Mephistopheles joins in his song, adding ever, "Come higher! come higher!"

Now they emerge on a solitary eminence, and the Demon bids Faust listen to the giant pine-trees! He also hears a thousand voices in the valley. Oh! what a wonder! (*Oh!*

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maraviglia!) here come the Witches! "Come onward! come onward!" sing the Witches (*Rampiamo! Rampiamo!*), who, followed by the Wizards, burst frantically upon the scene, to sing their wild chorus: "We're saved through all eternity" (*Siam salva!*).

"Make room for your king!" cries Mephistopheles, thrusting his way through the throng (*Largo, largo a Mefistofele*), and bids all pay him homage. Witches, Wizards, imps, and goblins kneel in a circle around him and murmur, "Here we bow to Mephistopheles!" (*Ci prostriamo a Mefistofele*), after which the Witches execute a dance.

Seating himself upon a throne-like rock, Mephistopheles calls for his staff and robes of state, which are brought to him, and in the background Witches circle around the cauldron. Now they bring to Mephistopheles a globe of glass, typifying the world: "Lo, here, O great Monarch" (*Ec-coti o principe*). Taking it in his hand, the Evil Spirit sings his famous Ballad of the World (*Ecco il mondo*). "This bright sphere, whirling and dancing round the sun, trembling, toiling and enfolded by want and plenty.—This world, behold it! On its surface a vile race, haughty, cunning and warring with one another, laughs at Satan, but Satan can laugh, too! Lo, here, the world!" and he throws the globe to the ground, where it shivers to atoms.

The Imps and Witches join in a song of joy over the broken fragments (*Allegro fucoso*), an infernal fugue,—a devil's mass! Now, with Faust, we see an apparition of Margaret, on the way to death. Faust's melody is heard in the orchestra, seeming to indicate love and awakened conscience in the breast of Faust, her lover and destroyer.

"Turn away your glances; 'tis but an empty dream!" says Mephistopheles.

Oh, horror! Faust sees a red stain around her neck!

The Witches resume their whirling, giddy song, sending their wild echoes from peak to peak on this Sabbath night,

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as they are turning round and round, dancing o'er the rack and ruin of the world! The dance grows ever wilder, as do the cries of "*Sabòè! Sabòè! Sabal Sabal!*" and the curtain falls.

After a short instrumental prelude, the curtain rises for Act III. Margaret is lying on a heap of straw in prison, wildly singing to herself a mad song of how people took her babe (*L'altra notte*) from her and threw it into the sea; and then, to drive her to madness, said she killed it! Her mother, too, died in slumber: people said she poisoned her! Like the timid woodland sparrow, she longs to fly (cadenza imitating the flight of the bird), "Oh Father, pity me!"

Faust, announced by his motive, outside the grating, begs Mephistopheles to save her.

"Who brought her to this?" cries the Fiend, "you or I? Well, here is the key; the jailers are asleep"; and Mephistopheles opens the cell, and retires.

In the ensuing dialogue, Margaret raves of her child and of her mother; and, by degrees, recognizes Henry, her lover. Several reminiscences of the garden scene recur; and finally the lovers, in a beautiful duet accompanied by masterly instrumentation, agree to fly (*Lontano, lontano*). It is now dawn; and Mephistopheles returns to announce that Margaret is condemned. He urges the lovers to escape and holds out his magic cloak. The terrified Margaret recognizes the Fiend, and calls for help and salvation. Her prayers are heard, for Celestial Spirits sing, as in the Prologue, and tell us that she is saved (*E salva*).

"Now, come, Faust," commands Mephistopheles, for the executioners are approaching! They are too late, for Margaret is dead!

After this burst of emotion, the placid beauty of the Classical Sabbath of the fourth Act is considered by some

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critics an anti-elixir; others think Boïto's most beautiful music is contained in this scene, which is taken from the second part of Goethe's *Faust*.

According to Goethe, Faust required from Mephistopheles the love of Helen of Troy; and, therefore, we are transported to Greece.

The curtain rises upon a moonlight scene, on the banks of the silvery Peneus in the vale of Tempe, where everything is light and beautiful. On a pearly throne, in a grove of oleanders and laurels, sits Helen of Troy (soprano) with her companion Pantalis (contralto); while Faust, in the costume of a knight of the Fifteenth Century, is reclining on a bank of flowers. The scene opens with a duet by Helen and Pantalis, "*La luna immobile! Canta o sirena!*" in which Boïto said he tried to adapt Greek rhythm to Italian verse. The words describe the beauty of the night, the silvery moon, the perfumed air, the fresh dew, the swans floating among the reeds and the graceful nereids and sirens. Flute and harp accompany the enchanting melody; and Faust dreamily murmurs: "Helena! Helena! Helena!"

This is the Night of the Classical Sabbath! Faust is in ecstasy; his every fibre vibrates with love and beauty; but Mephistopheles mutters that *he* prefers the Brocken and Witches' Sabbath. A dance of Sirens follows; and Helen comes forward, followed by a chorus singing pæans to her (*Trionfi ad Elena*). Helen recalls the horrors of the Trojan war and the rumbling of the chariots.

Faust now approaches, and, kneeling before Helen, offers his love; she is Ideal Beauty! (*Forma ideal purissima*). The chorus consider them a celestial couple, like Endymion and fair Luna. Mephistopheles and Pantalis withdraw, while Faust and Helen sing their love duet and finally pass into a bower, as the curtain falls.

The Epilogue again shows us Faust's study. The phi-

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losopher has passed through "every mystery of mortal life" and is again old, grey and tottering. He is seated in his chair and Mephistopheles is leaning over him; for his last hour is approaching. The Scriptures, too, are open before him on a lectern. In Goethe's *Faust*, four ghastly figures uttering strange words hover around the old man; "but," says Signor Boïto, "what Goethe has placed on the stage, I place in the orchestra, replacing words by sounds in order to render more incorporeal and impalpable the hallucinations that trouble Faust on the brink of the tomb."

Mephistopheles offers his cloak, as in Act I., and once more suggests escape into the air.

The heavenly trumpets are heard as in the Prologue, and again the Celestial Phalanxes sing "Hail Sovereign Lord" (*Ave Signor*). In desperation, Mephistopheles summons the Sirens; but Faust turns to the Bible on the lectern and declares that here he will find salvation.

Mephistopheles again approaches; but Faust, leaning on the sacred volume, utters a prayer. It is answered.

The words, "We're spirits from limbo upsoaring," are heard from the Flying Cherubs and a shower of roses falls on the dying Faust. The theme played in the orchestra at Margaret's death is heard again, and there is a return of the finale of the Prologue as Mephistopheles sinks into the ground and the curtain falls.

The Queen of Sheba

(Die Königin von Saba)

Mienna, 1875

"Herr Goldmark's music is highly spiced. He is plainly an eclectic,

whose first aim was to give the drama an investiture, which should be in keeping with its character externally and internally. At times his music rushes along like a lava-stream of passion; every bar pulsates with eager, excited and exciting life. He revels in instrumental colour; the language of his orchestra is as glowing as the poetry attributed to the King whom his operatic story celebrates. Many other composers before him have made use of Oriental cadences and rhythms, but to none have they seemed to come so like native language as to Goldmark."—HENRY E. KREHBIEL.

"In the richly coloured orchestration, the dexterous manipulation of the numerous large *ensemble* numbers and occasionally the manner of handling, remind us more or less of the Wagner of the *Lohengrin* period. There are also many characteristics in common with Meyerbeer's work, and the rapid succession of situations, obviously intended rather to impress the public than to carry the dramatic truth of the work to the furthest possible point, suggests the manner of the great Jewish opera-maker. Still, with all its superficial brilliancy, its marches and pageants of various kinds, it cannot be denied that the characters are well individualised, or that each stands out from the rest as a real dramatic creation. The calm and dignified strains allotted to Solomon fit the character of the wisest of men as well as the impetuous phrases of the title-part suit the savage and unscrupulous queen, or the gentle accents of Sulamith, the Jewish maiden, always ready to forgive her lover's aberrations."—J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.



HE curtain rises upon a hall in Solomon's Palace. Two superb pillars divide the background into three arches, the two smaller ones leading into colonnades. On each side, broad stairways, covered with rich carpets, lead from the summit of the stage in the back and are ornamented at the foot of the steps by golden lions. Gorgeously dressed and veiled ladies of Solomon's harem descend the stairs on

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the left, followed by female slaves with harps, triangles and timbrels. On the right, come the Daughters of Jerusalem carrying golden flower-baskets. Officers guard the doors of ebony and gold on the right and left; and on the left, in front, stands Solomon's throne supported by golden lions. On the right stands Baal-Hanan, Steward of the Palace, surrounded by body-guards.

"Open the doors and bedeck the hall with garlands, strike the harps, let the cymbals sound, and let the sun shine on all the majesty of the great King Solomon, whose splendour is unmatched throughout the world," sings the chorus (*Oeffnet euch Thore, schmückt, euch, ihr Hallen*), and then the High Priest (bass) in white robes, and his daughter, Sulamith (soprano), enter from the right.

The former tells Sulamith that within a few moments the Queen of Sheba will arrive and also her own betrothed, Assad, who will wed her before Jehovah's altar to-morrow. The High Priest will invite Solomon and the heathen queen to their nuptials; and, before he leaves with Baal-Hanan and the guards, he lays his hand on Sulamith's head and gazes at her tenderly.

Sulamith is overjoyed and bids her companions join in her song.

"Thy beloved is thine!" they exclaim. "Thy beloved is thine, who feasts among the roses!" (*Der Freund ist dein, der unter Rosen weidet*). "My Beloved is a bunch of myrrh that, clasped to my bosom, I bless while breathing his fragrance," sings Sulamith. "Thy Beloved is thine!" echo the women. "My Beloved is a cup of joy that cools my lips, I hold him close, I bless him and I love his honey-kiss," sings Sulamith; and again the women repeat, "Thy Beloved is thine" (*Der Freund ist dein*).

The strains of an approaching march inform them that the travellers are coming. Sulamith runs to the entrance to meet Assad; and is soon joined by the High Priest, who enters from the left with Baal-Hanan and warriors, all of whom push back the women and take their places.

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Assad (tenor), Solomon's favourite, approaches first to announce that the Queen of Sheba has halted at the Gate of Gad to rest and adorn herself, and that she will soon arrive. The task imposed upon him now being finished, he begs permission to retire.

The High Priest bids him greet Sulamith, who turns pale as he recoils from her. "What has happened?" she implores. "Ask me not," replies Assad. "I am forever lost to you." "Are we not united until death?" she fondly asks. "Let me go," Assad answers, "let me die far from here in silence."

Everyone partakes of the general distress and mystification; and as the High Priest calls on the Lord for light, Baal-Hanan announces: "The King." Solomon (baritone) enters from the left in all his glory, except his crown and mantle. All kneel but Assad, Sulamith and the High Priest, and the latter invokes blessings on the King. "Every one in consternation! Assad silent! Those lovely eyes dim with tears! Away! retire everybody but Assad, for the wise King has divined all! Stay, Assad, and listen to my words!"

Left together, Solomon tells Assad that he knows that his heart has turned from Sulamith during the Arabian journey. It is true; and Assad, kneeling before the King of Wisdom, begs him to deliver him from the dark spells that seem to be woven around him; to exorcise the demon; and to save him. "Tell me all," Solomon commands.

To a rich orchestral accompaniment, Assad tells his story: At the foot of Lebanon he met the Queen and delivered Solomon's message; but he did not see her face, for she had vowed not to lift her veil until she came into Solomon's presence. During the heat of the day, Assad sought repose among the cedars, and while resting on the emerald moss near a silvery spring, he saw a lovely woman bathing, white as a swan and half veiled by raven hair. She had starry eyes beneath drooping lashes and a mouth of pearls and roses. She called him to her side among the reeds;

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and, after a quick embrace, melted into air. This is the magic dream that fills his longing soul! Solomon recommends Assad's fate to Adonai, a higher power in the realm of spirits than he himself is, and bids Assad lead his bride to the altar without delay. Assad agrees; and, greatly comforted, departs with Solomon.

To the music of a great march that increases in volume as the procession unfolds, ladies enter, scattering roses, and slaves, playing harps. The palace guards also march in and take their places. Now the retinue of the Queen of Sheba appears: male and female slaves carrying various offerings of gold, jewels, gems and spices; and, at last, comes the Queen of Sheba (soprano) in a palanquin, accompanied by Astaroth, her slave (mezzo soprano). After the Queen is assisted to alight, a great welcome is accorded her (*Sonne des Mittags, Arabiens Stern*). Solomon, in crown and mantle, has, meanwhile, re-entered with Assad escorting Sulamith, the High Priest and Baal-Hanan.

The King accords his royal guest a welcome (*Willkommen, edler Gast in diesen Hallen*). "All hail to the King!" (*Heil König dir!*), she responds and presents him with all that she has brought, perfumes, jewels, and even the slaves that bear them. "Now," she adds, "great King, behold what mortal never yet has seen, the Queen of Sheba's face!"

As she lifts her veil, the distracted Assad recognizes his enchantress; Sulamith weeps; and Solomon bids Assad to take heart, for to-morrow's sun shall shine upon his nuptials.

"His nuptials!" exclaims the Queen; and as Solomon leads her away to the banquet, she darts a secret glance upon Assad, to whom Sulamith is clinging. The Queen of Sheba passes up the great stairway with Solomon; and, as the royal couple reach the top, they turn to salute the assembly. The people are meanwhile singing "Beat the

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drums and pluck the strings and hail to the great King and Queen" (*Schlaget die Pauken, rühret die Saiten*).

The curtain rises for Act II. upon a beautiful garden, where roses and other flowers are blooming among the palms, cedars and fountains; and, on the right near the back, a gate leads into the Palace. The Queen of Sheba, enveloped in a silvery gauze veil, escapes from the feast to seek solitude. Here in the moonlight she recalls the brief hour of sweetest bliss on Lebanon. How can she forget the one who has conquered her heart? Can she let him lead a bride to the altar on the coming morning? No! No! No! Can she let another caress and possess him? No! she will venture to break the tie. Arabia's proud Queen that she is! Her crown and kingdom are not sufficient compensation for such a loss! She vows she must see him once more! Hers, he shall be! Let her rival tremble!

Astaroth interrupts to inform her mistress that Assad is wandering among the cypress-trees not far away, whereupon the Queen, looking about to be sure that no loiterers are present, bids Astaroth lure him hither. "As the heron calls in the reeds and as the dove coos in the moss," Astaroth will bring him to her arms.

The Queen retires behind a fountain and Astaroth intones a weird Oriental melodic phrase, unaccompanied. It has the desired effect. In a few moments Assad approaches and Astaroth disappears.

Assad calls upon the sweet air of night to cool his fevered brow and mitigate the sorrow that fills his heart. As he nears the fountain, the Queen steps forth. At first he thinks her the phantom of his dreams; but the Queen addresses her "beloved of Lebanon" and expresses her joy at having him at her side once more. Assad tries to resist his evil star, the woman who is both life and death to him;

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but her charms are too strong and the Queen soon has him in her arms in a passionate embrace.

The lovers are soon interrupted; for the voice of the Temple Guard is heard calling the sons of Israel to morning prayer. The day is dawning. "Farewell," cries the Queen, and tears herself from Assad's unwilling arms. Assad gazes with rapture after her and then falls down on the steps of the fountain.

The orchestra describes the dawn, and in the glowing light the voices of Baal-Hanan and his attendants are again heard praising "the Lord, for he is good"; and they soon appear on the portico. Seeing a man lying at the fountain, Baal-Hanan approaches. Why! it is Assad! What is he doing there in the dangerous dew of night? Assad is too bewildered to answer sanely; and, thinking that his mind is unbalanced, Baal-Hanan orders his attendants to conduct him to his friends.

During an orchestral intermezzo the scene changes to the interior of Solomon's magnificent Temple.

The edifice and its columns are cedar, inlaid and overlaid with gold; galleries extend on both sides; and a golden *grille* separates the Holy of Holies from the Sanctuary, in which on marble steps stands the Tabernacle, now veiled by a rich curtain on which palms and cherubim are woven. In front, on the right of the Tabernacle, stands the seven-branched golden candlestick, and, on the left, the table with the Shewbread. In the centre, in front of the *grille*, stands the Altar for burning incense. On the left, a platform connects the Temple with the Palace. People are ranged under the galleries; and Priests, Levites, singers and harpists, followed by the High Priest, enter. The Levites light the candles and the priests sprinkle incense on the altar.

"Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good!" sings the High Priest, and the singers reply, "For His mercy endureth forever!" During the ceremonies that follow,

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many Hebrew melodies are introduced, and blasts of the ram's horn are heard from time to time. The Levites receive offerings of flour in bowls and oil in cruses.

Female voices are heard invoking blessings on the youthful bride; and soon a train of maidens enters with wheat in golden bowls and oil in cruses, preceding Sulamith, in bridal white and wearing a veil of silver thread and silk. She carries an open basket containing a pair of turtle-doves. These are her offering, and, in her little solo, the sorrowful bride compares her fluttering heart to the frightened birds, and prays that her beloved may be restored to her (*Dies Taubenpärchen sanft und rein*).

Solomon enters with Assad and his retinue, turns toward the Holy of Holies and then to Assad, who is richly attired in white with a gold belt. Assad walks unsteadily and dares not raise his eyes.

Solomon bids Assad lift his gaze to the skies above, where the Heavenly King dwells and to lead Sulamith to the altar; he also tells Sulamith to lay her pure hand upon Assad's shoulder, and commands the High Priest to pronounce the blessing. Young men with green boughs take their places by Assad, and Sulamith's bridesmaids stand by her side. Assad shudders as the High Priest begins the ceremony; and as he hands Assad the ring and tells him to say: "With this ring I thee wed," the Queen of Sheba appears on the platform, followed by Astaroth.

"With this ring," begins Assad; but catching sight of the Queen, he throws the ring away, crying: "Woe! Woe!" All repeat the doleful cry, believing that Assad is mad. "The Queen here!" exclaims Solomon.

Stepping forward, the Queen points to the golden bowl filled with pearls carried by Astaroth,—her bridal offering! Sulamith turns away her face.

Assad will know whether the Queen is a phantom or a real entity; and rushing to her, seizes her veil; but he is

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restrained by the people, who will not permit him to desecrate the Temple.

"The nuptials are prevented," the Queen remarks; and Solomon begins to understand matters.

"If I am mad, she shall be the judge," cries Assad; and, stepping before the Queen, asks her to say if he is sane or not. "Speak!" Solomon commands the Queen, "unravel this mystery!" "Oh! speak!" all request, "and tell us what is the matter with him."

For a moment the Queen hesitates; and then, stepping back, says proudly: "I have never seen him before; I do not know him!"

The people are then satisfied that a demon has taken possession of Assad. The Queen and Astaroth sing in their triumph at having prevented the wedding; Assad and Sulamith of their despair and that death must be the end of all; Solomon, that the veil of mystery is falling and he begins to have suspicions; the High Priest offers a prayer; and Baal-Hanan, the Priests, Levites and people implore Heaven to work a miracle.

The High Priest extends his hands to Assad, who approaches with bowed head, and bids the spirits of Satan, who have taken possession of Assad, return to their dark realm. Then he steps to the Holy of Holies; and, at his signal the curtain rises, disclosing the Ark of the Covenant with the golden Cherubim. The people prostrate themselves, singing "Hallelujah!"

Assad has not recovered his composure and the Queen veils herself; but Solomon fixes his gaze upon her. "Assad!" she whispers. "Her magic voice!" cries Assad wildly and rushes to her side; but is restrained by the Levites. General confusion reigns. The curtain of the Holy of Holies closes; the Priests rush forward; and Solomon steps in between the Queen of Sheba and Assad. The Priests cry "Anathema" upon him and the terrified people scatter.

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Sulamith prays that her lover may be saved; Assad begs to be led to execution; the Queen sees that she has gone too far; Astaroth comments on her mistress's paleness; and Solomon notes the Queen's agitation as the High Priest orders Assad to death.

As the people are dragging the victim away with menacing gestures, Solomon commands them to desist: he will be the judge of the criminal. The Priests release Assad, and, as the Queen nears him, Solomon rebukes her majestically. Sulamith falls at Solomon's feet, embracing his knees. The Priests raise their hands menacingly and the curtain falls.

The curtain now rises on the Banquet Hall in Solomon's Palace, brilliantly illuminated and decorated with flowers. Ladies of the harem are assembled here with many dancing women carrying cups and garlands.

They are entertained by an interlude—the Bee Dance of the Almas—in which a young girl, veiled, dances, pretending to drive a bee before her. As the bee tries to attack her, her fear increases, and she threatens it with her veil and stops in terror when the bee lights upon her. With great difficulty, she gets rid of it by catching it in her veil, and then she gracefully rids herself of the veil. Now the bee is caught—the girl is happy once more; and, throwing the veil upon the floor, dances around it. Presently she lifts the veil and the bee escapes. She then envelops herself again with the veil, begins her dance again, and finally dances off the stage.

After this ballet, the chorus sings of the festive songs and dances that Solomon has ordered to entertain the royal guest; the Queen of Sheba, in gorgeous robes, approaches the centre of the hall, followed by Solomon, who asks why she left the banquet. Did it not please her? He motions the dancers to withdraw and the curtains are closed for a private interview.

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In the great duet that ensues the Queen asks Solomon to grant her a request. This he promises. "What is it?" "The life of the youth doomed to death!" is her reply. "Assad?" asks Solomon. "His name is Assad? I did not know his name," she says. Solomon then asks how was it that when he appealed to her in the Temple she refused to release him from the spell? The Queen evades the question and begins to plead; but the wise Solomon tells her he can read her treacherous heart, and he invites her to return to the banquet.

The Queen proudly faces Solomon and threatens with war the King, who has insulted his royal guest; Sheba's iron lances shall soon assail his walls and Zion's throne shall fall. Solomon is not intimidated by her anger; she will find him quite ready for the fray.

The Queen bids him farewell; and, calling on her gods for help, vows, cost what it may, that she will set Assad free.

Solomon, left alone, knows that no one can save Assad but Assad himself, and commands Baal-Hanan, who now enters, to bring Assad hither; but what is that mournful sound that he hears? "It is the dirge of Sulamith," replies the Steward, and the voices of Sulamith's maidens come nearer, singing, "O, weep, daughters of Salem; mourn the bride of sorrow, who, like Jephtha's daughter, is vowed to God: she goes from the valley of Kedron to end her days in grief."

At the beckoning of Baal-Hanan the curtain is drawn aside, and Sulamith, in a black veil, enters with her maidens and an escort of young men. At Solomon's command, Sulamith tells him that when the hour came that gave the blow to her earthly happiness, she tore the flowers from her hair and put on a widow's veil. Her intention is to mourn her dead lover in a sacred retreat. Overcome with emotion, she kneels before the King, and begs him to save her beloved from death so that she may die in peace.

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Echoing her words, her companions kneel also before the King.

Solomon now sees into the future; he will describe his vision.

Sulamith and the others rise and listen with awe to his inspired words: In the desert, near the retreat of the sacred virgins, there stands a lonely palm tree, and beneath its rustling leaves, Sulamith shall find peace for her lover and herself after a terrible storm.

With hope in her heart, Sulamith bids the King farewell and the lamenting companions turn to leave. Solomon seizes Sulamith's hands, gazes at her tenderly, lays his hand upon her head, blessing her, and retires with a sad expression as Sulamith and her companions depart on their lonely way.

Act IV. shows the border of the desert, where, in the background on the right on an eminence, is seen the asylum of the Holy Virgins. In front, on the left, stands a withered palm tree. The air is very sultry. Assad, much broken and with weary steps, enters from the right. Where shall he go? The King has saved him from death, but banished him to solitude, and now he is an outcast. But his guilt was deep; he deserved it! And now may the Almighty help him find eternal peace! "Assad!" calls a voice. He starts. "Assad!" Assad cries: "Phantom of Hell! avaunt!" The Queen of Sheba has learned through love that he is in this desert and she has followed him. Her camels are waiting, and Assad has but to go with her to her kingdom.

And so this demon who has ruined him would again ensnare him? No! the Queen begs his forgiveness; she is now his slave; she has lost her heart; she cannot live without him!

Notwithstanding her enticing picture of the earthly paradise that awaits him if he will go with her, Assad prays

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to the Lord of Hosts and spurns the enchantress. "Assad! Assad!" she pleads tenderly, but he curses her; and, calling to the shades of night to engulf her, the Queen of Sheba rushes away.

"Come, death," Assad cries, "my struggle has ended!" Then he has a vision of the angel whom he wronged, the gentle Sulamith! The sky meanwhile becomes lurid and Assad prays that a blessing at least may fall on her head—the gentle dove to whom he sends a dying greeting and farewell. The sky grows darker; clouds of sand sweep over the background; and in a mirage appears the caravan of the departed Queen of Sheba.

"Ah! Heaven is answering my prayer," Assad murmurs, "the simoon is approaching and soon the billows of sand will engulf me; but, Oh, Heaven, let my last breath whisper: 'God bless Sulamith, my love!'" Assad sinks down under the palm tree and a sand storm rages. The stage is completely dark, and nothing is heard but the whistling of the wind and the rattle of the palm. Even Assad is invisible. The storm subsides gradually and by degrees the sky becomes bright.

Sulamith and her twelve companions are approaching, singing as they come. "Sulamith!" cries Assad, and Sulamith rushes forward. Dying, he beholds her once more! Sulamith kneels beside him and takes his head in her arms. "O, royal prophet, was this the meaning of your words?" cries Sulamith. In death they will be united!

Assad falls back and Sulamith bends over him; a celestial aureole hovers over them; and the kneeling maidens sing: "Thy Beloved is Thine" (*Der Freund ist Dein*), to the same melody heard in Act I.

La Gioconda

(The Ballad Singer)

Milan, 1876

instrumentation and declamation could be united with the characteristic suavity and fluent phraseology of a purely Italian melody."—
W. J. HENDERSON.

"*La Gioconda* in 1876 showed the Italians how dramatic fidelity could be combined with singable measures, how all the wealth of modern harmony, in-



HE first Act is called "The Lion's Mouth." After a short prelude, the curtain rises upon the grand courtyard of the Doge's Palace in Venice, showing the Giant's Staircase and the Portico della Carta at the back with doorway into the interior of St. Mark's. On one side is The Lion's Mouth

for secret denunciations to the Inquisition; and on the left, the table of a public letter-writer. It is a bright spring afternoon and the Square is filled with sailors, masquers, monks, Moors and Dalmatians. Barnaba (baritone), a spy of the Inquisition, with a guitar hanging to his neck, leans against a column, watching the crowd. The people are singing (*Feste e pane*) and cheering the Republic and Doge; the bells of St. Mark's are pealing; and the trumpets resounding. Barnaba announces that the Regatta is about to begin. All run to see it, except Barnaba, who moodily points to the subterranean prisons and announces his determination to weave nets for several victims, for he intends to capture the wayward Gioconda, whom he loves.

The latter, a ballad-singer (soprano), now enters, leading her blind mother, La Cieca (contralto), and Barnaba hides behind a column. A trio follows, in which mother and daughter sing of their mutual affection, and the unseen Barnaba that he will soon have the moth in his net. Gioconda seats her mother near a shrine while she goes to find her lover, Enzo. "Heaven bless your footsteps!" are the

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mother's parting words, and, taking her rosary from her pocket, she begins to tell her beads.

Gioconda is stopped by Barnaba, who tells her "Enzo can wait"; but she defiantly bids him stand aside—she hates faces of mystery and his makes her shudder. However, she manages to escape from him, but the altercation reaches the ears of La Cieca, who, fearing that her daughter is in danger, calls for help. "O, darkness fearful!" she exclaims in allusion to her blindness, and again seats herself by the church door to pray.

Barnaba has an idea, and while La Cieca murmurs her "*Ave Maria!*" the wicked man informs us that he will win the daughter through the aid of the fond mother. Gioconda shall be his! and he swears it by all the powers of hell.

The crowd now approaches, bringing in triumph the winner of the Regatta, among them Isepo, a public letter-writer, and Zuane, a gondolier.

"Hail to the victor!" sing the people as they carry him to the foot of the Giant's Staircase (*Lieta brigata*).

Barnaba, who has been observing Zuane, discovers a tool. He explains to the disappointed boatman the reason he did not win the race. The old blind sorceress yonder (pointing out La Cieca), cast her spells upon Zuane. Barnaba himself heard her curse his oars and rudder three times. Meanwhile the crowd playing at *Zara* and counting becomes interested in what Barnaba is saying: "La Cieca has the evil eye—the *jettatura!*" The crowd seizes her and resolves to burn her alive. La Cieca cries for mercy and for help. Barnaba bids the guards carry her to prison; but at this moment Gioconda rushes in with Enzo Grimaldo (tenor), her lover, whom she imagines to be a mercantile captain. "My mother!" Gioconda cries. Enzo commands the "base assassins" to desist, and tries to save the aged woman; but the maddened crowd insist upon burning her.

While Le Cieca is struggling, Alvisè Badoero, one of the

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heads of the State Inquisition (bass), and Laura (masked), his wife, once the betrothed of Enzo, whom she still loves, (mezzo soprano), appear on the staircase. Laura descends and calls for mercy; but Alvisè imperiously asks the reason for the tumult, and, on hearing Barnaba's false story that La Cieca is a sorceress, orders her to trial.

Gioconda, kneeling to Alvisè, pleads for mercy and tells him that she is La Gioconda, the ballad-singer, and that her mother is her very life. As Enzo, turning to his sailors, says: "We will save this innocent victim," Laura recognizes her old lover. Enzo also recognizes Laura by her voice as she entreats for the poor old woman, whose rosary proves that she is good. At last Alvisè grants pardon, to Gioconda's joy and to Barnaba's anger. La Cieca renders her thanks to the lady with the lovely voice, (*Voce di donna o d'angelo*, one of the most popular numbers in the opera), and offers Laura the humble gift of her rosary, which will bring blessings to her. "Ah, Mother!" the grateful Gioconda exclaims, "she is indeed an angel sent from heaven," referring to Laura; and Laura and Enzo, referring to La Cieca, hope that "her pious prayers may be heard in Heaven!"

Alvisè at this moment asks if Barnaba has had any good hunting to-day, and the latter replies he is on the track of a lion.

Alvisè bids Laura rise, who is kneeling to receive La Cieca's blessing; and, turning to Gioconda, gives her a purse. Gioconda asks the lady her name, so that she may remember her in her prayers. "Laura!" the lady answers, looking at Enzo. "'Tis she!" Enzo exclaims aside. Alvisè escorts Laura into the church, and Gioconda and her mother follow, Gioconda's heart full of love for her mother and Enzo. The latter remains outside absorbed in thought, and Barnaba, watching him intently for a time, advances, "Enzo Grimaldo, Prince of Santafor, you are pensive. You are thinking of the Lady Laura!"

In vain Enzo protests that he is a Dalmatian, pointing

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to his ship in the distance. He may be for others, but not for Barnaba, who tells the astonished Prince that he was born in Genoa and that he knows of his love for Laura, now the bride of Alvisé. Barnaba also tells him that his love for Gioconda is as nothing compared to his love for Laura, who, under her velvet mask, recognized him. To-night while Alvisé is attending a Council in the Doge's Palace, Laura shall visit him on board his ship.

Enzo is enraptured and melody rises to his lips (*O grido di quest' anima*), as he thinks he may once more clasp her to his heart. "Good luck attend you," sneers Barnaba, as Enzo leaves, to which the latter retorts, "May curses fall upon your head!"

"Curses!" mutters Barnaba, "we shall see! If my plots are successful, Gioconda's idol will be shattered"; and, calling at the prison door for Isepo, who comes at his call, Barnaba dictates a letter to him.

At this moment, Gioconda and her mother come from St. Mark's. Gioconda hides her mother behind a column while she listens to Barnaba's letter to the Secret Chief of the Inquisition, telling him that his wife will elope to-night with the sailor Enzo. Gioconda's heart is broken, and she and La Cieca re-enter the church.

Barnaba, taking the letter, dismisses Isepo, and, contemplating the Palace, apostrophizes the mighty building, the glorious monument, a wonder of secret workings, where the Doge and Grand Council sit, but more powerful than they is the Spy. "O, mighty monument, open thy jaws for the blood that will be poured in in torrents" (*O monumento!*) At the close of this aria, Barnaba throws the letter into the Lion's Mouth, and leaves.

The merry masquers fill the square to dance a gay *furlana*, which is succeeded by voices from the church, singing *Angelus Domini*. The people in the square join in the prayer; and a monk, drawing aside the curtain from the church door, calls all to vespers. While the evening hymn

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is being sung, Gioconda and La Cieca return. La Cieca is supporting her grief-stricken daughter, from whose heart all joy has gone. "Ah! come, my child," replies her mother, "let us go, sharing each other's griefs!" This duet is occasionally broken by the hymn, *Angelus Domini*, which is continued as the curtain falls.

Act II. is called "The Rosary." The starboard side of the brigantine *Hecate* is seen near a bank of an uninhabited island in the Fusina Lagoon. The Lagoon appears in the distance. In the sky are a few stars, and, on the right, a cloud, above which the moon is rising. In the front of the boat is a small altar to the Virgin lighted by a red lamp. Midshipmen and sailors are variously grouped, and some of them have speaking-trumpets, through which they sing.

Their gay *Marinaresca* is interrupted by Barnaba, disguised as a fisherman, who enters with Isepo. He sings a cheerful *Barcarolle*, between the verses of which he gives Isepo instructions where to place the scouts. The sailors merrily repeat his refrain: "To-night a lovely siren shall fall into the net!" (*Questa notte una sirena nella rete cascherà.*)

Enzo, with a lantern in his hand, enters from below deck, and, cheerfully addressing his men, announces that they will weigh anchor to-night. He observes the sky and gives a few orders to the Master of the Sails. Some of the crew begin to get things ready and others repeat the *Marinaresca*. Enzo orders all below, and with "good-night," the sailors leave.

Gazing at the sea, Enzo sings his romantic, "*Cielo e mar!*" a love song to Laura. Soon he hears the rowers approaching; the boat nears; Barnaba calls the Captain; a rope is thrown over the side; and instructions are given to mount quickly. Barnaba, having brought Laura, now departs, and a duet ensues, in which the lovers are once

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again under the spell of mutual enchantment. Towards its close, Enzo tells Laura to fear nothing, that they are off a deserted island; and when the moon drops, they will set sail in the darkness. Everything now being safe, Enzo goes below.

Laura, whose heart is full, notes the Madonna and throws herself before her; but while she is praying, Gioconda steals from her hiding place and cries "Anathema!" The frightened Laura asks who this is. Well may she ask! This shadow is Vengeance! A woman who adores Enzo. She has been hiding and has witnessed their meeting. And so her rival would fly with Enzo! The women dispute over their lover: Laura loves Enzo as she loves light, air and sweet dreams; Gioconda loves him as the lion loves fresh blood, or the eagle loves the sun; Laura shall die for those kisses; but, as Gioconda raises her dagger, she stops suddenly. She recognizes the lady of the lovely voice, calls for her boat, and hurries Laura into it, replying to her question, "I am La Gioconda!"

Barnaba enters and is furious on finding that Laura has gone. He signals to Alvise, who is in his boat in the distance, to pursue the fugitives. "I have saved her!" mutters Gioconda, "for your sake, dear Mother; but oh! what it has cost me!"

Enzo returns to find Laura gone and Gioconda here instead. The latter advances haughtily, telling him that Laura has ceased to care for him, and has gone. Enzo will not believe it; but in despair, resolves to die. Taking a lighted torch from a sailor, he sets fire to his ship. "Farewell, my Laura!" he cries passionately. "Always Laura!" mutters Gioconda, "but I will die with you!" The burning vessel sinks as the curtain falls.

"The House of Gold" is the title of Act III. The rising curtain shows a room in the *Cà d'Oro*, where a lighted lamp is burning. Alvise enters in a state of violent agi-

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tation. Yes! she shall die. His name and his honour have been disgraced. She escaped last night when a poniard nearly pierced her breast; but to-night, while the dancers sing and revel (pointing to the adjoining room), in there the injured husband shall take his revenge! No poniard to-night; she shall die by poison; and her groans shall mingle with the songs and dances and merrymaking of the guests!

"You wish to see me?" asks Laura, entering in a rich ball costume. "Hoping to please you!" replies Alvisè with assumed courtesy. They seat themselves on opposite sides of the table. First Alvisè compliments her beauty; she has never looked so handsome as upon this occasion, but her smiles are somewhat forced. Will she tell him if she has some secret grief, or perhaps she has committed some sin? Alvisè's lips are white with anger; Laura feels the irony of his words. Well then, Alvisè will tear off his mask; in short, he knows all, and her last hour has come. Alvisè grasps her and throws her down violently. In vain Laura pleads and weeps; she must prepare for death. "Unfaithful wife, come here and admire this,—thy bridal bed!" As he says this, Alvisè lifts the hangings of an adjoining room and points to a funeral bier. From the distant Lagoon comes the song of a serenade (*Ten va serenata*). Gioconda enters and hides.

"This poison you must drink," Alvisè commands, handing her a phial. "Do you hear that song? Before the last note of that song is finished, your life must cease;" and he leaves her. Again the serenade is wafted on the breeze. Laura is in agony. She is amazed when Gioconda rushes forward; she takes Laura's phial away from her and gives her another containing a narcotic, which she tells Laura will throw her into a trance like death. Laura is afraid of Gioconda; but the latter reassures her that her mother is praying for her safety and that the singing she hears is by the voices of friends. "Drink, then," Gioconda commands,

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"your life was to cease ere the last note of that song is heard!"

Laura drains the phial and runs behind the curtains of the next room. Gioconda pours the poison into the bottle that she had brought and leaves the empty phial that Alvisé gave Laura on the table. Then she hides again. The last verse of the serenade is sung; Alvisé enters; sees the empty flask; looks into the death chamber; and is satisfied that everything is over. When he has gone, Gioconda emerges to lift the curtain of the fatal room and exclaim that it was for her mother's sake that she saved Laura on the island; now she is making a terrible sacrifice for the sake of Enzo.

The scene changes to a magnificent hall adjoining the death chamber, where brilliantly dressed guests enter, some of them masked, and are received graciously by Alvisé, the host, who bids all welcome. The singers unite in praising the House of Gold, where the chaplets of virtue and true love are entwined. Thanking the guests for their welcome homage, Alvisé invites them to enjoy a beautiful Dance of the Hours. First come the Hours of Daybreak followed by those of Day, Evening and Night.

This ballet is interrupted by the entrance of Barnaba, who is dragging in La Cieca. Enzo also enters, masked. Barnaba has found La Cieca in the forbidden chambers, intent upon some malice; but La Cieca explains that she only went there to pray for one just dead. The passing-bell is heard in the orchestra, and all the guests wonder for whom it is ringing. Barnaba tells Enzo that it is for Laura; and Enzo in despair advances to Alvisé, unmasks, and announces: "By you proscribed, I am Enzo Grimaldo, Prince of Santafor. Through you, I have lost my country and my love!" "Barnaba's head shall answer if this man escape," is Alvisé's comment on Enzo's audacity.

All the gaiety has departed and shudders take the place of smiles. In the highly developed finale in which the

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guests are fully impressed with the general gloom that reigns La Cieca is sure that Barnaba was the assassin; Barnaba swears that he will have his revenge on her yet; Gioconda is tortured by jealousy; Enzo grieves for his lost love; Gioconda offers herself to Barnaba if he will save Enzo; La Cieca bids her daughter come to her mother's arms for consolation in sorrow; and Alvisé sings of the honour of his name. Then, calling his guests together, the latter invites them to look on the woman, who was once his wife and who has dishonoured him; and, opening the curtains, points to Laura lying on her bier. "It was I who took her life," he announces. "Murderer!" cries Enzo, rushing upon him. He is seized by the guards, and, amidst cries of horror, the curtain falls.

Act IV. is entitled "The Orfano Canal," where, in the vestibule of an old ruined palace on the Island of Giudecca, Gioconda has taken refuge. In the right-hand corner, behind a screen is a bed, and against the wall hang a picture of the Virgin and a crucifix. On a table are a lighted lamp, a dagger and a phial of poison. Through the porch at the back are seen the Lagoon and the Piazza of St. Mark's brightly illuminated. On the right, is a long, dimly-lighted street, down which two *Cantori* (street singers) are carrying a body wrapped in a black cloak. The two men knock at the door, which Gioconda opens. She bids the men place the body upon the bed in her room and offers them gold, asking also if the companions will be ready to-night. The *Cantori* refuse the gold, for true friends should help one another. She implores them to help her to find her poor blind mother from whom she was separated last night. The *Cantori* promise to do what they can, and depart. Gioconda feels that, with her mother lost and her lover untrue, suicide is all that is left. She looks at the dagger and then at the phial of poison that was intended for Laura, who she remembers with ferocious joy is now in her power. Taking

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up the lantern, she approaches the bed. Yes, with Laura in her power—the Lagoon so deep—who would know? And then, as a voice is heard on the water, she asks the gondolier if there is any news.

Corpses in the Orfano Canal, is the reply. Thinking of splendid, heartless Venice shining in the distance, and the sorrows and horrors that surround her, Gioconda calls on Enzo for pity, and throws herself, weeping and exhausted, by the table.

Enzo, entering, asks now that she has freed him from prison what would she have with him. Ah! what can she have! His life will soon be full of joy. Earth will turn to Eden for him!

"Woman!" he exclaims, "calm your passion! My days will soon be ended. I am broken-hearted. Farewell!"

Enzo is going to Laura's tomb, once more to kiss his lost love while dying. "Go," Gioconda mocks, "go, faithful hero, but Laura's tomb is empty!" This Gioconda swears by the crucifix on the wall; and Enzo is so infuriated that he draws his dagger and is about to stab Gioconda, to her great joy. But first she shall explain the mystery. "No," she refuses, again "No!" and again "No!"

As he is about to stab her, a voice calls "Enzo!" from behind the screen, and Laura enters. Her strength is reviving! she breathes! she lives! Enzo rushes forward and embraces her, while Gioconda covers her face with her mantle. Laura, thinking that it is Alvisé thus shrouded, suggests flight; but, as Gioconda uncovers her face, she knows her, and tells Enzo that Gioconda has saved her life. Enzo is ready to fall at the feet of Gioconda.

From a distance comes the song of the familiar serenade (*Ten va, serenata*). "Do you remember that song, Laura?" Gioconda asks; "it is the song that decided your fate. It is sung for us again. Listen, dearest friends. Before dawn the rowers shall take you to a safe place near the Three Gates; then hurry away to Aquileja; and thence to Illyria.

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Here are the boatmen! My cloak will hide you, Laura," and as Gioconda wraps her mantle around Laura she notes the rosary. "Oh Heaven! well did my mother prophesy: 'This humble gift will bring thee a blessing!' It has brought a blessing!" One kiss, watered by tears, she places on Laura's forehead. "Love each other; be happy; and think kindly of La Gioconda, the ill-fated. Farewell!" Touched by her sacrifice, Enzo and Laura take a grateful and affectionate leave of Gioconda (*Sulle tue mani l'anima*) and hasten away.

Gioconda lifts her phial of poison. "Now to die!" but once again she thinks of her mother, whom she must find; then she remembers her compact with Barnaba; and, falling before the Virgin, cries, "Oh, Holy Virgin, keep away that demon!"

"She little thinks who is watching her!" mutters Barnaba, who has come down the street and paused at the half-opened door; and as Gioconda rises to flee, he enters, saying furiously, "And so this is the way you would keep your compact?"

The terrified Gioconda recovers her courage. Yes, she will keep her promise! Barnaba is ecstatic. She will soon be his! ("*Ebbrezza delirio!*") At last Barnaba will have his love!

"Wait!" she commands. "You shall have Gioconda in beautiful attire! For you she will braid her hair with purple and gold!" She begins to adorn herself, taking care to hide a dagger about her. "Now listen to the song your siren will sing: I will keep my compact: you claim her; cursed demon, she is thine!" and Gioconda stabs herself. Barnaba is in a rage. "Well, she shall hear this!" and, bending over Gioconda's dead body, Barnaba screams into her ear: "Last night I strangled your mother!" then he exclaims: "She does not hear me!" and with a cry of rage rushes down the street. The curtain falls.

Samson and Delilah

Meimar, 1877

"This work is entirely French as a whole and in every part:

by the marvellous balance and remarkable solidity of its architecture; by the source of its form in which modern sentiment is allied to the greatest classical purity; by the nobility of the declamation united to a sense of melody of the most refined and exquisite nature; by the splendour of the orchestra, by the adorable sonority of the chorus, by the masterly science and piquant ingenuity of the harmony—finally by all these details which concur in forming the beauty of the whole and rendering it a masterpiece."—ARTHUR PUGIN.



HE composer calls this work a "Biblical opera." He has changed the character of Delilah to make her act in the interest of her religion in order to avenge the insults offered to the god Dagon as well as revenge for Samson's slighting her personal charms. The great choruses are treated in the oratorio style, and all the re-

sources of the modern orchestra are used to emphasize the story. Sometimes this is of thundering power, sometimes of enchanting grace and delicacy; but it never overmasters the voice. An unusually large number of instruments is employed. In addition to the string quartet, the score calls for three flutes, a *cor anglais*, a bass clarinet, double bassoon, four horns, two trumpets, two cornets, three trombones, a bass tuba, two ophicleides, two harps, three kettledrums, a big drum, cymbals, triangle, a chime of bells, *crotales*, *castanets*, a *tambour de basque*, and a tam-tam.

There is no overture. After a short instrumental introduction of a few bars, the lamentations of the Hebrews (chorus) are heard, imploring Heaven to pity their misfortunes; and, as the women add their words of despair, the curtain rises, on a public place in the city of Gaza,

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Palestine. On the left is the great entrance to the Temple of Dagon. A number of Hebrews, both men and women, are collected here in attitudes of grief and prayer, and among them Samson (tenor) is conspicuous. In a fine fugue, full of movement and beautiful harmonies, the Hebrew men describe how they have seen their cities destroyed and God's altar profaned by the Gentiles (*Nous avons vu nos cités renversés et les gentils profanant ton autel*) in broad, vigorous phrases, ending "Lord! hast thou forgot?" (*L'as tu donc oublié celui dont la puissance se fit ton allié*).

Samson now emerges from the crowd and holds a sort of dialogue with the chorus, as he entreats his people "to bless the holy name of the God of our fathers," and to take courage, for the voice of the Lord has spoken to him and now speaks through him; the throne shall be restored, the fetters broken, "so let us raise an altar to God!"

"Alas! Samson utters vain words," the Hebrews lament; their arms are taken from them; tears are all that are left! Samson reminds them how God has sworn to save them. "Did He not lead us through the Red Sea? Doubt not the God above you, wretched souls," he adds, and, in a melodic phrase, full of nobility and grandeur, supported with arpeggios on the harps, he says, "Let us fall upon our knees before the God who loves us" (*Implorons à genoux le Seigneur qui nous aime*).

Samson's words restore the courage of the Hebrews, whose happier mood is interrupted by the arrival of Abimelech, Satrap of Gaza (bass), followed by Philistine warriors. The powerful Philistine rebukes them, laughs at their tears, and mocks their timid Jehovah who fears the Philistine Dagon. The Hebrew's god is a dove, the Philistine's a vulture. If Jehovah is powerful, then let him unloose the chains that bind his people!

Samson, as if inspired, apostrophizes the Lord of Hosts. "Wake not Dagon's anger," cries Abimelech; but Samson bids Israel arise. Abimelech springs on Samson with

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drawn sword, which Samson seizes and wounds him. Abimelech falls; and Samson, brandishing the sword, keeps the Philistines at bay.

The doors of the Temple open and the High Priest of Dagon (baritone), with his attendants, descends the steps and pauses with horror. "What? Abimelech struck down by slaves, and dying? Revenge! Strike them down!" he cries. Two Philistines (tenor and bass) explain that their strength has strangely left them, and now a Philistine Messenger (tenor) enters to say that Samson has incited a band to revolt. The Philistines suggest flight; for they begin to fear the Hebrews. The High Priest curses all the Children of Israel, and particularly Samson, as well as his God.

As the Philistines carry off Abimelech's dead body, followed by the High Priest, old Hebrew Men and children enter to celebrate their triumphs. In the meantime, the sun has been rising, and it is now broad daylight.

The Old Hebrew Men unite in a thanksgiving of majestic serenity (*Hymne de joie, hymne de délivrance*), a bass chorus in unison, cut by a solo by an Old Hebrew in plain song.

Now comes a beautiful contrast: the gates of the temple open and Delilah (mezzo soprano) enters, followed by Priestesses of Dagon, carrying garlands of flowers and singing a fresh and graceful song of spring and its blossoms (*Voici le Printemps nous portant des fleurs*).

Delilah now addresses Samson, begging him to follow her to the fair valley of Soreck, where, amidst the lilies and roses of Sharon, her loving arms and caresses await him.

The Old Hebrew warns Samson not to heed Delilah, but to resist her charms. Samson prays to God to support him and hide from his sight the magic beauty that is filling his heart with love and despair. This scene is interrupted by the captivating interlude—the Dance of the Priestesses

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of Dagon, in which Delilah's companions endeavor to attract the attention of the Hebrew warriors who follow Samson. This ballet is danced with a poetic and mysterious rhythm to which the muted strings lend a feeling of enchantment.

Delilah now sings a lovely air (*Printemps qui commence*), describing spring, whose breath drives away all unhappy days from the earth. Towards its close, she addresses Samson and tells him she will await his love. The Old Hebrew again sings his note of warning; and Delilah, repeating her love song, retreats toward the steps of the portico, casting her glances upon Samson, who shows that he has succumbed to her fascinations.

It is to be noticed that the chorus has been on the stage throughout the entire act—active, moving, vital, and having a part to play in the drama, and that the composer has handled the great choral masses in a way that recalls Bach and Handel, although there is no imitation of those composers.

When the curtain rises for Act II. we see Delilah's dwelling in the valley of Soreck. Luxuriant tropical creepers festoon the portico near which the richly dressed Delilah is sitting on a rock in a thoughtful mood. In the deepening twilight, Delilah sings an air in the classic style, in which we hear a return of her leading motive. Samson, she says, is coming and she will soon be able to satisfy the vengeance of her gods. She will hold him captive, and she invokes Love's aid to ensnare the great Hebrew.

The High Priest of Dagon now enters, "guided by Dagon," he says, "to her side," and is welcomed by Delilah. A very dramatic duet follows in which the High Priest recalls what a menace Samson is to the Philistines and how he scorns Delilah to whose charms he once yielded. If Delilah can use her magic powers to advantage and give Samson into his hands, priceless shall be her reward!

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Delilah replies that she cares not for gold. Delilah's vengeance is not sold! She hates Samson more bitterly than does the High Priest; thrice she has failed to accomplish her plan, and thrice the haughty Hebrew hurried away to engage in battle; but she noticed when she last saw him that Samson had weakened!

"May Dagon help her!" cries the High Priest, "for Delilah is fighting for Dagon! May Samson yield to Delilah's love, and Dagon's vengeance fall upon him!"

"Did you not tell me that Samson is coming to-night?" the High Priest then asks his accomplice. "He will come," Delilah replies. "Then I will go," says the High Priest; and bidding Delilah unveil Samson's heart and find out wherein lies his strength, he takes his departure to bring his band by a secret way to Delilah's dwelling.

Delilah, now leaning against one of the columns of the portico, laments that she has lost her lover. If he should seek her, the night is dark! Alas! how could he find her?

As the lightning flashes in the distance, Samson enters. Once again he comes to the spot he should have shunned. He curses his passion, but love for Delilah is too strong, even if she should betray him!

Delilah advances and a masterly duet ensues, in which Delilah resorts to tears and Samson vows his love. Meanwhile the lightning flashes, and Delilah, in response to Samson's "Delilah! Delilah! I love you!" sings her exquisite air (*Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*), in which she says that her heart opens like a flower at the sound of his dear voice, and ends with an enchanting phrase, "*Oh! responds à ma tendresse*," accompanied by flutes and violins; and which she soon repeats with Samson in a very thrilling manner.

A terrible crash of thunder is heard. She then begs Samson to break his vow and reveal the secret of his strength, which he refuses to do. Delilah persists. "Ask me not!" cries Samson; and, in the approaching thunder

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and lightning, thinks he hears and sees the wrath of the Lord. Delilah bids him defy this wrath; and, seeing that he is firm, exclaims that she despises him, and runs into her house.

The storm is now raging. Samson for a moment appeals to his God; but he follows Delilah, and as he enters the house the Philistine soldiers approach and surround the dwelling. Delilah, from the window, calls for their aid, and Samson exclaims that he is betrayed. The soldiers rush into the house and the curtain falls.

Act III. takes us to the prison at Gaza, where Samson in chains with shorn hair and blinded is turning a millstone. In a fine prayer, he bewails his lost sight, and entreats God's mercy for his sins. The captive Hebrews (chorus) ask why he broke his vow. God intended him to lead them back to their country. Why did Samson break his vow and what does it mean? Why did he betray them—he who was a tower of strength—to Delilah? Samson is contrite, and entreats the Lord to have mercy upon them and let them at least escape.

The scene changes to the interior of the Temple of Dagon, supported by two marble columns. Day is breaking and the Temple is filled with people. The High Priest is accompanied by Philistine princes and Delilah is followed by Philistine maidens, crowned with flowers and holding wine-cups. The Philistines now bid all continue the revelry, although dawn is breaking. The melody here is suave and accompanied by a violin figure of elegance. A ballet follows of original and distinguished rhythm with an effective use of an Oriental scale.

The High Priest mocks the Judge of Israel, who is brought forward. Let him be attended by the fair hands of Delilah! Fill the wine-cup and sing of his power! The people take up his suggestion, and Delilah, approaching the broken-spirited Samson with a wine-cup, sings to

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him a mocking song of her love, her triumph and her hatred; how she gained his secret for the good of her god and her people, and to gratify her own revenge. In the music we have reminiscences of the famous duet in Act II., but transformed into themes of mockery. The High Priest taunts Samson and defies Jehovah; Samson prays to God once more to give him strength to overthrow the enemy; the people laugh and jeer; and the High Priest, turning to Delilah, commands that they consult the oracle. Delilah and the High Priest pour a libation on the flaming altar, praising Dagon in a duet, ornate in style, in which the chorus joins. The flame flashes up! Dagon shows his power!

"Now, Samson," the High Priest commands, "come pour thy offering upon the altar and kneel to Dagon." Then he bids the boy who is leading Samson guide his steps so that everyone can see him.

Samson once more appeals to his God, and as he stands between the pillars encircles them with his arms: they yield, and the temple falls amid shrieks and cries.

Eugene Oniegin

Moscow, 1881

"What a fullness of poetry there is in *Eugene Oniegin*! I am not blinded by it. I know

very well that the opera will have too little action, too few stage effects; but the great richness of its poetry, the truth to life and the simplicity of its incidents as well as the genius of Pushkin's verse, certainly outweigh various defects. . . . I composed this opera because I was moved to express in music all that seemed to cry out for such expression in *Eugene Oniegin*. I did my best, working with indescribable pleasure and enthusiasm."—TSCHAIKOWSKY.

"There is much charming music in the opera, much that is quite characteristic of Tschaikowsky in his lyric vein. It is fertile in melodious ideas. There are effective airs, some very pretty choruses, in which now and again the composer's fondness for native folk-song elements comes to the surface. The orchestration is transparent and full of delicate colour, and there are brilliant and taking orchestral numbers, such as a waltz in the ball scene, a mazurka later in the same scene, and the polonaise in the last Act."—RICHARD ALDRICH.



HE opera opens with an introduction founded on a graceful theme characteristic of the dreamy Tatiana, followed by the theme of the duet between Tatiana and Oniegin, and then the first theme returns.

The rising curtain shows the garden of a Russian country house, where Madame Lerin and her old servant, Philipievna, are busy under the trees preserving fruit. Her two daughters, Olga (contralto) and Tatiana (soprano), are seen at the open window of the drawing-room singing a sentimental duet, "Hearest thou the Nightingale," to the accompaniment of a harp.

The song arouses memories of the past in the heart of Madame Lerin, and a quartet follows in which she and Philipievna take part.

Peasants now appear on the scene carrying the last sheaf

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from the harvest fields fantastically dressed as a person. They are welcomed by Madame Lerin and sing a chorus that is very national in character. It is sung antiphonally, with a precentor leading. This is followed by a dance given at Madame Lerin's invitation.

Tatiana and Olga come into the garden to enjoy the fun. The former has a book in her hand and is laughed at by her sister for her romantic nature. Olga sings her solo: "I have no mind for languor or for sadness."

The announcement of two visitors creates quite a stir; these are Vladimir Lensky (tenor), a young neighbour, just returned from a German university, and his friend, Eugene Oniegin (baritone), a young dandy and cynical man of the world, from St. Petersburg, who is the guest of Lensky. The young gentlemen wear long black cloaks and high riding-boots. Madame Lerin and Philipievna retire to prepare supper and the young people are thus left alone to wander in the garden. Oniegin entertains the shy Tatiana in a somewhat monotonous recitative, which, nevertheless, charms her; and, as they walk away, Lensky, who is in love with Olga, sings his fervid love-song, "I love you, Olga."

Philipievna comes to announce that tea is served. Her quick eye notes that Tatiana has lost her heart to the stranger; and, as the curtain falls, a few expressive bars in the orchestra suggest the emotions of the romantic young girl.

The scene changes to Tatiana's room, where she is sitting in the moonlight, dreaming of Eugene Oniegin. She is interrupted by Philipievna, who comes to remind her that it is bed-time. A long, confidential conversation follows, while the orchestra murmurs a soft accompaniment based on Tatiana's theme. This number is particularly admired by musical critics: Tatiana's part is very characteristic; and the nurse's tale in the style of a Russian folk-song is admirable.

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When the latter has gone, Tatiana sits dreaming again of her love for Oniegin, and sings a charming little song, "Nay, though I be undone," in which she describes her emotions. "How will he guess my secret, unless I reveal it?" she questions herself; and so she decides to write a love-letter to him. The orchestra meanwhile describes all that passes in her mind and heart: her misgivings, her maidenly modesty, her despair and the ecstasy of a passionate first love that triumphs over all. After several attempts she finishes a letter, and when Philipievna returns, begs her to deliver it to Oniegin. At first the old nurse hesitates; but, as she cannot refuse anything to her loved Tatiana, she reluctantly departs with it; and Tatiana, seated at her writing-table, falls again into her dreamy mood. Her characteristic theme is repeated by the orchestra as the curtain falls.

The next scene takes us back to the garden; and begins with a chorus of peasant girls who have been picking berries. Tatiana enters in great agitation, which is described by the orchestra, and throws herself upon a bench. She begins to feel that her conduct was unmaidenly, now that Oniegin is approaching. The latter is very cold and reserved; and, thanking her for her letter, tells Tatiana that he is not a marrying man; offers her a brother's affection; and gives her some advice with regard to more maidenly reserve in the future. Then he takes his leave of Tatiana, who is crushed with humiliation and disappointment.

Act II. It is Tatiana's birthday, and Madame Lerin is giving a ball in her honour. The guests appear in the costumes and uniforms of 1820, and a slow waltz is heard from the orchestra. Lensky has dragged Oniegin to the ball against his will; and he is standing alone in an attitude that shows how bored he is. Oniegin overhears some of the older women's criticisms of him, and, blaming Lensky for having brought him, resolves to flirt with Olga. He

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invites Olga to waltz with him; and she accepts, leaving Lensky, who is now her betrothed lover, wild with jealousy.

The delightful waltz, heard throughout this scene, is interrupted by some complimentary couplets to Tatiana, sung by a Frenchman, Triquet, to an old-fashioned French air; and after this number, which is always popular, the waltz is succeeded by a mazurka. Olga is again seen dancing and flirting with Oniegin; and Lensky, now more excited, loses his self-control, and demands an explanation. Oniegin is coldly insolent; Olga defiant; and Lensky, still more provoked, insults Oniegin and challenges him. Oniegin consents to a duel in the morning; and the ball breaks up with everybody in dismay.

The short orchestral prelude that opens the next scene is devoted to the theme that is characteristic of Lensky, who, as the curtain rises, awaits his friend. "My days of youth, where are they fled?" which he sings here, is a pathetic aria, regarded as one of Tschaikowsky's most inspired works of this class. The musical climax comes at the firing of a pistol as the terrified servant of Oniegin, Gillot, from behind a tree, sees his master kill Lensky.

Several years are supposed to have elapsed between the second and third Acts.

We are now shown a reception-room in a wealthy and fashionable house in St. Petersburg, where the guests are marching and dancing to a brilliant polonaise.

Oniegin is standing alone; and in a mood of gloomy reflection he describes his remorse for Lensky's death and his wanderings in search of peace; but he can find no satisfaction in love, dissipation, or travel.

The ball continues, and guests are awaiting with impatience the arrival of the acknowledged belle, the Princess Gremin. To Oniegin's amazement, she proves to be Tatiana, now a handsome, stately and accomplished woman

EUGENE ONIEGIN

of the world, and married to a wealthy, dignified, middle-aged nobleman, a diplomat of distinction. Oniegin falls passionately in love with the woman whose love he rejected. Tatiana recognizes him with much composure and leaves him with graceful excuses.

The second scene takes us to the boudoir of Tatiana, who is dressed in a handsome morning gown and is reading a letter from Oniegin, in which he declares his love. This has thrown her into a great state of agitation, for she has been very happy, having partially conquered her first love. Before she can recover herself, Oniegin enters, and, in a long and impassioned duet, begs her to fly with him. At first she tries to punish him for the past, then she struggles between her newly-revived love for Oniegin and her respect and honour for her husband. Then she confesses her true feeling for Oniegin; but breaks away, bidding him a final farewell; and the despairing Eugene Oniegin is left alone as the curtain falls.

Parzifal

Bayreuth, 1882

the other."—ALBERT LAVIGNAC.

"Formerly people said that in Wagner there was no melody: I think I am more in the right in saying that there are no accompaniments, but only melodies laid one upon



HEN celestial messengers had confided two sacred relics—the Holy Grail, from which it was believed the Saviour drank at the Last Supper and in which were caught some drops of blood from the wounded Christ on the Cross, and the Lance, with which his side was pierced—to the care of the Knights Templars, their chief, Titurel, built a castle on a remote peak, Montsalvat, in the Pyrenees, to shelter them. On the completion of the sanctuary, he gathered around him to guard these treasures a band of Knights of the Holy Grail. The power of the Grail was renewed every year by a celestial Dove, and imparted miraculous powers to these Knights.

A wicked knight, named Klingsor, endeavoured to join the brotherhood; but, unable to resist sin, laid violent hands on himself. This closed Montsalvat to him forever, and in consequence he became the bitter enemy of the Knights of the Holy Grail. From the Evil Spirit he acquired the powers of magic; and near the sanctuary he created a garden peopled with fascinating women, for the ruin of the Knights. The chief enchantress was a strange being, Kundry, who in a former existence had been Hero-dias and had cruelly laughed at Christ on his way to Golgotha. She, however, was under Klingsor's domination only for a certain period, and then she became a devoted servant of the Knights of the Grail, endeavoring by kind deeds to atone for her wickedness. A deep sleep always preceded her relapse into and from Klingsor's power. The Knights

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were unconscious of Kundry's double nature, and, therefore, knew not that it was she who had ruined Amfortas, son of Titurel, who has now become King, at his aged father's wish. On the fall of Amfortas, Klingsor seized the sacred Lance and gave Amfortas an incurable wound in his side. Amfortas returned to Montsalvat, where he was forced in suffering and sorrow to celebrate the Supper. Sometimes he sought comfort by bathing in the sacred lake and tried healing balsams from distant lands. Many other Knights had yielded to the charms of Klingsor's garden; and Montsalvat was filled with grief and humiliation.

One day, while praying, Amfortas heard a voice from heaven prophesying that his wounds and sin should be healed by a Guileless Fool (Parsifal), who would regain the Lance, by a touch of which his side would be cured. Parsifal would be led by a swan to the sanctuary; and, by the aid of divine grace, gain a horror of sin; triumph over the Black Art of Klingsor; redeem and baptize Kundry; become Priest-King instead of Amfortas; and restore Montsalvat to its original state.

Such is the condition of affairs upon which the curtain rises.

The Prelude opens with the motive of *The Eucharist*, a calm, solemn and majestic theme on the muted violins and 'cellos, clarinets and bassoons. It is short, consisting of five bars only, and begins softly, gradually increases to *forte* and gradually dies away. This is repeated with an *arpeggio* accompaniment, which the viola begins and is joined by the other strings, the violins and 'cellos dividing for this purpose. Then comes a bar of impressive silence. Then *The Eucharist* is repeated on the strings and woodwind in the minor and soon accompanied by all the voices of the orchestra. Then silence again. Now the *sourdines* are removed from the strings and a new motive is announced,—*The Grail*, the symbol of the sacred chalice,

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which begins on the brass and ends in a progression of sixths softly murmured by the wood-wind.*

This is immediately followed by *Faith*, proclaimed with emphatic accents by the brass and repeated by them, accompanied this time by *Faith* on the strings:

Faith reappears on the brass with a tremolo accompaniment on the strings and lastly on the wood-wind, softly and gently expressed.

A roll on the kettledrums in A-flat and a tremolo on the double basses prepare us for a return of *The Eucharist*, first on the wood-wind with tremolo on the strings, then on the 'cello, and then on the 'cello and viola. Out of this arises a new motive,—*The Lance*, in which the climax of the Prelude is reached,—the sacred weapon that Parsifal will recover and restore to Montsalvat. As *The Lance* dies away, a series of chords in fifths and sixths ascends on flutes and violins to a high E-sharp.

Without a pause the notes of *The Eucharist* are again heard, and while *The Eucharist* is being played, the curtain opens (or rises) on a glade in the forest on Montsalvat. On the left a road ascends towards the castle; and on the right another road leads to a lake in the background. Day is breaking; and in the growing light we see Gurnemanz (bass), one of the oldest Knights of the Grail, and two young Esquires (soprano and contralto) asleep under a tree. The motives here are *The Eucharist*, *The Grail*, *Faith*, and again *The Eucharist*. Trumpets from the direction of the castle awaken Gurnemanz, who arouses the Esquires and bids them join him in prayer. They jump up quickly and all three kneel while *Faith* is played on the muted strings, soon to be followed by *The Grail* on brass and wood-wind. "Now, boys, prepare for the bath," says

* The theme of *The Grail* is a liturgical cadence taken from the Amen used in the court church in Dresden. Mendelssohn also used it in the *Reformation Symphony*.

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Gurnemanz, "the King will soon be here," and he looks expectantly toward the left. A sort of march motive appears on the strings as he speaks, and is soon followed by *The Suffering of Amfortas*, played by the 'cello, double bass, oboe and clarinet. Two Knights now enter. Gurnemanz inquires for Amfortas; and, when they tell him that the King has had no relief, Gurnemanz sadly drops his head on his breast.

One of the young Esquires, who has retired to the background, notes the approach of the strange creature whom he calls the "Devil's Mare" and the "Wild Amazon." The violins meanwhile explain the excitement by means of a shrill tremolo and a rushing scale that leads into *The Gallop*, a harsh, curious rhythm descriptive of a wild ride, ending in a shrill chord and a convulsive, satanic, chromatic laugh (*Kundry's Laugh*).

These two motives herald Kundry (soprano), who enters hastily. She is dressed in wild costume: a short, looped-up skirt and a girdle of snake skin. Long plaits of black hair hang down her back. She hands Gurnemanz a crystal phial containing a balm which she tells him in broken words she has been to seek for in Arabia, hoping that it will relieve Amfortas.

The motive of *The Balm* is heard from the wood-wind as she speaks. Kundry drops down on the ground to rest, and as Amfortas, attended by a train of Knights, is borne in on his litter, the orchestra plays *The Suffering of Amfortas*, *Faith*, a fragment of *The Eucharist*, again *The Suffering of Amfortas* and a new motive, *The Breeze*, beautifully expressed by the oboe and taken up by the 'cello and bass clarinet. The sweet *Breeze* refreshes the King for a moment before it ends with the closing notes of *The Eucharist*.

Amfortas (baritone) beseeches Heaven to send relief or to hasten the coming of the Guileless Fool, who will restore him to health. Amfortas himself sings the motive of *The Prom-*

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ise (*Durch Mitleid wissend der reine Thor*). "Is this not so?" he asks Gurnemanz, who hands him the phial. As he takes it, *The Balm* re-appears in the orchestra and also *The Gallop* and *Kundry's Laugh*. Kundry rejects all thanks and Amfortas orders his attendants to carry him to the lake (*Suffering* and *The Breeze*). While Gurnemanz gazes sadly after the departing train, the Esquires attack Kundry, calling her a sorceress and accusing her of supplying the King with harmful drugs. Gurnemanz defends her and reminds them how devotedly she serves the Knights of the Holy Grail. He also tells them how he found her asleep in the forest here when the Castle of Montsalvat was consecrated, and here she is always found asleep after her curious long absences, which coincide with every fresh misfortune to the Knights. During one of these absences, Amfortas met with his unhappy fate. Where was Kundry at this time? Kundry is silent; and Gurnemanz describes Amfortas's defeat. He is interrupted by two Esquires who come from the lake with news of Amfortas (*Suffering* and *Breeze*). Now resuming his story, Gurnemanz describes the origin of the Grail (*Faith, Grail, Eucharist, Lance*), the Black Art (*Magic*, on wood-wind and strings) and infamy of Klingsor (*Klingsor*, on wood-wind with tremolo on 'cello and double bass)—Klingsor's tools. The Lance is now in Klingsor's hands and he already counts the Grail as his. Then, adds Gurnemanz, Amfortas, once kneeling in prayer, implored heaven for a sign, whereupon the *Grail* gleamed with celestial radiance and a holy face appeared in a vision and pronounced these words (the *Promise*): "By pity enlightened, a guileless Fool will be the chosen instrument for redemption." (*Durch Mitleid wissend der reine Thor*.)

The familiar motives of the *Grail, Eucharist, Faith, Lance* and *Promise of a Redeemer* are mingled with *The Gallop, Kundry's Laugh, Klingsor* and *Magic*; and, as the Esquires are very softly repeating this mystic promise, the whizzing of an arrow is heard on the violins, and from the

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lake come cries of distress and excited questionings of "Who is the culprit?"

A wild swan flutters in feebly and sinks dying to the ground. "Who shot the swan?" asks Gurnemanz. One of the Knights, advancing, adds, "The King thought it a happy token when it flew over the lake." "Here he is!" cry some Esquires, bringing in Parsifal (tenor), as the horns announce his proud and noble motive. Gurnemanz now questions and reproaches the newcomer: "How could he wantonly do murder in the Sacred Forest where the beasts are so tame and where the birds warble fearlessly from bough to bough. How could he harm the gentle swan flying to look for his mate? (harps) Look at him: his body stiffens, his wings are limp; his snowy plumage is bespattered with blood; his eye is extinguished—is the murderer not conscious now of his wicked deed?" ("*Des Haines Thiere nahten dir nicht zahm.*")

Mingled with Gurnemanz's words, we hear the slightly indicated *Eucharist*, *Faith*, the healing *Breeze* and the *Swan*.

Parsifal, overcome with emotion, breaks his bow and throws away his arrows; and, drawing his hand across his eyes sorrowfully, says he did not know he was doing wrong.

Then Gurnemanz asks: "Whence comest thou? Who is thy father? Who bade thee wander this way?" but to none of these questions can Parsifal reply. He does not even remember his name. Gurnemanz remarks that he is even more stupid than Kundry, and orders the Esquires who have flocked here in curiosity, to return to the King. Lifting up the swan reverently, they return with it to the lake, as the orchestra plays a few solemn bars, called *The Funeral March of the Swan*.

Turning again to Parsifal, Gurnemanz says: "You must remember something?" "Yes; Parsifal had a mother. *Herzeleide* (Grieving Heart) was her name and with her

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he dwelt in the woods and moorlands"; and during his speech the *Herzeleide* motive appears, tenderly introduced on the violoncellos.

Aided by promptings from Kundry, we learn from Parsifal that he was born after the death of his father, Gamouret, who was slain in a combat, and that his mother, to save him from a similar fate, brought him up in lonely places away from the haunts of men. One day, Parsifal says, he followed some Knights and lost his way. Kundry then tells him that she saw Herzeleide die of grief at the loss of her son (*The Gallop, Parsifal* and *Herzeleide*). Wild with grief at this news, Parsifal springs on Kundry and clutches her by the throat. Here the theme of *Parsifal* crashes out from the orchestra and is succeeded by that of *Herzeleide*.

Gurnemanz hastens to Kundry's rescue; Parsifal, overcome with emotion and grief for what he has done, faints. Kundry runs to get some water in a horn to revive Parsifal (*The Gallop* and *Kundry*); and, as she offers it, *The Grail* and *Balm* remind us of her servitude. Gurnemanz praises her for her charity and forgiveness; but Kundry will hear no praises. Feeling sleepy, she is about to seek repose in a thicket; but she suddenly remembers that this unnatural sleep is the prelude of her loathed thralldom to Klingsor, and she vainly tries to resist it (*Magic* and *Klingsor*). Klingsor is calling her: she is powerless to resist him: "Slumber, slumber, I must," she cries, and falls behind the bushes, lost to the world.

The Knights and Esquires now bear Amfortas up the road to the castle.

"The sun is now high and the King has returned from the bath. Let me conduct thee to the holy feast. The Grail will refresh thee," says Gurnemanz to Parsifal, for the old Knight is in hopes that this innocent youth may be the Guileless Fool of destiny. "What is the Grail?" asks Parsifal. The orchestra answers the question directly

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with the *Grail* motive; but Gurnemanz does not. "No earthly road leads to the Grail," is his cryptic answer. "One is elected to the Grail by the Grail itself."

They now ascend the road to Montsalvat, while the orchestra continues to play the familiar religious motives, a new motive, *The Cry to the Saviour* (*Heilandsklage*) and *the Bells of Montsalvat*. The latter consists of four notes descending in fourths, given alternately by bells on the stage and 'cello and double bass in the orchestra.

Gurnemanz and Parsifal seem to take their journey; but the scenery moves, giving the impression that they pass through a passage in the rocks and through a door leading into subterranean galleries that presently lead into the sanctuary. *The Eucharist*, at which they are about to be present, becomes more and more conspicuous and *The Bells* louder and louder, as do the swelling notes from the heavy brass instruments on the stage. A full peal of *Bells* is heard as Gurnemanz and Parsifal enter the immense hall with its luminous dome, from the top of which the sound of the *Bells* seems to come.

Parsifal is spell-bound by the sublimity and grandeur of the sanctuary, and stands motionless with his back to the audience in deep contemplation of the scene. Gurnemanz watches him attentively, hoping to note some sign of the promised redeemer.

Two doors at the back of the hall now open, through which two long files of Knights enter gravely at the call of *The Grail* and march as *The Bells* are sounding to take their places around the table on which cups are set for the spiritual love-feast.

They are followed by the more alert Esquires, who march with a quicker step, and take their places half way up the dome. The Knights sing of the Last Supper (*Zum-letzten Liebesmahle*), the Esquires sing "*Den sündigen Welten*" to *The Cry to the Saviour*, while from the summit of the dome the chorus of boys (invisible) is heard:

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"His love endures,
The dove upsoars
The Saviour's sacred token:
Take the wine red,
For you it was shed;
Let Bread of Life be broken."
—"Der Glaube lebt, Die Taube Schwebt."

Two pages precede Amfortas on his litter and carry a shrine veiled with a purple cloth—the Grail. They place Amfortas on a couch that serves as a throne, and stand the Grail on a table beside him. Behind Amfortas and on a lower level is a dark crypt, or chapel, from which issues the sepulchral voice of Titurel (bass) commanding Amfortas to celebrate the sacred feast. Amfortas begs his father to take his place; but the old man refuses and commands the vessel to be uncovered. As Amfortas describes his agony, we hear from the orchestra *Kundry, The Grail, The Eucharist, Cry of the Saviour, Lance, and Magic*. The youths in the dome sing "*Durch mitleid*" (*The Promise*); the Knights insist that Amfortas shall officiate, and the voice of Titurel orders the *Grail* to be uncovered. The pages now unveil the chalice and place it before Amfortas, who bows before the cup. *The Eucharist* is again heard and the youths in the dome sing (*Nehmet hin mein Blut*):

"Take and drink my blood;
Thus be our love remembered!
Take my body and eat;
Do this and think of me!"

to the motive of *Faith*, treated as a chorale.

The miracle now takes place. A darkness overspreads the hall (arpeggios, muted strings) and a ray of light from the dome falls on the sacred chalice, which glows with a purple radiance. Amfortas elevates the Grail and all kneel.

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"Celestial rapture!" cries Titurel. Amfortas sets down the cup, the boys cover it and the darkness lifts. The Knights now take their places at the table, and meanwhile the four Pages take from the altar table the two bread baskets and two cruses, which Amfortas had blessed by waving the Grail over them, and serve the Knights with the bread and wine. *The Bells* chime again and all unite in a hymn of praise, "*Selig in Glauben! Selig in Liebe!*" (Blessed in Believing! Blessed in Loving!), and *The Grail* is heard in the orchestra.

Parsifal is so absorbed that he does not heed Gurnemanz's invitation to sit beside him. The Knights, having now partaken of the Supper, clasp hands. Amfortas (who has not partaken of the Supper), whose sufferings have begun again, is replaced on his litter and the train is formed to escort him. The Knights, Esquires and Youths with the Grail march out to the same motives that accompanied their entrance and *The Bells*.

Parsifal and Gurnemanz are left alone. Parsifal is sympathetic and in a state of ecstasy. He seems to feel Amfortas's sufferings and holds his hand to his side in agony. The orchestra repeats *The Promise, Cry to the Saviour, Parsifal* and *The Swan*. Gurnemanz, not understanding Parsifal's emotions, is disappointed that he shows no signs of being the redeemer. "Do you understand what you have seen?" asks Gurnemanz. Parsifal shakes his head. Then Gurnemanz, saying "Thou art nothing but a Fool," takes him roughly by the arm and pushes him through a small door which he slams angrily, adding, "Leave our swans alone in the future, and seek thyself, Gander, a goose." Then he follows the Knights.

The great hall is now deserted; and in the solemn stillness a voice is heard singing *The Promise* ("*Durch Mitleid wissen der reine Thor*"), to which the celestial chorus in the dome replies with "*Selig in Glauben*" (*Grail, Lance* and the faintly dying *Bells*), as the curtain falls.

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The prelude to the second Act, entitled Klingsor's Magic Castle, is composed of the *Klingsor*, *Magic* and *Kundry* motives and the *Cry to the Saviour*.

It leads into the scene in which Klingsor (bass) is discovered in his dark and roofless tower. Stone steps lead up to the battlements and down into darkness below. Magical implements of all kinds surround him and he is seated before a metal mirror. By means of his sorcery he is charming Parsifal thither, for he has discovered that the Guileless Fool is the pure youth who will restore Montsalvat. He will repeat Amfortas's temptation and for this end will summon Kundry.

"Arise, nameless woman!" he cries. "Thy master calls thee! She-Lucifer, Rose of Hades, Herodias and Gundryggia, approach! appear!"

Naturally the motives that we hear are *Magic*, *Klingsor* and *Kundry*.

Now Klingsor begins his incantations and burns various herbs, and in the violet haze of the smoke the vague figure of Kundry appears. Awakening with a wild cry of distress to Klingsor's bidding, Kundry moans, and we hear from the orchestra *The Cry to the Saviour*. Klingsor reproaches her for her devotion to the Knights of the Grail and reminds her of the numerous victories in which she has borne a part, particularly the fall of Amfortas (*Suffering*) and the capture of the Lance.

Now Klingsor hopes to gain the Grail. These memories are painful to Kundry, who curses them in a broken voice. Klingsor has a new victim for her to-day—a Guileless Fool (*The Promise*). Kundry refuses to play her part; but Klingsor reminds her that he is master; he is also the only one who can withstand her seductive charms. At this Kundry taunts him with mocking laughter, and this allusion enrages the magician.

Parsifal's theme is now heard; and Klingsor, climbing up to the battlements of his tower, watches the hero's approach (*Parsifal* and *The Promise*).

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Kundry must prepare for her conquests. She resists; but her laughter is suddenly turned to a cry of pain. She knows that she has been brought to submission and disappears to adorn herself. Klingsor now winds his horn to summon his warders to attack the hero; and describes the conflict as Parsifal overthrows first one and then another; now he turns to Kundry; but she has gone.

Klingsor watches Parsifal overcome his captive Knights; and then he, too, disappears and the dark tower sinks into the earth.

Suddenly appear the Enchanted Gardens where grow and blossom strange plants and fantastic flowers. At the back is a castle of Arabian architecture approached by terraces. Parsifal, standing on the wall, looks around him in astonishment.

Suddenly, from the castle and groves rush Klingsor's enchantresses—created by his art solely for the ruin of the Knights of the Holy Grail. They curse Parsifal for having slain their lovers, whose loss they bewail in their *Plaint*.

Now, finding that Parsifal means no harm, they will try to charm him; and they disappear among the foliage, returning in their fantastic floral dresses to allure him. Their *Plaint* changes to an intoxicating waltz melody, while they sing, dance and posture around the Guileless Fool, disputing for his possession. Parsifal repulses them and tries to escape.

At this moment a voice is heard from a clump of plants tenderly calling "Parsifal" (*The Promise*). Parsifal, remembering that this was his mother's name for him, is astonished. The Flower Maidens, recognizing the voice, leave regretfully, chanting their *Plaint*.

Parsifal turns to the spot from which the voice came and the leaves opening disclose a bed of flowers on which a beautiful enchantress, Kundry, is reclining. At first she arouses in him feelings of filial love, telling him of Herzeleide's devotion to him and sorrow for the loss of her child and finally of her death. The chief motives here are

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The Promise, The Lance, Magic, Herzeleide and *Herzeleide's Grief*,—the latter a new motive, mournful and tender, shared by strings, oboe and bassoon.

Parsifal is greatly distressed, and Kundry tries to console him with her love, which, at first, he does not resist. Here, of course, appear the motives of *Kundry* and *Magic*. Kundry now gives him a long kiss ('cello), at which Parsifal starts in terror. He remembers *The Eucharist* and sees the scene in the Castle of Montsalvat; he feels the wounds of Amfortas (*Suffering, Grail, Lance, Magic* and *Kundry*); he now recognizes Kundry as the sorceress who is responsible for the sufferings of Amfortas, and repulses her.

Kundry now tries to excite his pity by telling him of her own sufferings ever since she laughed at the Saviour on his way to the Crucifixion (*The Eucharist*). A new motive now appears reminiscent of that day—the *Good Friday* motive.

She is the cause of Amfortas's distress (*Suffering*); but she is under the dominion of a magician (*Klingsor* and *Magic*). She beseeches Parsifal to redeem her by sharing her passion. Parsifal, however, replies that he will redeem her if she will repent and follow him, helping him to find the path to Montsalvat (*The Promise* and *Faith*). At this Kundry tries more wiles (*Plaint of the Flower Maidens*); she threatens and pursues him (*The Gallop*) and tries to take him in her arms by force (*Kundry*). Parsifal repulses her; and she utters terrible curses on Montsalvat and calls on Klingsor.

At her cries the Flower-Maidens rush out of the castle and Klingsor appears, brandishing the Lance with which he intends to wound Parsifal. As he throws it at him (the whizzing of which is described by a long *glissando* of two octaves on the harps), it remains miraculously suspended in the air above Parsifal's head. The latter seizes it and with it makes the sign of the cross (*The Grail*).

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Instantly Klingsor's power is broken. The orchestra tells us this by reversing the *Klingsor* motive, and he falls dead. With a terrible crash the castle crumbles into ruins (Thunder-machine on the stage); the Flower-maidens wither; and the garden becomes a desert. Parsifal, standing on the wall, says to the exhausted Kundry: "Thou knowest only where we shall meet again," and disappears. Kundry rises slightly and gazes after him.

The Prelude to Act III. opens with a description of *The Desert, Montsalvat*, on the strings soon re-inforced by the full orchestra, and phrases reminiscent of Kundry. When the curtain rises we look upon another part of Montsalvat. We see a meadow at the back sprinkled with spring flowers; a wood with a spring on the right; and on the left, a poor hut in which Gurnemanz, now grown very old, lives as a hermit, bewailing the sorrowful days that have befallen Montsalvat. The orchestra tells us of his thoughts—*The Grail, Kundry, The Promise of a Saviour, Magic, The Lance, The Flower-Maidens and Klingsor*. It is early morning and Gurnemanz comes out of his hut attracted by moans that issue from a thicket. Here we have a new motive, *Expiation*. Approaching, he discovers Kundry, and, drawing her forward, restores and awakens her. She has not quite recovered from Klingsor's spell, and, consequently, we hear *Magic*; for she does not yet know whether she awakes to serve Klingsor or the Grail. First she looks around her in stupefaction; then there is a memory of the *Plaint of the Flower-Maidens*; then she gives a cry and we hear her old laugh (*Kundry*); *The Balm* motive soon recalls her kindly deeds when in the service of the Knights. Her dress and hair are disordered, but she is less wild than when Gurnemanz last saw her.

Gurnemanz is amazed that she does not thank him for his solicitude regarding her; but all she says when he questions her is: "Service!" but Gurnemanz says that there

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is no need now to serve the Knights; they are all in mourning and gloom; and as Kundry goes into the hut, Gurnemanz thinks it must be the sanctity of the day that has changed Kundry so suddenly. Here we have *The Grail* and *Good Friday*.

Kundry now returns from the hut with an empty jug to fill at the spring. While there she sees a stranger approaching and she informs Gurnemanz. The orchestra sounds the *Parsifal* theme, and a Knight in black armour and with closed vizor comes with slow step through the wood. He is still searching for the road to the Castle of the Grail and sits down wearily on a mound to rest. When Gurnemanz, who does not recognize Parsifal, tells him that on Good Friday (*The Grail* and *Good Friday*), no one goes armed in the sacred domain of Montsalvat, Parsifal, who did not know that it was Good Friday, rising, sticks the Lance in the ground and, taking off his armor, arranges sword, buckler and helmet like a trophy and kneels before them in prayer.

Gurnemanz has already recognized Parsifal by means of the *Lance*, and Kundry also knows him; and both are overcome with emotion. The motives here are *The Eucharist*, *The Lance*, on which Gurnemanz gazes with rapture, *The Promise*, *The Cry to the Saviour*, *Good Friday*, and, as Parsifal ends his prayer, *The Grail*.

Parsifal now addresses Gurnemanz, and tells him that he has brought back the Lance unsullied to restore it to Montsalvat.

Gurnemanz is in ecstasy, but soon recovers himself and informs Parsifal of all the sorrows that have befallen the Knights of the Grail; how Amfortas has refused to celebrate the mysteries and thus deprived the Knights of their celestial nourishment; and how Titurel, no longer sustained by its power, has just died. All the familiar religious themes appear during this recital with *The Desert* in a new form, and, eight bars after it, *The Breeze*.

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Parsifal is so overcome that he nearly faints. Gurnemanz supports him, and Kundry brings water to revive him. Gurnemanz, however, refuses her aid and takes Parsifal to the sacred lake, and removes his cuirass while Kundry bathes his feet.

Parsifal begs to be taken to Amfortas without delay, and Gurnemanz promises to do so. To-day Titurel is to be buried and Amfortas has promised that he will celebrate the feast no matter how great may be his sufferings.

Parsifal, knowing now that he is to be Priest-King instead of Amfortas, begs Gurnemanz to baptize him; and while Gurnemanz sprinkles his head, Kundry, another Magdalen, anoints his feet with ointment from a phial that she takes from her bosom, and wipes them with her hair. Then, taking the phial from Kundry, Parsifal asks Gurnemanz to anoint him Priest-King. This Gurnemanz does, invoking the blessings of Heaven; and, as soon as Parsifal is consecrated, he baptizes Kundry, who bows to earth in tears and gratitude for her redemption.

Parsifal, now looking at the landscape, contrasts its beauty and purity with the flowers of evil that he saw in the magic garden.

But surely on Good Friday everything should be lamenting! No, Gurnemanz tells him, Good Friday on Montsalvat is a day of serenity and beauty; all creation sings a hymn of gratitude to the Saviour. Under the blessed Spell of Good Friday the flowers burst into blossom. More descriptive than his words is the beautiful and graceful melody known as the *Spell of Good Friday*, and also the *Flowering Meadow*, a symphonic intermezzo consisting of a beautiful web of woven thirds begun by the violas and joined by the other muted strings, above which an enchanting melody is sung by the oboe, taken up by the clarinet and other wood-wind instruments and strings.

The conspicuous motives are now *Expiation*, *The Eucharist*, *Good Friday*, *The Cry to the Saviour*, *The Grail*,

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The Plaint of the Flower-Maidens and *The Promise*, and now Kundry seems to implore Parsifal's forgiveness by a long calm look; and the latter gently kisses her on the forehead.

The Bells of Montsalvat are now heard calling the Knights to the funeral of Titurel. Gurnemanz buckles on Parsifal's armour and enters his hut to get the mantle of the Knights of the Grail. Then he leads the way, followed by Parsifal, who carries the Lance, and the humble Kundry.

The scenery moves as in the first Act, but, as we are on the other side of the mountain, in an inverse direction. Passing through the doors of the rock, the three enter the galleries, where long rows of Knights of the Grail in mourning attire are visible.

The Bells sound nearer and nearer, and Gurnemanz, Parsifal and Kundry enter the great hall.

The table has gone, and in its place is a catafalque; and behind this, under a daïs, is Amfortas's throne. The doors open and two processions enter: one accompanies Titurel's coffin; and the other, the litter of Amfortas. The Knights sing an antiphonal chant, describing Titurel's death and announcing Amfortas's promise to celebrate the mysteries. They place the coffin on the catafalque and Amfortas on the throne. When the coffin is opened, all lament over the body of Titurel, and Amfortas, rising, calls on his father's name for pity and for Death to liberate him: he cannot bear to look again upon the Grail, which fills him with such agony. He begs the Knights to thrust their swords into his wound, which, in a paroxysm of agony, he exhibits. All shrink back in terror. Only one weapon can staunch his wounds, the one by which he was wounded; and Parsifal touches Amfortas's side with the Lance, as the orchestra utters *The Grail, The Lance, Suffering* and *The Promise*.

Overcome with relief and at the answer to his prayer, Amfortas falls in Gurnemanz's arms, and the orchestra in

PARSIFAL

triumph proclaims *Parsifal, Faith and The Lance*. Parsifal pronounces a benediction over Amfortas and then exhibits to the Knights the sacred Lance that he has recaptured, at which all gaze with rapture. Parsifal, now being Priest-King, will celebrate the mysteries. He prostrates himself before the chalice and orders it to be uncovered.

The boys open the shrine and Parsifal lifts from it the Grail, before which he kneels, praying in silence. The Grail glows with light and a halo of glory overspreads all. Titurel, momentarily reanimated, rises to give a benediction from his coffin, and from the dome a white dove descends and hovers over Parsifal's head. Kundry, looking up at Parsifal, sinks slowly to the ground,—dead. Amfortas and Gurnemanz bend the knee to Parsifal, who swings the Grail slowly up and down. The voices of the Knights, Esquires and Youths from the various stages of the dome, sing very softly of the wondrous work of mercy and salvation to the Saviour:

*"Hochsten Heiles Wunder
Erlösung dem Erlöser!"*

The motives of *Faith* and the *Eucharist* are heard once again from the orchestra, and the curtain falls.

Manon

Paris, 1884

is more interesting than to follow the orchestration in all its caresses and caprices. And the more you study it, the more veritable little marvels you will discover, and the whole treated with the ease of an expert master. If the inspiration seems sometimes rather slight and the passion often without much depth, it is probably owing to the lightness and inconstancy of poor Manon herself. Such are those beautiful pale flowers that float on the surface of the ponds and which have no roots."—H. MORENO.



N the court-yard of an Inn at Amiens in the year 1721, Guillot Morfontain, Minister of Finance, and a *roué*, De Brétigny, a nobleman, and three actresses, Pousette, Javotte and Rosette, are making merry and calling to the Innkeeper for service until he appears in the doorway and announces the dinner. They can have fish, chicken, and *ragoût*. "Oh, very good!" they all exclaim as they follow him into the Inn.

The ringing of a bell announces the arrival of the coach and the citizens enter to see the travellers arrive. Lescaut of the Royal Guard (baritone) enters, with two Guardsmen, to await the coach from Arras that is going to bring his cousin, Manon; and dismisses his friends to a neighbouring tavern, where he will soon join them.

The coach now arrives; the travellers alight; and the court-yard fills with porters and servants. One old lady adjusts her bonnet, and the other travellers call for their boxes, birdcages, baskets and packages and quarrel with the postilions and porters. All agree that it is a shame so much worry should be the travellers' lot (*Dieux quel tracas et quelle tourment!*). The porters and postilions com-

plain also of their troubles (*Ah! c'est à se damner vraiment!*).

Manon Lescaut (soprano) emerges from the crowd and gazes at the general commotion with astonishment. The women notice her, and so does Lescaut, who thinks she may be his cousin. He, therefore, introduces himself. Manon, somewhat surprised, and very simply, says: "Come and kiss me then." Very willingly indeed, Lescaut assents; and remarks aside: "She is a beautiful girl and a credit to the family!"

Manon, suddenly embarrassed, begs him to excuse her, and as Lescaut exclaims: "How charming she is!" Manon explains that, "I am a simple girl, perfectly dazed by my first trip from home. The coach had hardly started before my eyes gazed with wonder on the villages, the woods and the meadows through which we passed. I was also interested in the travellers, both young and old, so, excuse me, cousin, this was my first trip! My heart felt as light as the trees that waved in the wind, and I quite forgot that I was on my way to a convent. Don't laugh when I tell you that I seemed to have wings that would take me to Paradise. Then in the next moment I burst into tears, and then I laughed. Ah! my cousin, excuse me!"

In this song, *Je suis encor tout étourdie*, broken and synopated in its rhythm, like the joltings of the coach that brought her, we hear Manon's characteristic and charming phrase, which will accompany her everywhere. It is caressing and insinuating; and, though subject to modulation and various orchestral decoration according to the circumstances of the drama, it will always be recognized.

The bell now announces the time for departure and the travellers and porters come hurrying into the court-yard. The travellers repeat their grumbling chorus (*Dieux! quel tracas et quel tourment*) and disperse. Lescaut, turning to Manon, tells her to wait for him and to be cautious while he finds her luggage. The citizens, satisfied that

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there is nothing more to be seen, go away, leaving Manon alone.

Guillot now appears on the balcony to call the landlord, and, observing the beautiful young girl, tries to attract her attention. Manon thinks him a very absurd person. He makes love to her; and tells her his name and that he is very rich.

Manon's laughter is echoed by De Brétigny, Javotte, Rosette and Poussette, who, having appeared on the balcony, have overheard all. "Go to the devil!" is Guillot's response to de Brétigny's "We are waiting for you!" De Brétigny also notices Manon and commands Guillot to let her alone. The trio of actresses laughingly bid him return, and watch with interest his endeavours to make a new conquest. They are much amused when Guillot's arrangements to carry off Manon are interrupted by Lescaut. Guillot retreats and the actresses repeat their mocking words.

Lescaut asks Manon to tell him what Guillot said to her; and, satisfied that he need not trouble about her, promises to join his two friends at cards and dice, pausing, however, to give Manon some fatherly advice, "Keep your head, be good"; and, repeating the words, "*Ne bronchez pas, soyez gentille,*" goes off with the two officers.

Manon will banish her glittering dreams. *Voyons, Manon, plus de chimères!* Suddenly she raises her eyes to the pavilion which shelters Poussette, Javotte and Rosette. They have impressed her. How pretty they were! The youngest had on a necklace of gold beads! What rich dresses! Those coquettish costumes added so much to their beauty! Oh, Manon, you must leave such visions at the door of the convent! Then, in a burst of excitement and enthusiasm, she exclaims: "How delightful it must be to spend your whole life in pleasure!" (*Ah! combien ce doit être amusant de s'amuser toute une vie*), followed by a return of the sad "*Voyons, Manon, plus de chimères*" (such visions must be left at the door of the convent).



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BONCI

Seeing a handsome young man approaching, she sits down on a bench. It is the Chevalier Des Grieux (tenor), who is on his way to meet his father. His characteristic theme on the bassoons announces his arrival, and, like Manon's leading motive, will shadow him throughout the entire work. Strange it was that he postponed his departure; however, he will be glad to see his father this evening! Then catching sight of Manon, "Oh Heavens! Is this a dream? Is my life beginning or about to end? I cannot resist her," and so, with polite excuses, the traveller addresses the young lady, who, in reply to his question, says very simply that her name is Manon, which he repeats with emotion. How tender are his looks! How she loves to hear him speak! Condemn his words when they charm her ear like music! If she could only repeat such words in reply! "Enchantress!" exclaims Des Grieux, "Manon you are the mistress of my heart!" to an exquisite phrase, which she repeats.

In the course of this duet, Manon tells her new acquaintance that she has been told by those at home that she loves pleasure too well, and that she is on her way to enter a convent. "That is the story of Manon Lescaut!"

"No!" cries Des Grieux, "one so young and charming cannot be doomed to a living tomb!" "Alas!" she answers, "it is the will of Heaven!" "No! No!" cries Des Grieux, "you shall not leave me now. To you I give my life forever!" "To you my life and soul," echoes Manon; and as Guillot's postilion comes to announce the carriage, Manon has an idea. "Oh! what an opportunity! The owner of this carriage has dared to make love to Manon. Be revenged! Let us take it!" and they rapturously agree that they will go to Paris: "*Nous vivrons à Paris tous les deux.*"

Soon the name of Des Grieux will be hers also, her lover tells her; and the laughter of the actresses from within and

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also that of Lescaut convinces them that they had better hurry. Manon is half tempted to join Poussette, Javotte and Rosette, for she stops to repeat "How delightful it must be to spend your whole life in pleasure!"

Lescaut, quite intoxicated, enters to find Manon gone, and as Guillot comes out cautiously to find her, commands the latter to give her up. The Innkeeper's explanation that she has just driven away with a young man is verified by the roll of the wheels in the distance. The citizens, who have assembled, laugh at the despairing Guillot, in whose carriage the bird has flown; Lescaut will have revenge on Guillot for the departed honour of his family; the three actresses mock the misfortune of the experienced ravisher of hearts; and Guillot vows to revenge himself on Manon and her lover.

Act II. The curtain rises on Des Grieux's apartment in the Rue Vivienne in Paris. Des Grieux is writing at a desk. Manon advances gently behind him and tries to read what he has written.

"Manon!" reproachfully exclaims her lover.

Yes, she has looked over his shoulder and has read her name.

"I am writing to my father," Des Grieux explains, "and I am afraid that this letter, which I have written from my heart, will make him angry."

This letter, which they read aloud together to an accompaniment, in which the harp and horn bear the chief parts, describes in beautiful melody the charms of Manon, her radiant beauty, her grace, the music of her voice, her tender glances, and her young soul just budding into life. Her lips, too, are like flowers that smile and speak to the perfumed zephyrs that kiss them as they pass by.

"*Au zéphir parfumé qui passe et la caresse,*" repeats Manon, and then: "It is not enough for you that we should love one another?" "No, I want you to be my wife," he

answers, and, embracing Manon, Des Grieux starts to post his letter.

However, he stops at the door, for he has noticed some flowers. Who sent them? Manon quickly replies that she doesn't know; then laughingly explains that some one threw them in the window. She hopes her lover is not jealous? "No," Des Grieux assures her tenderly, for in her love he has perfect trust. "My heart is thine alone," Manon assures him.

Voices are heard outside, and a maid servant enters to announce that two Guardsmen are below, one of whom says he is a relative of Madame; and to Manon she says "the other is the Farmer General, who loves you and who has lodgings in the neighbourhood." "Monsieur de Brétigny?" whispers Manon. "Monsieur de Brétigny," replies the servant. The noise increases, and, as Des Grieux is about to investigate matters, the door opens and De Brétigny, dressed as a Guardsman, and Lescaut enter.

The latter has come to avenge the honour of his family. De Brétigny tries to control him, reminding Lescaut of the youth of the pair; but Lescaut's anger provokes a threat from Des Grieux, and Lescaut asks De Brétigny to restrain him. Manon is frightened, but begs Des Grieux to protect her and Des Grieux bids her to trust in him. When Lescaut asks Des Grieux if he will marry Manon, Des Grieux laughs away his anger and hands Lescaut the letter that he has just written to his father; and they go towards the window to read it together.

This gives De Brétigny and Manon the opportunity for a short conversation. Why did he come here in disguise? This is the reason. De Brétigny wanted to warn Manon in person that her lover would be carried off from this house this very evening by the order of his father. "His father? No, that shall not be; I will warn him," Manon exclaims. De Brétigny stops her and tells her she will have to let him go; otherwise poverty will be the lot of both,

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and calls Manon to liberty. She soon will be a queen! Manon is undecided.

Lescaut now reads the letter and with congratulations and tears of joy, blesses his cousins; and, taking De Bré-tigny away, explains as they go that everything is perfectly clear and satisfactory. Ah! how disturbed is Manon's heart! but to Des Grieux the dawn of a new happiness has arrived.

The servant brings the lamp and sets the table for supper. So late! and the letter not posted! While Des Grieux has gone on this errand, Manon, much moved and having now resolved to reign in the world as a queen of beauty, though she really loves Des Grieux, bids farewell to the home of her lover (*"J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne"*). She approaches the table where they have so often had their little meals. It is very sad to leave it all!

"What, in tears?" Des Grieux asks as he returns; but with a forced smile, Manon reminds him that supper awaits them. Des Grieux is so happy that he thinks his brain is wandering. "At this delightful moment when we are alone, all fears vanish. Listen, Manon! While walking along I had a vision!" "Alas!" Manon says to herself, "who does not dream!" "With closed eyes I saw a pretty white house in a wood, where joyous brooks mirrored the leaves amidst which the birds were sweetly singing. It was Paradise! But no! It was sad and dreary, for Manon was not there!" "It was a dream, an idle dream!" murmurs Manon. "No," cries Des Grieux, "for there we will spend our lives if you will, O Manon!" This song (*En ferment les yeux je vois là bas*) is written to one of Massenet's characteristic melodies with a delicately orchestrated accompaniment, suggesting the fluttering of wings.

"Oh, Heavens! already?" cries Manon as they hear a knock at the door. "Adieu!"

"What?" asks the astonished Des Grieux. Manon begs him not to go; but after a gentle struggle, he leaves her

arms and goes out. A noise is heard. Manon runs to the window. "My poor chevalier!" she exclaims as the curtain falls.

Act III. It is a popular holiday to-day, and the Promenade of the Cours la Reine is filled with a gay crowd. Under the great trees vendors have erected stalls and are selling various articles to the promenaders. On the right, is a dancing pavilion, from which music is heard and from which Poussette, Rosette and Javotte appear (*La charmante promenade*) and make signs to two young students to join them. Rosette goes off separately. The vendors now approach Lescaut, who buys some articles for Rosalinde and then leaves. The crowd becomes more animated; the minuet is constantly heard; Javotte, Poussette and Rosette come out of the pavilion and mockingly salute Guillot and then leave him. "Fancy that! and I fascinated all three because I thought that one would remain faithful to me!" These words of Guillot are overheard by De Brétigny. "Javotte and Poussette have been leading you a pretty hard life, it seems!" "A fig for Javotte! A fig for Poussette!" "Then you are free? Oh, Guillot, I beg you not to take Manon from me!" De Brétigny entreats. Guillot immediately plans to do so and runs off.

The crowd increases. "Here come the great ladies! the indolent belles!" the people cry (*Voici les élégantes! Les belles indolentes!*) and among them appears Manon, escorted by De Brétigny and followed by other gentlemen.

Manon is ravishing to-day. She gracefully receives the compliments paid to her, and then sings that wherever she goes she is queen (*Je marche sur tous les chemins*). In her bravura air, she "bids all obey the voice of love and enjoy the springtide of youth. Even the most faithful heart will forget love sometimes; and so let us remember that we cannot always be twenty years of age!"

While Manon goes off to buy some trinkets, followed by

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a throng of admirers, the Count des Grieux (bass) enters and explains to De Brétigny that he has come to Paris on account of his son, who is now the Abbé des Grieux, having taken orders at St. Sulpice, where he is at this moment preaching a sermon. De Brétigny is astonished. "It is your fault," the Count says smilingly. "You broke the chain of love that bound him to another." "Speak lower," De Brétigny warns, pointing to Manon. "Is she the one?" "Yes; that is Manon."

The Count is not surprised that De Brétigny took such a lively interest in his son's affairs, and, perceiving that Manon wishes to speak to De Brétigny, bows and retires; but Manon, who has overheard, only wants to send De Brétigny away on the pretence of buying her a bracelet. When he has gone, with some embarrassment she addresses the Count, and learns that her lover, true to her still and never reproaching her, has at last forgotten. His wounded heart has healed!

During this dialogue the music unfolds on phrases from the minuet, which is heard in the distance. Bowing respectfully at the end of their interview, the Count retires, and when Lescaut returns with De Brétigny and Guillot, Manon asks her cousin to order her sedan. "Where does she wish to go?" "To St. Sulpice!" "What a strange caprice!" exclaims Lescaut. "May I ask you again?" "To St. Sulpice!"

In the parlour of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, while several ladies and nuns are extolling the eloquence of the new preacher, who is a saint! (*Quelle éloquence! quelle abondance!*) the Count des Grieux enters, unobserved. Soon his son comes in also and is ironically congratulated by his father upon being a second Bossuet; then the latter begs him not to take the final vows, but to find some worthy girl to marry and return to the world. That is the path of duty for him; and, one word more, as it is not certain that he will be an abbé, he will receive to-morrow the

MANON

money he inherited from his mother—thirty thousand livres! Now farewell!

Young Des Grieux in his solitude resolves to leave the world. Life's cup has been very bitter; but, oh, sweet image, so dear to my soul, depart! (*Ah, fuyez, douce image, à mon âme trop chère*). Then he leaves.

At this moment, Manon enters with a porter, whom she tips and who leaves her to speak to the Abbé des Grieux. "Oh, how cold it is! how silent! Perhaps his heart may have changed and now he will curse me! They are praying in the chapel within! (*Magnificat anima mea Dominum*). Oh, pardon me, all powerful God, if I ask for the heart of Des Grieux!"

Des Grieux now enters:

"What? Manon!" and in response to her entreaty for pardon, tells her that his heart is now closed against her. She is faithless and his love is dead! "No! No! it cannot be! Listen! Remember! Is it not my hand that presses your own? (*N'est ce plus ma main que cette main presse?*) Is this not my voice? Do not my eyes still shine for you through my tears? Am I not myself? Ah! look at me! Am I not Manon?"

The bell for prayer is heard. "Away! away! You cannot speak of love in this place!" cries Des Grieux; but Manon will not leave him, again she resumes her caresses and her entreaties. At last he yields, and passionately exclaims that he still loves her. "Let Heaven take what vengeance it will!"

"I love you!" murmurs Manon.

Act IV. takes us into a gambling-house in Paris. "*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!*" cry the Croupiers. Lescaut is winning and several sharpers are watching him and sing of the gamblers who lose their heads, while wise men, such as they are, watch their opportunity (*Le joueur sans prudence*). Lescaut, who pockets his winnings, is surrounded by

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Poussette, Javotte and Rosette. And Lescaut will tell them who is the lady of his heart (*C'est ici que celle que j'aime*). It is Pallas, Queen of Spades; and all agree that the clink of the gold (well described by the cymbals), is a delightful accompaniment to his song.

Guillot and, afterwards, Manon and Des Grieux appear. Lescaut draws Guillot away, and, while the play continues, Manon asks her lover if she still reigns queen of his heart. "Manon! Sphinx and siren!" he answers, "I love and hate you. For gold and pleasure you are mad; but, mad as you are, I love you!"

Manon has brought him here, for all their wealth has gone and there is nothing left to do. Lescaut also persuades him to try his luck, and the unwilling Des Grieux, learning from Manon that she shall be his reward if he wins (*À toi mon amour! À toi mon être*), yields to Lescaut's persuasions, singing, "Manon! Sphinx and siren!"

Guillot offers to play with Des Grieux, and a bet is made of a thousand pistoles, Lescaut holding the stakes.

"This is life! This is life!" cries Manon. "At least it is what I love!" "*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!*" the Croupiers call; and, while the play is going on, Manon sings her song of the pleasure of love and roses, youth and beauty, the sound of gold and joyous laughter. (*À nous les amours et les roses!*).

Des Grieux becomes excited and shows Manon his gold. Ah! she will soon be his! Guillot unjustly accuses him of cheating, and excites Des Grieux to anger. All take the part of Guillot, but Manon, who bids Des Grieux come away with her quickly. Knocking is heard; police and Guardsmen enter; Guillot bids the officers arrest Des Grieux and his accomplice, Manon; and, reminding Des Grieux that he vowed revenge, advises him to make the best of it.

Des Grieux will throw him out of the window to begin with! "Shall I be treated in the same way?" asks the

Count, who has entered unobserved to save his son from shame and disgrace.

Manon and Des Grieux in unison sing of their dark future. Manon knows that they must part, and Des Grieux is torn with remorse.

"Take them prisoners," the Count commands, and assures his son that he will soon be at liberty. "And she?" the lover asks. Guillot explains that she will have to go where others like herself have gone. Des Grieux tries to protect her, and Manon faints.

The curtain falls.

When the curtain rises for Act V., we are shown the road to Havre. Des Grieux is waiting to see Manon, who, under the guard of soldiers, is on her way to embark for transportation. Lescaut soon joins him to say that all his plans for Manon's rescue have been futile; and the despairing Des Grieux is so excited by grief and disappointment that he is about to strike Lescaut when the voices of soldiers are heard in the distance, singing (*Capitaine, ô gué, es-tu fatigué*).

Des Grieux is determined to attack them single-handed, but Lescaut advises flight. However, he promises that Des Grieux shall see Manon, and draws him behind some bushes.

The soldiers now enter and a sergeant sings of the little glory there is in conducting such ladies to embarkation (*C'est bien la moins*). Des Grieux and Lescaut learn from their conversation that Manon is half-dead. Lescaut confers with the sergeant; goes off with him; and presently, Manon, very much exhausted, comes down the path.

In a passionate scene, in which Manon begs forgiveness and Des Grieux bids her think of the happy days to come, for he will find some haven of rest to which they can fly, Manon is overcome with his tenderness and at last takes heart. She cries in an ecstasy of joy: "Ah! I feel a pure

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flame in my heart and see happy days to come" (*Ah! je sens une pure flamme*), and Des Grieux exclaims, "Manon! my love! my wife! This day our hearts shall be united!"

Manon now tenderly recalls the past—the inn, the coach, the shady road, the letter written at the little table, the black robe at St. Sulpice; and during her recital, the orchestra recalls the past with her. "All a delightful dream," Des Grieux replies, "we shall soon have our liberty."

"No," Manon answers, "a strange sleep seems stealing over me, a sleep from which I shall not wake. I am suffocating! I succumb!"

Her lover bids her keep up. Night is falling. Look at the first star!

"Ah!" cries Manon, "it is a beautiful diamond. You see I am still a coquette!"

"Some one is coming! Let us go, Manon!"

"I love you!" cries Manon. "This kiss is my last farewell!"

"No! No!" exclaims her lover. "It cannot be! Listen! Remember! Is it not my hand that presses your own?" (*N'est ce plus ma main que cette main presse?*) The orchestra recalls Manon's caresses at St. Sulpice, and she echoes, "Yes, it is his hand that presses my own. It is his tender voice! It is his loving heart! Soon, yes, soon the happy past will return!" Suddenly Manon grows weaker.

"Ah!" she cries, "I am dying!"

"Manon!"

"It must be! It must be!" she murmurs; and once again the orchestra repeats with her as she dies: "This is the story of Manon Lescaut!"

With a cry, Des Grieux falls upon her body, and the curtain slowly falls.

Otello

Milan, 1884

"The step from *Il Trovatore* to *Otello* has no parallel in the history of music. It is a development outside all law, all anticipation, all likelihood. The reasonableness for the composition of the first was proof-charge, it might be said in exaggeration, against the reasonableness for the composition of the second; and the history of the human mind bears everywhere a contrary witness to this solitary achievement. For not as he sowed did Verdi reap; rather some of the fruit of the seed that Wagner scattered Verdi harvested and gathered into beautiful garners."—VINCENT BLACKBURN.

"From the opening storm to the strangling scene the music flows swiftly, as swiftly as the drama. Rich, varied and eloquent, the orchestra seldom tarries in its vivid and acute commentary."—JAMES HUNEKER.



HE curtain rises at the third bar of the Prelude, revealing the ramparts of the Governor's Castle on the island of Cyprus during the Fifteenth Century. The scenery consists of rocks and trees, with an inn, having an harbour, on the left; and the sea and a quay in the background. It is night, and a terrible storm rages. The Cypriots sighting a vessel sing "*Una vela*," in which Montano (bass), Otello's predecessor as Governor of Cyprus, and Cassio (tenor), Otello's captain, join, describing the danger of the ship and the horrors of the tempest, of which there is a fine description by the orchestra. Women enter, and, turning towards the sea, join the men in a supplication to Heaven. Iago (baritone), Otello's lieutenant, exclaims the mainsail has burst; Roderigo (tenor), a gentleman of Venice, says the bow is swept away; the Cypriots cry "To the rescue"; and Iago remarks to Roderigo that he would fain see the vessel buried forever by the waves.

The people, having rescued Otello, welcome him as he

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ascends the quay, followed by his sailors and soldiers. Otello (tenor) brings news of victory over the Turk, and enters the castle, followed by Montano and Cassio. The chorus sings about the victory of which Otello has told them, and the tempest subsides. The mutterings of the thunder grow more distant, while the people are seen in the background carrying the luggage from the ship to the castle. Iago reveals to Roderigo his hatred of the Moor, and promises Roderigo that Desdemona shall be his. Cassio returns and joins a group of soldiers, whereupon Iago tells Roderigo that Cassio has usurped his place. The people, having built a fire, sing about the bright flames, *Fuoco di gioia*, and the drawers of the tavern illuminate the harbour.

Iago, Roderigo, Cassio, and the soldiers now drink. Iago toasts Desdemona; and after telling Roderigo to beware of Cassio as a rival, persuades Cassio to drink. Iago sings the drinking-song "*Inaffia l'ugola trinca trincana*," and Cassio and the soldiers join in the song. Iago having made Cassio drunk, tells Roderigo to provoke him to anger, whereupon a tumult will follow and the sleeping Moor will be disturbed and torn from the arms of Desdemona. Montano arrives to send Cassio to mount guard upon the bastion; Roderigo provokes Cassio, and Montano tries to pacify them; but Cassio draws his sword, and Montano draws his; Iago bids Roderigo spread the news of a riot; and, as Roderigo runs to obey, Iago tries to separate Cassio and Montano. The fight continues, however, and the crowd becomes greatly excited.

Otello, followed by torch-bearers, appears, bids the fight cease, and questions Iago regarding it. The latter pretends to be ignorant of the cause. Otello then questions Cassio and Montano; but they cannot reply. Desdemona (soprano) enters; and Otello, first addressing her tenderly, turns to Cassio and tells him he is no longer his captain. Iago picks up Cassio's fallen sword in triumph. Otello sends Iago forth to silence the city; Montano is

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led into the castle; everybody is dismissed and Otello says he alone will watch until quiet is restored. The torch-bearers go into the castle.

Desdemona and Otello are left alone for their romantic love duet, full of mystery, tenderness, and poetry, and beautifully accompanied, especially by the strings. In this is heard Otello's love theme, *Un bacio, un bacio ancora*. While they sing the stars shine brightly and the moon rises, and in an ecstasy of delight, and, closely embracing, they move slowly to the castle, and the curtain falls.

A very short Prelude introduces Act II. We see a hall in the castle at the back of which a terraced garden is visible through the glass partition. Iago, speaking from the hall, to Cassio on the terrace, begs him not to fret, and advises him to gain Desdemona's interest in his behalf. He may find Desdemona every afternoon in the arbour with Emilia (mezzo soprano), Iago's wife, who is her attendant.

Iago watches Cassio's retreating figure, and then stepping forward sings his blasphemous *Credo in un Dio crudel*.

Desdemona and Emilia now enter the garden, and Iago calls to Cassio that now is the time to entreat for her sympathy. Iago then describes to the audience all of Cassio's actions. Cassio and Desdemona are soon seen walking up and down the garden, and Iago is about to go for Otello to show him the perfidy of his wife; but sees the Moor advancing. Iago then leans against a column gazing intently at the innocent Cassio and Desdemona.

Iago, pretending not to see Otello, talks to himself; and, at Otello's questions, insinuates that Cassio is Desdemona's lover, and then tells him to beware of the green-eyed monster, jealousy.

Men, women, and children, and Cypriot and Albanian sailors enter the garden to bring Desdemona flowers and other offerings, singing her praises, *Dove guardi splendore*,

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accompanying themselves on the guzla, a kind of mandolin, and small harps, while the pastoral bag-pipes are also heard from the orchestra. Iago tells Otello to watch Desdemona closely. The children strew lilies before her while mandolins and guitars play softly; the men give her necklaces of corals and pearls; and, when the singing is over, Desdemona kisses the children, gives a purse to the sailors, and, as the chorus departs, enters the hall followed by Emilia.

Desdemona immediately pleads Cassio's cause. She wonders at Otello's manner, and, fearing he is ill, attempts to bind her handkerchief around his head. He will not permit her to do this and roughly bids her leave him. Emilia picks up the handkerchief. A famous quartet now follows, in which Desdemona begs Otello to let her comfort and soothe him, and speaks of her fond love for him. Otello refuses her; Iago tries to get Desdemona's handkerchief from Emilia; and Emilia, who is afraid he is planning some villany, refuses. Iago violently grasps her arm, and, with a sudden wrench, takes it from her. He exclaims that he has them all in his meshes, and forbids Emilia, who leaves with Desdemona, to speak of it.

The "handkerchief quartet" is, like the famous quartet in *Rigoletto*, a kind of double duet (between Desdemona and Otello and Iago and Emilia), in which the sentiments of the two couples are kept completely distinct.

Otello now falls into a chair, exclaiming that he will not believe Desdemona false. Iago, at the back, looks at the handkerchief and places it in his doublet, saying he will drop it in Cassio's house as a token of Desdemona's guilt. Otello spurns Iago, and sadly bids farewell to happiness. Finally, he commands Iago to show him proof of Desdemona's guilt, and, catching him by the throat, throws him down. Iago rises, and, saying it is no longer safe to be honest, pretends to leave. Otello bids him remain and again asks him for proofs. Iago whispers that Cassio talked

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of Desdemona in his sleep, and tells him that the handkerchief spotted with strawberries is now in Cassio's possession. The music here is exceedingly expressive in describing the odious character of Iago's plots. Otello kneels, swearing blood and vengeance. Iago prevents his rising and kneels himself to join in the vow; and upon this oath the curtain falls.

Act III. shows the great hall of the castle. A herald announces to Otello, who is with Iago, that a galley is sighted, upon which Otello, saying "It is well," motions the herald to leave. He then asks Iago to continue his conversation. Iago again counsels him to watch Cassio's actions, and, as he leaves, comes back to remind him of the handkerchief.

Desdemona enters. Otello goes to meet her and takes her hand. Desdemona unfortunately speaks of Cassio. Otello asks for her handkerchief; not the one she gives him, but the strawberry-spotted one, and bids her fetch it to him. She pleads for Cassio. Otello then makes her look at him, and charges her with iniquity, but she kneels and swears her innocence. Finally he pushes her from him.

While Otello rages alone, Iago enters telling him that Cassio is near, and leads Otello to the colonnade, hiding him there.

Then, running to the portico, Iago meets Cassio, telling him the hall is deserted. Cassio mentions Desdemona's name, upon which Otello rages. A trio ensues with Iago artfully making Cassio commit himself, while Otello rages from his hiding-place. Cassio says he has an unknown handkerchief, but Otello does not hear all the words, and Iago, taking the handkerchief, holds it so that Otello may see it. Then Iago and Cassio sing a duet about the handkerchief. Iago calls it a spider's web in which Cassio is caught. Cassio merely describes it; and this duet develops into a trio; for Otello, who has stealthily

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crept forward, joins, unseen by Cassio. As Otello again conceals himself, trumpets are heard, announcing that the galley bearing the ambassadors has arrived. The castle signals. Iago bids Cassio depart if he would not meet Otello.

Otello now asks Iago how he shall murder Cassio, and while they converse about Cassio and Desdemona, distant voices are heard welcoming the new arrivals. Otello tells Iago he shall be captain. Iago suggests that Desdemona shall be present at the coming reception, and Otello sends him for her. Otello prepares to receive the ambassadors.

Iago, Roderigo, Ludovico (bass), an ambassador, and the herald enter; Desdemona comes with Emilia; then the dignitaries from Venice; gentlemen and ladies; soldiers and trumpets; and, lastly, Cassio.

Ludovico approaches, with greetings from Venice to Otello, and delivers a letter. Then he accosts Desdemona. Emilia, noticing her sad voice in reply, questions her. Desdemona replies that a cloud hangs over Otello and over her fate. Ludovico and Iago exchange greetings, and Ludovico inquires for Cassio. Desdemona takes interest, whereupon Otello chides her and is about to strike her. Everyone is horrified. Otello calls for Cassio, and Ludovico speaks of Otello to Iago.

Otello tells Iago to watch Desdemona, as Cassio enters. Then he announces his intention of returning to Venice, saying he will leave Cassio as his successor. He seizes Desdemona furiously; she falls. Emilia and Ludovico try to comfort Desdemona, who sings a pathetic aria, *A terra, si nel livido fango*, followed by a quartet by Emilia, Cassio, Roderigo, and Ludovico, and chorus in which all lament the dark hour. Iago, approaching Otello, advises him to strike quickly, saying he will dispatch Cassio; then turns to Roderigo, in irony mocking him. Otello rushes toward Desdemona; Ludovico and Emilia try to draw her away; but she frees herself, and goes to Otello, who curses

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her. All cry "Horror!" and exeunt in terror. Emilia and Ludovico lead Desdemona away.

Otello talks excitedly to Iago and then swoons. Iago stands over him in triumph. Praises of Otello's valour are heard from the people as the curtain falls.

When the curtain rises on Act IV. we see the unhappy Desdemona's bedroom, containing a bed, *pre-Dieu*, looking-glass, an image of the Madonna, before which hangs a lamp, and a table with a lighted candle. After a short instrumental prelude on the theme of the "Willow Song," Desdemona requests Emilia to lay her wedding-sheets upon the bed and to use them for her shroud if she should die. Desdemona then sits before the looking-glass, and while Emilia unloosens her hair she sings the *Willow Song*, accompanied by horns and bassoons. She gives Emilia a ring, rises, and bids Emilia good-night.

Left alone, she kneels before the Madonna and sings *Ave Maria*, ending with a prayer for herself, the music of which is marvellous in its sentiment and ideal in its simplicity, partly a recitative and partly *cantilena* passages accompanied by the strings. Then she lies down upon the bed.

As the high notes of the orchestra die away, a very deep note is heard, on which Otello enters by a secret door. He lays a scimitar on the table, looks at Desdemona, extinguishes the candle, and kisses Desdemona, at which she awakes. He asks her if she has prayed, and begs her to confess her guilt. She protests her innocence, and entreats that her life be spared; but Otello smothers her. Emilia knocks at the door, and when Otello opens it, she tells him that Cassio has killed Roderigo. Desdemona, recovering a moment, tells Emilia that she has killed herself. Otello tells Emilia that he has killed her, and that Iago told him of her guilt. Emilia calls for help, Ludovico, Cassio, and Iago enter. All are horrified at Emilia's

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scream of "The Moor has murdered my mistress!" Emilia bids Iago speak, as he is charged with having told Otello that Desdemona was unfaithful. Iago commands her silence. Cassio says he found the handkerchief in his chamber; and Montano, entering with soldiers, says Roderigo, when dying, confessed Iago's dark plots. Iago flies and the rest pursue him. Otello now grieves over Desdemona, draws a dagger, and stabs himself. Cassio, Montano, and Ludovico try to hold him, but it is too late. The Moor kisses his dead wife and dies by her side. At this moment across the agitated orchestra is wafted Otello's love melody—*Un bacio, un bacio ancora!*

Le Villi

Milan, 1884

“The impression prevails generally that the ‘Young Italian,’ or veristic school, started with Mascagni’s *Cavalleria Rusticana*. As a matter of fact, *Le Villi* appeared six years before *Cavalleria*, and it contains the germs of the modern Italian style: the intense vocal outbursts, the frequent changes from very loud to very soft, the orchestral explosions and superlatives, the vigorous melodic basses, the mixture of grand opera and operetta styles. Nor is this all. Mascagni borrowed not only these general traits, but also the melodic germs of Puccini. This is conspicuous in the orchestral introduction to the second Act, in the scene where Anna’s ghost crosses the bridge, and in many other places.”—HENRY T. FINCK.



HE work begins with a short instrumental Prelude, giving hints of what is to follow. It contains several delicate passages and the theme used in the first love duet is conspicuous.

The curtain rises upon Guglielmo Wulf’s cottage in the Black Forest, shadowed by trees. A pathway leads to the rocks above, spanned by a bridge. It is spring and the cottage is decorated with flowers and garlands. Guglielmo (baritone), his daughter Anna (soprano), and the latter’s betrothed, Roberto (tenor), are seated at a little table in front of the cottage, on which stand bottles, glasses and refreshments. Roberto’s valise is on a chair near him.

“Long live the betrothed!” sing the chorus of mountaineers, who have come to congratulate the happy pair (*Evviva i fidanzati!*), and explain that a lady in Mayence has left Roberto a fortune, which he is going to get; and soon he, once poor, will return with his wealth and wed his bride,—so “long live the happy pair! Whirling in the delightful waltz, with light steps and quickening pulses, oh! how swiftly the hours pass! Come, Father Guglielmo, join in the dance with us!”

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"Perhaps you think I am too old, but my legs are still nimble," he replies, and, taking a partner, dances off the stage and is followed by the rest.

This waltz in A-minor foreshadows the weird dance of the Villi in the second Act. As it ends, Anna returns with a little bunch of forget-me-nots in her hand, to which she sings a song of flowing phrases and varied in time, begging them to keep her in her sweetheart's memory (*Se come voi piccina*), and as she puts them in Roberto's valise, he surprises her. Kissing the bunch of flowers, he returns them to the valise and begs Anna not to grieve; but poor Anna is full of sorrow at parting, and, moreover, her heart is filled with foreboding. Indeed she had a dream last night that he forsook her, and then asks if she may indeed believe in his love. "Why, dear one, have I not loved you since childhood, and through days of poverty have you not brought me joy? Oh, doubt God, but never doubt such love as mine. I love you! I love you!" These words comfort Anna, who will remember them during those days of weary watching and waiting. "Doubt God, but never doubt such love as mine! I love you! I love you!" The voices end on a low note, and the orchestra carries the melody up to a high C.

An abrupt modulation indicates the approach of night and Roberto's departure. The Angelus bells are ringing.

It is time to go. "Hurry! Hurry!" cry the peasants, who will accompany Roberto to the border of the forest. Roberto bids Anna take courage; but she feels as if she were already dying. "Father, your blessing!" and Roberto kneels with Anna before Guglielmo, who bids all kneel and repeat with him a prayer (introduced by solemn chords) to the Almighty to bless the traveller and prosper his love. (*Angiol di Dio!*)

Embracing Guglielmo and Anna and shaking hands with his friends, Roberto goes.

"Addio! Addio!" all sing, Anna's voice rising to high

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A. Roberto waves a last farewell from the bridge, and a short orchestral passage closes the Act.

The second Act opens with a symphonic *intermezzo* of two Tempos. Tempo I. is called "The Forsaken." In those days in Mayence lived a siren who bewitched old and young alike, attracted Roberto to her vile orgies and he forgot his love for Anna. Meanwhile in unspeakable grief the girl watched and waited in vain expectation, and on the coming of spring, she closed her eyes in eternal sleep.

During Tempo I. at the rising of the curtain, behind a gauze curtain Anna's funeral procession slowly crosses the stage from Guglielmo's house, followed by a chorus of mourners who lament how she lies like a lily on her bier (*Come un giglio reciso*). This female chorus is written in three parts and ends with "*requiescat*."

Tempo II. is called the Dance of the Villi. During Tempo II. the scene changes to the same landscape as in the first Act; but the leafless trees are now covered with snow; the sky is serene and starry; and the moon illumines the dark landscape. The Villi arrive for their dance, preceded by will-o'-the-wisps that flicker in every direction.

In the Black Forest there is a legend of the Villi, which is always heard with terror by faithless lovers; for, if a damsel dies of love, the Villi come to the forest every night to dance and wait for the faithless one. When he appears, they force him to join the mad whirl and compel him to dance until he dies of exhaustion. Thus, for Roberto a sad day is coming! Abandoned by the siren, and in rags, he has at last decided to go home, and while the Villi are assembling about him in the icy air, Roberto is walking through the dark forest shivering with cold and terror.

The weird dance is introduced by a chord in G-minor and written in staccato triplets in very quick time.

Guglielmo, seated before his cottage in deepest grief, recalls the days before the young scoundrel made love to his beautiful daughter, who has died on account of his

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faithlessness. It is not possible that such cruelty should remain unavenged! (*No, possibil non è che invendicata*). If he knew his daughter were avenged, he would die gladly. O Villi! if the legend be true, await him now and have no mercy on him! Praying that the Lord will forgive him for such thoughts of vengeance, the broken-hearted father retires into his cottage.

"He comes! Anna! Anna! Anna!" call the weird voices of the unseen Villi.

Roberto appears on the bridge. Here is the house! What strange voices! The Villi! Oh, no! it must be the voice of Remorse eating his heart! However, he will knock at the door. But strange hands seem to hold him back! Again the voices! and on his knees the terrified Roberto begs forgiveness from Heaven. Oh, grant that at least he may make Anna happy, if but for one moment, and then let death come! Again the voices! Oh, cursed day that took Roberto away! Oh, hateful courtesan! Eternal maledictions upon you!

"Roberto!" a voice calls from the bridge.

"It is Anna! Then she still lives;" but as she approaches, "I am not your love," she answers. "I am Revenge!"

"Oh, God!" exclaimed Roberto, as he looks upon her.

Anna reminds him (as do the melodies repeated from Act I.), of their happy childhood hours and all their youth and joy; of his words, 'Doubt God, but never doubt such love as mine. I love you! I love you!' and how he deserted her and left her to die broken-hearted. "Yes, that is true, I deceived her, and I am ready to die with remorse!" and Roberto goes towards Anna, who seems to hold him spellbound, with her outstretched arms.

The Villi rush in and surround them. "Now we have you, traitor!" they sing. "You must die! No mercy awaits the faithless lover! Come! let us waltz, let us waltz!" (*Qui noi t' aspettiam, traditor.*)

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The terrified Roberto rushes to the house; but is pursued by the Villi, who drive him back to Anna, and then again encircle him in their whirling dance, in which we hear reminiscences of the waltz in Act I. "Oh, Anna, save me!" Roberto cries; but Anna exclaims as she vanishes with him, "You are mine!" and the Villi follow crying "Hosanna!"

Cavalleria Rusticana

(Rustic Chivalry)

Rome, 1890

its end without a break, has a strong character of truthfulness, and that is what produces its emotional interest. This partly explains the enormous success with which the *Cavalleria Rusticana* was welcomed everywhere."—H. MORENO.

"If we were called on to name the work which has most manifestly been influential in forming Mascagni's manner, we would unhesitatingly name Verdi's *Otello*. From that noble work, in which the fruits of spontaneous creation and wise reflection are so effectively consorted, Mascagni seems to have learned how to wed words and music so that each factor raises the other to a higher power. But if much of the young composer's melody is wanting in real originality, it is full of passionate blood, and in its treatment the devices of sharp contrasts in orchestral colour, dynamic expression and unconventional chord successions are employed with telling effect. Mascagni does not hesitate to use the listener's nerves as harp-strings. He is more anxious to draw blood than tickle the ear-drum."—HENRY E. KREHBIEL.



HE curtain rises on a public square in a Sicilian village. At the back, on the left, is a church. On the right, the tavern and cottage of Mamma Lucia. It is Easter Day. Turiddu (tenor), son of Mamma Lucia, a young soldier, who has returned from the wars, is singing behind the scenes a love song to Lola, his old love, who, during his absence, has become the bride of Alfio, a village carrier. Lola is fairer than the hawthorn blossom, and although the pathway to her dwelling be smirched with blood, he will come to her and die for her sake. He would not enter Paradise unless he saw her lovely face there, is the theme of his song, "*O Lola c'hai di latti la cammisa.*"

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A chorus of women is now heard singing of the fragrance of the orange blossoms, of the sweet songs of the birds, of the murmuring breeze and of the waking of spring. Men are also heard rejoicing that they shall soon meet their sweethearts. The chorus enters. The women sing: rustic labour has ceased; the serene Virgin is gladdened by the Saviour; it is time for all to sing the sweet song that redoubles the palpitations of the heart. The men join in.

Santuzza (soprano) comes to the inn door and humbly asks Lucia (contralto) where Turiddu is. Lucia roughly asks her what business it is of hers. Where her son is, Lucia does not know, and she doesn't want to be bothered.

"Mamma Lucia," pleads the deserted Santuzza, "I beseech you to do as the Saviour did with Magdalen. For pity tell me where is Turiddu!"

"He has gone to Francofonte for wine."

"That cannot be," says Santuzza, "for I saw him at midnight in the neighbourhood."

Lucia is surprised, for he has not been home. She then invites Santuzza into her house. "No," replies Santuzza, "I cannot come. I am excommunicated."

At this moment Alfio (baritone), the village carrier, enters accompanied by the chorus. He sings of the gay and happy life he has with his horses trotting, harness bells jingling and whip cracking (*Il cavallo scalpita*). What does he care though the cold wind blows and it rains or snows so long as Lola's sweet kisses are awaiting him! It is Easter and he is here. The chorus agrees that a carrier's life is a happy one as he goes from place to place.

Mamma Lucia tells Alfio he is happy; may he always be as jolly as he is now!

Alfio asks if she has any of that old wine left. "No; but Turiddu has gone to get some." Alfio says he saw him that morning near his house. Lucia is astonished, and Santuzza hushes her.

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The Alleluja is now heard from the church and the people in the square kneel on the steps of the porch and respond antiphonally. At the conclusion, when all have gone, Lucia asks Santuzza why she asked her to keep silence.

Santuzza says: "You know, Mamma, that before Turiddu enlisted he vowed eternal faith to Lola. On his return he found her married; and he tried to quench the flames that were consuming his heart with a new love: he loved Santuzza and she loved him. Looking on my happiness with envious eyes, forgetful of her own husband, and burning with jealousy, Lola robbed me of him. I was left dishonoured! Lola and Turiddu love one another; and I weep!"

"What dreadful news you tell me on this holy day!" cries Lucia.

Santuzza says she is damned and begs Lucia to pray to God for her. She is going to seek Turiddu and make one more appeal to him. Lucia goes into the church, ejaculating: "Help her, Santa Maria!"

Turiddu enters. "You here, Santuzza?" Yes; waiting for him! It is Easter; is she not going to church? No, she must speak to him! He is looking for his mother! She must speak to him, she insists, as he tries to avoid her. Where was he last night? He asks what she means: at Francofonte, of course! She says it is not true; and he begs her to believe him. She tells him not to lie; she saw him going down the road; and, this morning at dawn, he hastily came out of Lola's door. So, she spied upon him! No, she swears; the husband, Alfio, told them just now. So this is how she requites his love for her! Does she want to have him killed? He tells her to leave him; he disdains her feigned sighs and sorrow.

Santuzza asks if he loves Lola; he denies it. She insists that Lola is more beautiful. He tells her to be silent; he does not love her. She cries: "He loves her;



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CARUSO

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curses on her! he prefers that wicked woman to me!" Turiddu refuses to be a slave to her mad jealousy! She pathetically tells him to beat and insult her; she loves and pardons him; but her anguish is too great to bear.

Lola is heard singing that there are thousands of beautiful angels in Heaven, but not one is as beautiful as her love. On entering, she sarcastically asks Turiddu if he has seen Alfio. He impatiently answers that he has only just come here. She says Alfio has probably stopped at the farrier's; but she can't wait any longer. Is Turiddu attending service out here in the square? she asks ironically.

"Santuzza was telling me," he stammers. She interrupts: "I was saying that to-day is Easter and the Lord sees all things!"

When Lola asks ironically if Santuzza is not coming to mass, she answers that those only can go who are without sin. Lola says she can both kiss upon earth and give thanks to the Lord. "Fortunate Lola!" exclaims Santuzza ironically.

Turiddu is impatient to get away, but Lola sarcastically tells him to stay; and Santuzza says she has still much to say to him. Lola takes a mocking farewell and goes into the church.

Turiddu turns savagely on Santuzza: does she see what she has done? Yes, she has done what she wanted to do, and is glad of it! She provokes him to kill her; but he tries to drive her away. She then begs him not to desert her; but he casts her off entirely; he is tired of her! She threatens revenge, whereupon he throws her to the ground and runs into the church. In wild rage, she vows that his Easter shall be an evil one.

"The Lord has sent you, neighbour Alfio," she exclaims as the latter enters. He asks how far advanced is the mass. She says it is nearly over; but, for his information, Lola has gone in with Turiddu.

Asked to explain her words, Santuzza says that while

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Alfio is toiling in wind and rain to earn their bread, Lola is adorning his head in an unseemly manner! Pressed further for her meaning, she says that Turiddu has betrayed her and that Alfio's wife has stolen him from her.

Alfio threatens to tear her heart out if she lies; but she insists that her tongue is not accustomed to lying. She swears by her shame and sorrow that she is telling the truth.

Alfio thanks her; and when she condemns herself for telling him, he finds excuses for her. All his love has turned to hatred: he will have no mercy on the guilty ones; but will take vengeance on them before the day is done!

The worshippers come out of church. Lucia goes home. The others sing in chorus: "Let us go home, friends, where our dear ones await us. Now, when joy brightens the spirits, we will go without delay!"

Lola is going with the others, but Turiddu asks if she is not going to say "Good-bye!" She says she has not seen Alfio. Turiddu tells her not to worry; he is sure to come to the square. Then he turns and invites the chorus to accept a drink. They all sit down at the inn tables and take their cups.

Turiddu sings in praise of the sparkling wine, that enlivens every thought and drowns melancholy in sweet intoxication.

The guests join in the chorus.

Turiddu then drinks to Lola's loves; and she responds to his good fortune. They all drink; and the chorus calls for another; and propose "to the happiest." Turiddu adds: "To the loveliest!" and Lola: "To the craftiest!"

At the close of the chorus, Alfio enters and wishes everybody good health; his salutation is returned. Turiddu fills a cup and invites him to drink, but Alfio declines with thanks: the wine would turn to poison in his stomach!

"As you please!" says Turiddu, throwing away the wine.

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"Ah me! what is going to happen?" cries Lola. Some of the women say they had better go away, and all disappear, taking her with them.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" Turiddu asks. "Nothing," replies Alfio. "Then I am at your orders!" "Now?" "Yes, now!"

The pair then embrace; and Turiddu bites Alfio's left ear. Alfio says: "Friend Turiddu, you have bitten well. We understand one another perfectly it seems."

Turiddu says: "Friend Alfio, I know that the wrong is mine; and I swear in the name of God that I have acted like a dog. If I die, poor Santa will be left deserted—Santa who gave herself to me. I know you will plant your knife in my heart!"

Alfio coldly replies: "Friend, act as you please! I shall wait for you yonder, behind the garden." He goes out.

Turiddu turns to Lucia and says: "Mother, that wine is heavy, and certainly I have not drunk too much to-day. I will take a stroll in the open air. But first, I want you to give me your blessing, as you did when I joined the army. And then, mother, listen, if I should not return, you must be a mother to Santuzza, whom I swore to lead to the altar!"

"Why do you talk like this, my son?" asks Lucia.

"Oh, nothing! It's the wine that has got into my head. Pray to God for me! Give me a kiss, mother; another! Adieu!"

He embraces her; and rushes out.

Lucia runs after him in despair, crying, "Oh, Turiddu! what are you going to do?" She meets the approaching Santuzza, who throws her arm around her neck, exclaiming, "Oh, my mother!"

A distant murmur is heard, and women come running in screaming: "Friend Turiddu has been killed!"

The curtain falls amid general screaming.

V Pagliarri

(Punchinello)

Milan, 1892

catastrophe, a restraint which allows its full effect to be realised. The arrangement of the piece involves, virtually, a repetition of the scenes between Nedda and her various admirers, first in real life and subsequently in the comedy. The obvious difficulty presented by this proceeding is admirably overcome by the composer (who, by the way, is responsible for the libretto as well as the music). He has adopted for the scenes of the play a purely conventional style of music, such as might accompany a play enacted in dumb show. The curtain rises to a graceful minuet, a little serenade is sung outside by Harlequin, and a charming gavotte serves for a great part of the scene between the lovers. The avoidance of all sentimentality in this place is most artistic and serves to throw the passionate music of the climax into greater prominence."—J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.



HE very characteristic overture is interrupted by Tonio (baritone) in the costume of Taddeo, the Clown, who thrusts his head through the curtain and addresses the audience as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen: Pardon me if I present myself alone. I am the Prologue! The author, in the classic style, bids me address you; but not to say as of old: 'The tears we shed and the sighs we have are false ones, which you must not take to heart.' No. We draw for you instead a picture of life, true to nature. In his opinion, the artist is first a man, he therefore writes for men, and he has given you the truth! One day a flood of memories stirred his soul; and, with tears, sobs and sighs, he wrote this play, in which you shall see the love of human beings with a terrible, tragic ending. Do not consider our tawdry costumes of actors, but let our hearts

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speak to you; for we are men of flesh and blood, breathing the air of the world. Now I have given you the idea of our play, and you can watch the plot unfold before you." Then, turning to the stage, he calls: "Come on; let us begin!" and reënters.

The curtain now rises for Act I., showing the entrance of a village, where two roads meet; and on the right the stage of the strolling players. The sound of a trumpet and drum are heard as well as laughter, shouts, the whistling of boys and approaching voices. Tonio, the hunchback, walks up the street on the left; and then, annoyed by the crowd, lies down in front of the stage. It is three o'clock on a warm August afternoon.

The villagers enter, singing that Pagliaccio is here and coming this way, followed by grown people and boys, all applauding the jokes and the laughter of the actors. "Whip up the donkey, Harlequin," cry the boys, behind the scenes; and the voice of Canio (tenor) is heard saying, "Go to the devil!" Peppe, the Harlequin (tenor), is also heard, saying, "Take that," accompanied by a crack of his whip; and a crowd of boys run on from the left.

"Now here comes the wagon. Oh, what a din!" The cart is painted with bright colours, and drawn by a donkey led by Peppe, dressed as Harlequin and holding a whip. Nedda, Canio's wife (soprano), in a kind of gypsy costume, is lying in the cart, and behind her is a big drum. On the rear of the cart stands Canio, master of the troupe, dressed as Punchinello (*Pagliaccio*), with a drum-stick in one hand and trumpet in the other. The villagers and boys surround the cart, crying, "Welcome to Pagliaccio, the prince of all pagliacci, long life and cheers." (*Viva Pagliaccio!*)

Canio expresses his thanks; and, beating his drum to drown the voices of the crowd, and taking off his cap with affected politeness, invites everyone to come to the

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performance this evening at seven, when the story of Pagliaccio's wrath and vengeance will be presented. "Come all, then, at seven; remember at seven!" he adds; and the villagers repeat his words, promising to be there.

As Tonio advances to help Nedda out of the cart, Canio boxes his ears, exclaiming, "Get away!" and lifts his wife down himself. The women and the boys laugh and jeer at Tonio, who threatens the boys and walks away, saying: "He shall pay dearly for this!" Meanwhile Peppe leads the donkey and cart into the tent.

A villager invites Canio to go with him to the tavern, which invitation Canio accepts. Peppe asks them to wait for him, throws down his whip and goes into the theatre to change his clothes. Canio calls to Tonio, but the latter replies behind the scenes that he is rubbing down the donkey and they must go on without him. A villager, however, says jestingly, "Pagliaccio! he only stays behind to make love to Nedda!"

Canio, knitting his brows, but smiling ironically, replies: "Do you think so? Well, such a game had better not be played on me. I say this to you, to Tonio and to everybody. The stage and real life are very different. If Pagliaccio were to discover his wife with some fine fellow, he'd give the two a rating and perhaps take a beating himself and the crowd would applaud with merry shouts of laughter; but if I should surprise Nedda really, the story would have a different ending. I mean what I say, such a game had better not be played on me!"

"I am confused," exclaims Nedda aside.

"Are you in earnest?" the villagers ask.

Canio, much moved: "I? You doubt it! Excuse me! I adore my wife," and he kisses Nedda on the forehead. Bag-pipes are now heard and also church-bells in the distance. Bag-pipers and gaily-dressed villagers enter and exchange greetings with the other villagers on the stage, who sing, "It is the vesper hour, ding-dong the

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bells are ringing, let us go to church, but mothers keep a sharp eye on the girls for the world is full of love." (*Din, don, suona vespero.*)

During the chorus, Canio enters the theatre to take off his Pagliaccio costume; and, returning, nods to Nedda and goes off with several villagers and Peppe.

Nedda is now alone. "His eyes flashed with fire," she remarks. "I dropped my own, so that he could not read my secret thoughts. Oh, if he were to catch me! He is such a brute! Enough! horrid dream! Bright sun of summer, how I am filled with love of life and tender longing!" Then, looking to the sky, she longs to know what the birds are saying. Her mother, who could tell fortunes cleverly, used to sing to her when she was a child this ballatella. In this song (*Hull! stridono lassù, liberamente*), which is elaborately accompanied, she describes the restless birds roaming through space and light through the clouds over land and sea, driven by some strange power.

While she is singing, Tonio enters from behind the theatre and leans against a tree in ecstasy.

"You here?" cries Nedda, suddenly seeing him. "I thought you had gone away."

"I am entranced by your beautiful singing," replies Tonio.

"Ha! ha!" laughs Nedda. "You talk like a poet. Go to the tavern."

"I know I am deformed and ugly," says Tonio, "and inspire horror and loathing; but I have a heart, and dream to have my desire fulfilled. Though you are proud and disdainful (approaching her), let me tell you——"

"You love me?" laughs Nedda. "There is time enough for this. You can tell me to-night when you are acting the fool again on the stage. For the present you can spare me the pain."

"No," Tonio answers passionately. "I will tell you now: I love you and intend that you shall be mine."

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"Your hump must itch for a beating, or your ears for a good pulling, Master Tonio," replies Nedda.

"You mock me?" and, by all that is holy, Tonio swears that she shall pay dearly for this.

"Oh, a threat? I'll call Canio," says Nedda.

"But not till I have kissed you!" Tonio answers.

Nedda, retreating, picks up the whip that Peppe threw down and cuts Tonio across the face.

Tonio, screaming with pain, cries: "Ah, by the Virgin, I swear, Nedda, you shall pay for this!"

"Serpent!" Nedda exclaims, as she watches his retreating figure. "Go! You have shown your true self, Tonio the Clown! Your heart is as deformed as your body!"

"Nedda!" softly calls Silvio (baritone), a villager, as he climbs over the wall.

"Silvio! at this hour! What imprudence!" she utters, hurrying towards her lover, who jumps down lightly.

"Bah! I'm not running any risk. I saw Canio and Peppe in the tavern, and got here by a pathway I know."

"Well, you came near meeting Tonio!"

"Oh, Tonio the hunchback?"

"Yes," says Nedda, "the hunchback, but I'm afraid of him. Just now he told me he loved me and tried to kiss me; but I cut him with this whip."

"And shall you live like this any longer?" asks Silvio. "Tell me, Nedda, my fate. You know the fair ends to-day, and to-morrow you go away. When you have gone what will become of me?" (*E fra quest' ansie in eterno vivrai?*)

"Silvio!" murmurs Nedda.

"Come, Nedda, answer me. If, as you say, you have never loved Canio, and hate this roving trade, let us leave to-night; fly with me."

"Tempt me not," cries Nedda. "No more of this madness, this folly. Silence, Silvio. It is best to go

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away. Fate has come between us; but my heart is yours forever."

"Then you don't love me," cries Silvio.

"I love you! I love you!" exclaims Nedda.

"Ah, I have caught you, you wanton!" cries Tonio, who has crept in at the back unperceived, and goes off threatening.

Silvio and Nedda now sing a love duet, and Nedda agrees to yield to his persuasions; but, as they walk towards the wall, Tonio and Canio come in stealthily, Tonio advising his companion to creep softly and catch them. Silvio is half way over the wall, and calls to Nedda that she will find him waiting at midnight for her.

"Till to-night, then," replies Nedda, "and forever I'll be thine!"

"Ah!" cries Canio, who has overheard these words.

"Hurry!" Nedda calls to Silvio, and bars Canio's way; but after a short struggle he pushes her aside and leaps over the wall. Nedda listens to learn what is happening and Tonio watches her. Hearing his cynical laughter, she turns to him:

"Bravo, Tonio, bravo!"

"I have done as well as I could!" he replies.

"No more than I expected," she answers.

"I hope to do better in the future."

"You make me sick with fright," Nedda exclaims.

"I am delighted to hear it," says the hunchback.

Canio now leaps over the wall, out of breath and wiping his forehead, demanding the name of Nedda's lover and threatening her with his dagger. Nedda will not reveal this; and, as he rushes furiously upon her, Peppe enters and snatches the dagger, begging Canio to restrain himself. "Besides, the people are coming from church and are on their way to the performance."

Canio still desires the name of Nedda's lover, but Tonio takes him by the arm: "Wait until later; it's time you

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were dressed;" and to Nedda he remarks: "Though Canio is hasty, he is kind!" and pushes her behind the curtain.

"Infamous! Infamous!" exclaims Canio, holding his head in his hands.

"Restrain yourself," says Tonio. "The fellow will come back; leave me to watch her. Perhaps he'll come to the play to-night!"

Peppe tells Canio that he had better dress, and commands Tonio to beat the drum.

Canio, left alone, sings of the trials of a Punchinello, who cannot be a man, but must act for the audience. When Harlequin steals his Columbine from him to-night, the audience will laugh and applaud. "Sighs and tears must be changed to laughter, and you, O Pagliaccio! must laugh while pain gnaws your heart!" Then he passes under the curtain of his theatre, while the curtain slowly falls.

The scene is the same as in Act I. Tonio, entering with the big drum, stands by the left corner of the proscenium of Pagliaccio's theatre; Peppe is busy placing benches for the audience; and the people begin to assemble.

"Hurry up! The performance is going to begin. Let us try to get front seats!" sing the women. (*Presto affrettiamoci.*)

"We're going to begin!" Tonio announces, beating the drum.

"What a scramble for seats!" cry the men. (*Veh, come corrono.*)

Silvio enters, nodding to his friends, and takes a front seat, while the women crowd each other in their excitement. Part of the chorus calls on the actors to begin, while others abuse each other for crowding. (*Suvvia, spicciatevi.*)

Nedda, dressed as Columbine, circulates with a plate to collect the money; Peppe tries to seat the audience comfortably; and Tonio carries the big drum into the theatre.

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As Silvio pays his coin to Nedda, he reminds her that he will wait for her.

"Begin the play! Why this delay?" cries the impatient chorus. "It's after seven. Let's make a row. We want the play." (*Questa commedia incominciate.*) The bell inside the theatre rings: "Ah! there goes the curtain! Now be quiet! Be still! Be still!"

The curtain of the theatre rises, revealing a small, dingy room, with two side doors and a window and furnished with a table and two rough chairs. Nedda, as Columbine, is walking anxiously up and down:

"Pagliaccio, my husband, will not be at home till late this evening! Why doesn't that wretched Taddeo come?" A guitar is now heard and Columbine runs to the window. Behind the scenes Harlequin sings his love song. "O Columbine, your Harlequin is here." (*O Colombina il tenero fido Arlecchin.*)

"Now for the agreed-upon signal," says Columbine, "the moment approaches, and Harlequin is waiting"; and she seats herself with her back to the door. This opens, and Tonio, dressed as Taddeo, enters with a basket on his arm, stopping to gaze at Nedda with an exaggerated tragic air.

"Behold her! Isn't she beautiful?" exclaims Taddeo. "The husband is absent; we are alone! Why don't I dare now?"

"Is that you, stupid?" asks Columbine, turning around.

"Yes," replies Taddeo.

"Has Pagliaccio gone?" she asks.

"Yes, he's gone," replies Taddeo.

"Have you brought the chicken?"

Taddeo, offering the basket, begs her to gaze upon it, and then he must open his heart. "Ah! wilt thou not hear?" Columbine runs to the window and gives the signal; then, returning, snatches the basket and asks Taddeo what he paid for the bird. She will not listen to his

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avowal. Peppe, as Harlequin, climbs through the window with a bottle under his arm, which he places on the floor and then he goes to Taddeo, who is still making love to Columbine, takes him by the ear and gives him a kick, which provokes laughter from the audience.

Retreating comically to the door, Taddeo surrenders his love and bestows a mock benediction on the lovers. As he makes his exit, the spectators laugh and applaud wildly.

"Harlequin!" exclaims Columbine.

"Columbina!" cries Harlequin.

Columbine now sets the table and they take their seats. See what a nice chicken Columbine has procured, and see what a fine bottle Harlequin has brought! Harlequin has something else, too,—a little sleeping-draught for Pagliaccio! "Give it to him at bedtime," he says, "and then away we will fly." (*Guarda, amor mio, che splendida cenetta preparai.*) "Yes, give it to me," says Columbine.

"Pagliaccio's coming," cries Taddeo, rushing in at the door, "he has caught you and I'm going to get away!" He rushes off, and the spectators laugh. "Fly!" says Columbine to Harlequin, who, as he climbs out of the window, once more reminds her to use the potion to-night.

"Till to-night then," replies Columbine, "and forever I'll be thine!"

Canio, as Pagliaccio, entering, cries, clutching his heart: "Oh, God! the very same words!" then advancing to play his part. "Courage!" (aside) and then to Nedda:

"You had a man here!"

"Nonsense!" says Columbine, "you are tipsy!"

Canio, glaring at her, "Yes, for about an hour!"

Nedda, resuming her part: "You are early."

"In time though," replies Canio; and then, pointing to the table, "If you were alone, why are there places for two?"

"Taddeo was here," she answers, calling to the latter to take up his cue.



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SCOTTI

1

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Tonio, now feigning terror, remarks with emphasis: "Believe her. She is faithful!"

The audience laughs wildly at this. Canio turns furiously to the spectators and then demands of Nedda the name of her lover.

"Pagliaccio! Pagliaccio!" cries Nedda; but her husband answers: "No, I am not Pagliaccio. I recover my manhood. I am that foolish man who found you in poverty and hunger and gave you his name and love." (*No! Pagliaccio non son*).

As she falls, overwhelmed, on a chair by the table, the women exclaim: "It is real!" "Silence!" the men command. Silvo is almost distracted.

Canio, now recovering himself, speaks of his dashed hopes and of the love that is now turned to hatred, "Go, abandoned creature," he adds "not worth my grief." (*Sperai, tanto il deliro.*)

"Bravo!" call the spectators.

"If I am so vile, then send me off," says Nedda coldly, but seriously.

"Ha! ha" laughs Canio, "so that you can run to your lover? How crafty! No, by Heaven, you stay here until you reveal his name!"

Nedda, with a forced smile, tries to resume the play:

"Oh, dear, I never knew you were such a tragic man! The man who was here for a little while was harmless Harlequin!" (*Suvvia, così terribile.*)

The audience begins to laugh, but stops suddenly on noticing Canio's fury. He demands the name of Nedda's lover, or he will kill her.

Nedda replies that she may be faithless, but she is not cowardly and she will not reveal the name of her lover even if she is killed. The audience begins to believe the actors are in earnest. Peppe, too, is frightened and wants to escape, but is restrained by Tonio.

Canio, now seizing a knife on the table, demands the name once again.

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"No," persists Nedda defiantly, and Silvio, drawing his dagger, cries "Oh, Hell! he's in earnest!" and rushes through the terrified crowd to the stage.

"Oh, my God! he has stabbed her!" the people exclaim.

"Perhaps in your death's agony you will tell me!" exclaims Canio.

"Oh, help! Silvio!" the dying Nedda calls.

"Nedda!" cries Silvio, at which Canio turns around, and stabs him with the words: "Ah! you are the one!"

Silvio falls dead; the women scream; the men cry: "Arrest him! Arrest him!" and throw themselves on Canio, who lets his knife fall and stands half stupefied saying:

"The play is over!"

Hänsel and Gretel

Meimar, 1893

"Hänsel and Gretel is a truly delicious work of exquisite poetic

feeling. It is marked by a rare sincerity in the expression of sentiments so simple as those of the humble beings who are the characters of the piece. With regard to the music, the score maintains a high level of distinction, owing to the sureness of its writing, and the beautiful solidity of its counterpoint."—ÉTIENNE DESTANGES.



HE overture opens with a quiet, charming Bach-like melody—the *Prayer of the Children*—played very softly on the horns (*Andante con moto*). Then follows an *Allegro non troppo*, depicting the charms of the forest in the early *Morning*. Then the trumpet, in strongly accented notes, announces one of the Witch's motives, *Hocus Pocus*, which is repeated with chromatic accompaniments of woodwind and strings.

The lovely *Morning* now comes in on the violins and is repeated on the horn and flute; then the oboe joyfully sings the theme of *Deliverance*. Another theme, *Greediness*, appears on the bassoon, while violin and viola sing *Morning*. The trombone leads back to the *Prayer* and the oboe follows with *Deliverance*, accompanied by the *Hocus Pocus* motive deliciously pronounced by the horn. After two successive returns of these motives, *Prayer* holds the orchestra for thirty bars. *Deliverance* returns; then *Morning*, sung by flute and violin; then *Deliverance* again, followed by short reminiscences of the *Prayer*. A charming independent phrase for flute and violins ending in a trill appears; and then the softly breathed *Prayer* returns to close the overture.

Fourteen bars introduce on flute and clarinet a new

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melody (*Susy, little Susy*) on which the first Act is almost entirely developed, and the curtain rises on a small and poorly furnished room in the house of Peter, a broom-maker. On the left is a fire-place and chimney, and at the back a window and door through which the forest is visible. On the wall hang brooms of various sizes.

Hänsel (mezzo soprano) is sitting near the door making brooms and Gretel (soprano) is opposite knitting a stocking. The latter is singing a little folk-song,

"Susy, little Susy, pray what is the news?

The geese are running barefoot because they've no shoes."

Hänsel takes up the melody and sings that he is hungry and has nothing to eat. Then he cries: "Oh, if Mother would only come home!" and bewails that he has had nothing to eat but bread for weeks, and how hard it all is! "Hush, Hänsel," says Gretel, "don't forget what Father said when Mother wished she were dead," and she sings to the melody that opened the overture

"When past bearing is our grief,
Then 'tis Heaven will send relief."

("Wenn die Not auf's Höchste steigt,
Gott der Herr die Hand euch reicht.")
(Prayer of the Children.)

"Yes, that sounds very well," exclaims Hänsel, "but some nice pancakes or butter rolls would be such a treat!—Oh, Gretel I wish—"

"Don't have the doleful dumps," she answers; and, merrily singing to a new and lively rhythm, she picks up a broom and dances about to the words: "Cross-patch! Cross-patch! leave me, I pray." Hänsel is soon cheered, and now Gretel will tell him a secret: "In this jug is some nice milk that a neighbour has just brought and when

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Mother comes home she will certainly make us some rice-milk." "Rice-milk!" cries Hänsel in a delightful phrase, dancing about the room in joy. Then he exclaims as he dips his finger in the jug and then licks it: "Oh, how thick the cream is!" Gretel raps him on the fingers in reproof and orders him back to work; "for if Mother comes home and we have not finished it will be bad for us."

"Work again! Not for me," answers Hänsel, "dancing is far jollier."

"Oh, yes," Gretel agrees, "let us sing the song our grandmother taught us, and dance in time to it."

Clapping her hands, she sings the first verse to a simple pretty tune, inviting Hänsel to dance, and then she instructs him. "First with your foot you tap, tap, tap; then with your hands you clap, clap, clap; right foot, left foot, round about, and back again; then with your head you nick, nick, nick; then with your fingers click, click, click; right foot, left foot, round about, and back again."

While they are dancing and twirling about, Hänsel discovers that Gretel has a hole in her stocking. "Well, never mind, Mother will knit some new ones!" and so they whirl and whirl faster and faster until they lose their balance and fall on the floor, the orchestra quickening the pace and playing excited trills in dizzy heights.

At this moment the door opens suddenly and Gertrude (mezzo soprano) appears to an energetic phrase on the strings.

"Oh, Heavens!" cries Hänsel, as they both jump up, "Mother!"

Gertrude reproves them for idling while their parents are at work. She boxes Hänsel's ears and scolds Gretel for not having finished her stocking; but now she awkwardly upsets the milk jug, which falls off the table and smashes to pieces. Hänsel tries to conceal his laughter as she looks in dismay on her dress streaming with milk, and in a fury she takes a stick after him; but Hänsel has es-

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caped through the door. The angry woman now thrusts a basket in Gretel's hands: "Now, go to the woods," she says, "and fill this basket with strawberries, and if you don't bring it back full, I'll whip you both." So Gretel hurries after Hänsel and Gertrude drops down by the table and sobs. There is not a crumb nor a crust in the house; she is weary and ready to die; and, exhausted, she falls asleep.

At this moment a voice is heard in the distance, singing: "Ral-lalala, ral-lalala, here I come, Mother, bringing good luck and jollity;" and soon Peter (baritone) passes by the window and enters the door. Singing a song about "Hunger, the poor man's curse," he puts down his basket and rouses his sleeping wife with a smacking kiss.

Gertrude, rubbing her eyes, is angry at being disturbed, and repulses her husband's affection. In reply to his inquiry regarding supper, she says the larder is empty.

"Well, cheer up, Mother, for, Ral-lalala, ral-lalala, here am I with luck and jollity," and he unpacks the basket. "How do you like this food?"

"Oh, husband," she cries, "what do I see? Bacon and butter, flour and sausage, fourteen eggs—why, they must have cost a fortune—beans, onions, and—a quarter of a pound of tea!"

Peter turns the basket upside down and the potatoes roll on the floor; then he seizes his wife by the arm and they dance about. "Ral-lalala, how happy we shall be!"

He sits down and Gertrude lights the fire and breaks eggs into a saucepan, while Peter tells his story.

He went to the town where there was to be a great celebration and tramped with his goods from house to house, for everyone who has a feast must first clean his house; so he cried: "Buy besoms, good besoms, buy my brushes, sweep your carpets, sweep your cobwebs." He sold all his brooms and brushes, so now "Make haste, bring the

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glasses, put on the kettle and let's have a health to the besom-maker!"

Now he misses the children,—where are they? The mother crossly says they have been in mischief, and then she confesses that she broke the jug. Peter takes it all good-humouredly, but where are Hänsel and Gretel? "Well," Gertrude answers: "for aught I know, at the Ilsenstein!"

"At the Ilsenstein!" the father exclaims in horror; and the orchestra gives a hint of that dread place; the sinister double bass and 'cello darkly indicate the rhythm of the *Witch's Ride*.

"What! my children alone in the dark forest, moonless and starless!" he exclaims. "Do you not know that awful place of gloom where the evil one dwells?"

"What do you mean?" asks Gertrude.

"Why, the old Witch," he answers, taking up a broom significantly.

"What is the broom for?" she asks.

"The besom," Peter replies, "they ride on it, they ride on it, the witches!"

The double basses meanwhile have been playing the dark melody with its strongly marked rhythm, and now a new rhythm and new melody are heard as Peter describes the Witch, who in league with the Devil, lives in the forest and who at midnight joins the revels of the witches who fly up the chimneys and ride on their broomsticks over hill and dale through the misty air.

In the daytime she lures children to her house by means of magical sweetmeats. Then she bakes them in her oven; they are turned into gingerbread, and then she eats them.

"Oh, Heavens!" cries the mother and runs out of the house.

"Wait for me," cries the father, picking up the bottle of spirits, "we will both go to find the Witch." The curtain quickly falls.

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The overture to the second Act, entitled *The Witches Ride*, is a fantastic and highly coloured orchestral composition, beginning with the theme heard when Peter was talking of the Ilsenstein, and a new motive on the violins (*Children's Terror*), which will be heard when the twilight is creeping over the forest.

The curtain rises revealing a dense forest with the Ilsenstein in the background, surrounded by thick fir-trees. On the right is a large fir under which Gretel is seated. She is making a wreath of wild roses and by her side is a bunch of flowers. Hänsel is hunting for strawberries among the bushes on the opposite side of the stage. The glow of sunset is over all.

Very quietly Gretel sings to herself about a little man dressed in a purple mantle and a black cap standing alone and silently in the wood. Who can he be?

The flute accompanies this song very beautifully, first simply; then with elaborate trills and runs that recall the graceful style of Mozart.

"Hurrah!" cries Hänsel, swinging his basket, "my basket is full; how pleased Mother will be with Hänsel!"

"My wreath is finished," says Gretel. "I never made such a pretty one before!" and tries to put it on her brother's head.

"You won't catch a boy wearing that," he says pulling away, and puts it on Gretel. "Oh, Gretel," he says, "you look like the Queen of the Woods."

"If I'm to be Queen of the Woods, then I must have the nosegay."

He hands her this and then gives her the basket of strawberries, and kneels before the little Queen in homage.

At this moment the cuckoo is heard. Hänsel, shaking a warning finger, mocks him and says he eats eggs. Gretel slyly mocks him and pops a strawberry into Hänsel's mouth, who pretends it is an egg; and Hänsel, saying: "Let us do like the cuckoo who takes what doesn't belong to him,"

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puts a strawberry in Gretel's mouth. As they reply to the cuckoo, that still continues to call, the twilight deepens; but the children do not notice this, for they are quarrelling over the strawberries. Hänsel gets the basket and eats all the fruit. Gretel is horrified.

"Oh, Heavens! all the strawberries gone!" They must find some more. Hänsel will surely be punished! It is too dark now, they can see nothing under the bushes. Oh, what naughty children! they should have gone home sooner! As Gretel turns in despair to Hänsel, the cuckoo is heard nearer than before.

"Hark," says Hänsel, "how the trees rustle. Do you know what the forest says? 'Children, children, aren't you frightened?'" and Hänsel runs here and there, and finally turns to his sister, confessing: "Oh, Gretel! I have lost the way!" She is in despair, but he pretends to be very brave.

The voices of the forest now begin to speak from tree and bush; strange lights come and go; and weird faces and figures are seen on trunks and stumps, rocks and bushes. "What glimmers out of the darkness?" "What grins at us from that stump?"

To all these questions Hänsel, quaking with fear, has a reply. Only the silvery birches, only the stump of a willow. Hänsel will make faces at the faces Gretel sees.

"Oh, Hänsel! a lantern is coming towards us!"

"No, it is only the will-o'-the-wisp hopping about," says brave Hänsel. "I'll go and call," and, running to the back, he calls "Who's there?"

Echo replies, and this is too much! The children cower together. Then Gretel, bravely: "Is anyone there?" Echo again replies and the cuckoo calls still nearer.

Gretel begins to cry: "I am so frightened; the wood is full of goblins."

"Hold fast to me," says Hänsel, "I'll take care of you." (*Children's Terror.*)

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A thick mist rises and fills the background. "I see white ladies in the mist; see how they nod and beckon; they are coming to take us away." Gretel cries, "Father! Mother!"

"See," says Hänsel, "a little man, Sister dear, I wonder who the little man can be!"

A little grey man with a long beard and a grey sack on his back enters from the left. It is the Sandman (soprano), who approaches the children, with friendly gesture; and their fear gradually quiets.

A mysterious tremolo ushers in his song, and, strewing the sand from his bag before their eyes, he tells how dearly he loves children and how he watches over them, throwing into their tired eyelids the sand of sleep. Good children soon fall asleep and from the starry skies angels come to watch over them. "Then slumber, children, slumber, for happy dreams are sent you!" Towards the close of his song, the Angel motive is introduced. He disappears. Hänsel murmurs sleepily: "The Sandman was here!"

"Let us say our evening prayer," says Gretel, and both kneel, singing to the lovely melody that opened the overture to Act I. (*Prayer of the Children*):

"When at night I go to sleep,
Fourteen angels watch do keep;
Two my head are guarding,
Two my feet are guiding,
Two are on my right hand,
Two are on my left hand,
Two who warmly cover,
Two who o'er me hover,
Two to whom 'tis given
To guide my steps to Heaven."

Lying down on the moss, they go to sleep with their arms around each other.

It is now completely dark; but a bright light suddenly

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breaks through the blackness of the night and a golden stairway descends from the sky. As the beautiful music develops from the theme of the Sandman's song, fourteen Angels descend to group themselves around the sleeping children, as described in the above verse. The whole stage is radiant with celestial light and the Angels solemnly dance as the orchestra repeats the *Prayer of the Children*, and the curtain slowly falls.

The overture to Act III. opens with a little phrase on the horn and oboe, descriptive of knocking at the Witch's House (*Nibble, nibble, mousekin*). This is repeated and developed until the lovely *Morning* theme appears, on various instruments.

The rising curtain shows the children still sleeping in the wood; but the Angels have vanished and the morning light illuminates the mists in the background. The Dawn Fairy, or Dewman (soprano), steps forward and shakes dewdrops from a blue-bell over the sleeping children, singing to a bell-like accompaniment, in which the harp joins, the charms of the early morning, when the rosy dawn is smiling over all things and the trees and flowers are sweet with scent; for he chases the night away and shakes fresh dew, ding-dong, ding-dong, everywhere from his flower-bells. "Up sleepers: the morning hour is a golden dower!"

As the Dewman leaves, Gretel awakes, rubs her eyes and looks about; but Hänsel turns over to go to sleep again.

"Where am I?" Gretel exclaims, to *Morning*. "Why am I out in the woods? I hear the little birds singing in the trees, dear little singers, good-morning!" Now she wakens Hänsel, while a whole choir of bird voices trills, pipes, carols and calls from flute and clarinet.

"The lark, ti-re-li-re-li, is winging his flight high in air. Get up, lazy bones; it is getting late," sings Gretel.

Hänsel suddenly springs up: "Ki-ke-ri-ki, the cock is

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crowing, it is still early, I never slept so well before," and the children and orchestra imitate the song of lark and crow of cock till Gretel begins to relate her wonderful dream: "Angels with shining wings seemed to come from the sky down a golden ladder." "There were fourteen of them," interrupts Hänsel, and both are surprised to find that they have had the same dream.

Hänsel, turning around, starts in amazement. The mists have cleared away and in place of the fir-trees the Witch's House at the Ilsenstein shines in the bright morning sunlight. On the left is a large oven, and, opposite, a large cage. Both are joined to the Witch's house by a fence of gingerbread children. The astonished children describe the wonderful vision. "Oh, what a delicious odour! The cottage is all made of cakes and pastry and the roof is of pie-crust and cake. The windows are sparkling with sugar and the gables are full of raisins and it is surrounded with a gingerbread fence! Who can the magic house belong to? A forest princess perhaps. Oh, if she would only ask us to dinner!"

"Everything is so quiet," says Hänsel, "nothing is stirring; come, let's go inside!" (*Greediness*).

"Are you crazy?" says Gretel, pulling him back. "You don't know who may be inside that lovely house."

Hänsel is not afraid; "Perhaps the Angels have something to do with it!" (*Prayer*). Gretel is persuaded there is nothing to fear, so they will nibble at it like two little mice. Stealing along cautiously, the two children approach the house, and, after some hesitation, Hänsel breaks off a piece of cake. (*Greediness*.)

At this moment a voice from the house sings, "Nibble, nibble, mousekin, who's nibbling at my housekin?" to the melody that opened the overture.

Hänsel is so frightened that he drops his piece of cake. Gretel thinks it was only the wind, and picks up the cake. "It is delicious. Try it, Hänsel!"

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"Oh, rapture! how nice it is!" (*Joy*). "It must be the house of a pastry-cook," thinks Gretel. "Well, pastry-cook," says Hänsel, "we are going to have some of your sweetmeats," and breaks off a big piece from the wall. Again the voice is heard from the house: "Nibble, nibble, mousekin, who's nibbling at my housekin?"

"It is the Wind, the Wind, the heavenly Wind," sing the children, who are enjoying the delicious sweets, and do not see the upper part of the house-door gently open and the old Witch's head peer out.

"Wait, you gobbling mousekin, till the cat comes out of the housekin," sings Gretel; and as they sing and laugh, the old Witch opens the lower half of the door and steals out of the house. "Hi! hi! hi! hi," she and the bassoon laugh together, as she throws a rope around Hänsel's neck. (*Joy* now is transferred to the Witch.)

"Let me go! let me go! Who are you?" cries Hänsel.

"Angels!" she exclaims, drawing the children towards her, "and my little dunces. You have come to see me, you dear children, so nice to eat!"

"Who are you, you ugly thing?" says Hänsel. "Let me go."

In a very graceful melody (the *Witch*), given in turn to clarinet, oboe and violin, sung several times by the Witch and mingled with *Joy*, *Greediness* and *Hocus Pocus*, she deceitfully tells them how harmless she is and that her name is Rosina Dainty-mouth. Then she caresses Hänsel, who turns away stamping his foot, saying "I hate and loathe you."

The old Witch and the bassoon together laugh and gloat over the treat she is going to have. "Come, little mousey. Come into my housey," she sings to Gretel. "Come with me, my precious, you shall have chocolate, cakes, *marzipan*, pastries filled with cream, wedding-cake, and rice pudding, and plums, and figs, and almonds, and dates,—everything is in the house!"

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"I won't go with you, you ugly old thing," cries Hänsel.

The old Witch renews her enticing: "Come, little mousey, come into my housey." "What are you going to do with my brother?" asks Gretel.

"I am going to feed and fatten him," she answers.

"Don't go with her, Gretel," Hänsel cries, "come, let us run away;" for he has now scrambled out of the rope.

They are stopped, however, by the Witch, who raises a wand which hangs at her girdle.

"Halt!" she cries, and the orchestra loudly assists her spells.

The stage grows darker as she chants "Hocus pocus witches' charm" to the melody that the horn announced in the overture, and compels the children to gaze enchanted at the light in the head of her stick. Now she leads Hänsel to the cage and shuts him in. Gretel stands motionless; and the double bass gives satisfied grunts that the spell has taken effect.

"Now, Gretel," sings the Witch, "I will go indoors and get something to feed Hänsel with."

Hänsel now cautions Gretel to be very sharp and pretend to do all that the Witch desires.

The latter returns from the house with a basket of almonds and raisins, sticks a raisin in Hänsel's mouth and then turns to Gretel. Raising an elder bough, she disenchant's Gretel, while the flute shrilly trills an accompaniment.

"Now," she says, as Gretel moves again, "run into the house, my pet, and set the table, with little knife, little fork, little dish, little plate and little serviette." As she laughs exultantly, Gretel hurries into the house. Hänsel, pretending to be asleep, hears her say that she is going to eat Gretel first, and he watches her open the oven door.

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"Yes," she says, "the dough is nearly ready," and then she gets some more faggots and pushes them under the oven. The fire flames up; and the Witch rubs her hands and sings with glee, how she will soon push Gretel into the oven and bake her into gingerbread. How sympathetic the orchestra is! how the bassoons and oboes chuckle! and how the flames leap and sparkle from the strings! The Witch laughs in wild frenzy, and, acting on the suggestion of the excited strings that begin to play the *Ride*, she seizes a broomstick and dances about singing a rhythmical song to her besom nag, while the orchestra, in which the composer has made a happy use of the xylophone, gallops with her. Astride of her broomstick, she hops behind the house. The sky darkens, the lightning flashes, the wind howls, and soon the Witch is seen flying through the air.

Gretel watches her from the window with amazement. The Witch now returns (*Nibble, nibble, mousekin*), and tickles Hänsel with a twig till he awakes. She looks at his tongue and asks to see his fingers; but Hänsel pokes a small bone through the slats. The Witch is disappointed that he is so scraggy. Now she calls Gretel to bring more raisins and almonds for Hänsel, and while the Witch is feeding Hänsel, Gretel steals behind with the elder branch and sings softly, "*Hocus pocus*," which amazes the Witch.

Meanwhile *Nibble, nibble, mousekin*, as well as the Witch's cajoling song, have been heard from the orchestra. Hänsel, opening the door of the cage, calls to Gretel to be careful. Now the Witch tells her to peep in the oven.

"I don't understand what I must do," says Gretel, making herself awkward.

"Take care! Take care, sister dear," warns Hänsel.

"You stand on tiptoe," the Witch explains.

"You'll have to show me," says Gretel; and, as the

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Witch creeps to the oven, Hänsel and Gretel give her a push and she falls in. They shut the door; and then, taking up her song, followed by *Joy*, they sing that "She and not Gretel will be done to a T," and fall excitedly into each other's arms.

The Witch's theme, now transformed, is given to the bass clarinet in detached notes and to the 'cello (*pizzicato*).

The fickle orchestra now rejoices with the children, who, to a merry waltz, sing "Hurrah! hurrah! the old Witch is gone." Then Hänsel, rushing into the house, throws apples, pears, oranges, gilded nuts and all kinds of sweets from the window into Gretel's apron. Meanwhile the flames increase and crackle and the oven falls with a crash. Hänsel and Gretel hurry to the spot and are astonished to see a troop of children whose gingerbread disguise has fallen away.

Motionless and with closed eyes, they softly beg the children to touch them and remove the spell. Gretel caresses them and Hänsel sings *Hocus pocus* with the elder branch in his hand. The spell is broken and the children, freed, now join hands and sing and dance to *Deliverance*.

Hänsel now remembers the *Angels*: they must have brought all this about, and he and Gretel sing their gratitude to the beautiful melody of *Morning*.

At this moment, the familiar *Ral-lalala* of Peter is heard in the distance. Mother and Father enter, and joyfully embrace their children, found at last! Meanwhile two of the Gingerbread Children have dragged a big gingerbread cake out of the oven: it is the old Witch! (*Ride.*)

All give a shout of joy. "See what a wonder!" sings the Father. "The old Witch was caught in the trap she laid for others." All agree with him and all join

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in the motive of the *Prayer of the Children*, sung to the words that Gretel also sang in Act I.:

“When past bearing is our grief
Then 'tis Heaven will send relief!”

Deliverance and the *Ride* are also heard from the orchestra; and the curtain falls.

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have escorted him there, sing "Amen!" "Cease your antiphonals," Falstaff commands, "you're howling out of time. The whole act is comprised in this maxim: *Steal with grace* and in time! You're raw artists." Then he examines the bill, which the Host has brought with the bottle of sherry. "*Six capons; six shillings. Thirty flagons of sherry; two nobles, three good groats.* What is left? (throwing his purse at Bardolph). *A brace of pheasants! An anchovy!*"

Bardolph empties the purse and counts the money on the table: "One mark! one mark! one penny!" "Search!" Falstaff commands. Throwing the purse on the table, Bardolph says he can find nothing more.

Falstaff complains that they will be his ruin: he spends ten guineas every week. When he goes from tavern to tavern at night, that swilling Bardolph's nose serves as a lantern, but what it saves him in oil it costs him in wine. He has been irrigating that purple fungus for thirty years. It costs too much—It's the same with Pistol (Host, another bottle!). Falstaff's flesh is melting! If he were to grow thin he would no longer be himself; no one would love him any more. His paunch is a sort of speech that announces his name!

"Enormous Falstaff! Huge Falstaff!" cry his followers; and Falstaff, patting and looking at his paunch, says: "This is my kingdom: I will extend it; but it is time to sharpen our wits."

Then Falstaff asks if they know a wealthy citizen named Ford, who has a handsome wife. "Who keeps the money-chest?" interposes Pistol. She is the one with neck like a swan and lips like flowers. Her name is Alice; and one day, as Falstaff passed by her house, she noted his personal advantages and in her bright glances seemed to say 'I am thine! I am thine! Sir John Falstaff!' And there is another. Her name is Margaret! She is also impressed by Falstaff's attractions. She, too, keeps the money-chest.



MAUREL AS "FALSTAFF"

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These ladies shall be Falstaff's Golconda and Gold Coast! Bardolph must carry this letter to Meg, and Pistol this to Alice.

Pistol refuses with dignity to play the part of Pandarus, and Bardolph throws down his letter on the table, with the words, "Sir John, I am forbidden to aid you in this intrigue." "By whom?" asks Falstaff. "My honour!" he replies.

Calling Robin, his page, Falstaff bids him deliver these letters to the two ladies, with all possible haste; and, turning to Bardolph and Pistol, mocks them for talking about honour and taunts them with their tricks and knavery. "Honour, indeed! What rot! Did honour ever fill the paunch? No! Can honour set a leg? No! Or on arm? No!" and so following closely the famous passage in *King Henry IV.*, Part I., with sympathetic comments from the orchestra, particularly the clarinet's staccato *no*, Falstaff ends, "Honour is but air, and so, none of it for me! But to return to you, you rascals, I now dismiss you!" Taking up the broom, he chases Bardolph and Pistol around the table and out of the room.

The scene changes to Ford's garden, which is separated from the public road by a hedge. Mrs. Ford (soprano) and her daughter, Nannetta (soprano), are joined by Mrs. Page (mezzo soprano), who, with Mrs. Quickly, (mezzo soprano), comes to tell Mrs. Ford a piece of news. Mrs. Ford remarks that she could be a Knight's lady if she liked! "I also!" and Mrs. Page takes from her pocket a letter that she has just received. "Read it!" And she hands it to Mrs. Ford, who also shows hers.

On comparison, the letters are found to be identical, and end with the same verses and the same signature: "John Falstaff, Knight." All laugh and agree to punish the fat knight, singing a merry quartet, *à capella*, at the conclusion of which they run away and re-appear among the trees at the back, unnoticed by Ford (baritone), Dr. Caius, Fen-

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ton (tenor), Bardolph, and Pistol, who form a group and sing a quintet. The four men have come to warn Ford with regard to Falstaff, whose letter Bardolph and Pistol have refused to deliver; and Ford, whose jealousy is already aroused, resolves to keep a sharp eye on his wife. The women return, and all the men leave except Fenton. The women have noted that Ford is suspicious, and all run away except Nannetta. Fenton gives his sweetheart two kisses, and a short but charming duet ensues. The lovers part because the others are returning. Fenton hides among the trees, singing, as he goes, of her sweet lips. (*Bocca baciata non perde ventura*), and Nannetta takes up his song as she withdraws (*"Anzi rinnova come fa la luna"*).

Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page and Dame Quickly re-enter, planning to play a joke on Falstaff. The old mountain of lard deserves no mercy; but whether they will roast him at a fire or souse him in the river, they can't decide. One thing is certain—Dame Quickly shall be the messenger sent by Mrs. Ford to arrange a meeting with the old scoundrel. Hearing Fenton behind the trees, all run off. Once again Fenton and Nannetta have a chance for a little playful love making and are again interrupted by the approach of footsteps; and once again Fenton withdraws, singing as he goes: "*Bocca baciata non perde ventura*," to which Nannetta responds: "*Anzi rinnova come fa la luna*."

This time it is Ford, Dr. Caius, Bardolph and Pistol, who return, and Fenton presently joins them. Ford, learning from Pistol that Falstaff is lodging at the Garter, bribes Bardolph and Pistol to arrange an appointment with Falstaff for him under another name, and they pledge their honour to do so.

The women re-enter and repeat their merry quartet and the men again blend their voices in plans for vengeance; and in this brilliantly written nonet, Fenton, who plans to win Nannetta for his wife, is the only one not engaged in

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plotting against Falstaff. As the men leave, Mrs. Ford tells Dame Quickly to hurry along with the message. "Yes! yes!" "To-morrow the time!" Mrs. Page bids Mrs. Ford good-bye, and the latter says to Mrs. Page "You will see how that terrible and triumphant paunch will swell." "Swell and then burst," they all laugh. Then Mrs. Ford quotes from Falstaff's letter: "But my face will shine upon him," and the others add: "Like a star from the depths of heaven."

*(Ma il viso mio su lui risplenderà,
Come una stella nell' immensità).*

Taking leave of one another, they disperse, laughing, as the curtain falls.

Act II. opens in the same room in the Garter Inn, where we first saw Falstaff. He is here, as before; but stretched out in an arm chair, drinking sack and listening with indifference to Bardolph and Pistol, who are begging for his forgiveness.

Bardolph announces a lady who wishes admittance. Falstaff gives his consent; but remains seated as Bardolph ushers in Dame Quickly, who, courtseying with great respect, with her "*Reverenza!*" begs to have a few words in private.

Falstaff dismisses Bardolph and Pistol, rises, and is delighted to learn that the messenger is from Mrs. Ford. Dame Quickly explains that Alice is in a state of great agitation on account of his letter. "She sends her thanks, and bids me say that her husband is absent every day from two till three!"

"From two till three!" Falstaff repeats.

"Your worship may visit her at that hour without fear. Poor lady. She has such a hard life! She has such a jealous husband!"

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"From two until three!" repeats Falstaff. "Tell her I will await that hour with impatience. I will not fail."

Dame Quickly has another message: "The lovely Meg, an angel of grace, sends you greeting. She bade me tell your Worship that her husband is seldom from home. Poor lady! a lily of candour and faith! You bewitch them all!"

"It isn't witchcraft," replies Falstaff, "but a certain personal fascination of mine! Tell me, does either know anything about the other?"

Dame Quickly replies evasively; and Falstaff, feeling in his purse for money, rewards the female Mercury, and dismisses her with a wave of his hand, bidding her greet the ladies.

Falstaff is overjoyed. "Alice is mine!" he exclaims, "Go thy ways, old Jack, go thy ways! All the women are ready to damn themselves for thee! Long may the good body of Sir John flourish!"

Bardolph interrupts to announce a certain Master Fontana, who wishes his acquaintance and who has brought a demijohn of Cyprus for his Worship's breakfast. "Welcome indeed is such a fountain!" exclaims Falstaff. "Bid him enter! Go thy ways, old Jack, go thy ways!"

Ford enters, disguised, carrying a bag of money and preceded by Bardolph and followed by Pistol, with a demijohn which he sets on the table. Ford, saluting Falstaff, is cordially received, and proceeds to ask a favour. Bardolph and Pistol show so much interest that Falstaff dismisses them.

Ford reminds Sir John, "If money go before, all ways do lie open." "Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on," rejoins Falstaff. "Troth, and I have a bag of money that troubles me. Sir John, will you help me to bear it?" "With great pleasure," and as Falstaff places the bag on the table the clink of gold resounds from the delighted orchestra. In reply to Falstaff's inquiry as to "why

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do I deserve this?" Fontana tells him: "There is a lady in Windsor, named Alice, the wife of a certain Ford. Fontana loves her without return; she will not reply to his letters, nor give him a glance; he has sent her presents; but to no purpose; he is scorned." Falstaff interrupts, singing gaily:

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues,"

in which Fontana joins.

"Why do you come to me?" asks Falstaff, and Fontana explains that Sir John is "a gentleman, a soldier and a man of the world!"

"O Sir!" cries Falstaff with a gesture of humility.

"Believe it, for you know it.—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife."

Falstaff agrees and tells him that he has an appointment with Alice this very day between two and three.

"Do you know Ford?" Fontana asks. "No, I do not, and may the devil fly away with him to join Menelaus!" Then Falstaff goes off to make himself handsome, carrying the money with him.

"Am I dreaming, or is this true!" exclaims Ford, and in a famous monologue, raves at what he has just heard. His wife is faithless, the hour fixed, his home wrecked! He vows revenge! Falstaff now appears wearing a new doublet and a hat and carrying a cane. He has a pressing engagement. Ford will go too.

"You first," and Falstaff motions his guest to the door. Neither is willing to take precedence, and, after various compliments, Falstaff takes Ford by the arm and they go out together.

The scene changes to a room in Ford's house with a

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large window in the back. The furniture consists of a large cupboard, a table, a couch, stools, a chair and a screen near the great fireplace. A lute is lying on the couch and flowers stand on the table. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page are discussing the fat knight. They are interrupted by Dame Quickly, running in to tell of her success with Falstaff, who has fallen into the trap. She found him at the Garter, and she describes how he said "Good-morning, my good woman!" and shows how she curtsied in a very deferential manner. (*Reverenza!*) "To cut the story short, I have persuaded him that you are both dead in love with him, and (turning to Mrs. Ford) you will soon see him at your feet."

"It is two o'clock now," cries Mrs. Ford, and runs to call her servants, Ned and Will, to bring the buck-basket. She notices that Nannetta is weeping and learns from her that her father intends to marry her to Dr. Caius.

The Merry Wives exclaim: "What! that old clown! that old idiot! that old grandfather!"

Mrs. Ford tells her daughter not to fear, at which Nannetta, crying "Hurrah! I shall not have to marry Dr. Caius!" jumps for joy.

The two servants now bring in the basket of soiled linen and Mrs. Ford tells them to set it down.

"When I suddenly call you," she orders, "come forth and empty the basket into the river." "Splash!" laughs Nannetta. "Be quiet," commands her mother. "Now let us get everything ready," she adds, and arranges the chair and stool and Nannetta places her lute on the table. Mrs. Page and Nannetta stand the screen between the basket and the fireplace. "*Bravissime!* Everything is ready! The play of the Merry Wives of Windsor will soon begin!"

Mrs. Page knows her part; Dame Quickly will give the signal for Falstaff's approach; and Nannetta is going to hide and enjoy the fun!

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As Dame Quickly announces Falstaff, Mrs. Page, Dame Quickly and Nannetta hide, and Mrs. Ford sits down by the table and strikes a few chords on the lute.

To the sound of a guitar in the orchestra, the fat knight enters, exclaiming: "Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!"

"O sweet Sir John," Mrs. Ford murmurs.

The interview here follows *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act III., Scene III.); but when Mrs. Ford says she prefers a plain kerchief to rich attire, she coquettishly places a flower in her hair. Boïto now departs from Shakespeare and introduces a song for Falstaff: "*Quand' ero paggio del Duca di Norfolk ero sottile*," a delightful melody, lightly orchestrated. "When I was page to the Duke of Norfolk, I was so slender and graceful that I could have slipped through a ring. Those were my green April and joyous May days!"

As Mrs. Ford is complaining that Falstaff also loves Mrs. Page, which he denies, Mrs. Quickly enters in great agitation to say that Mrs. Page is coming to pay a call. At Mrs. Ford's suggestion, Falstaff hides behind the screen. Dame Quickly beckons to Mrs. Page, who enters in pretended excitement to say that Alice had better fly because her husband is coming home in a furious rage, perfectly sure that she has a lover concealed in the house. She can hardly play her part for laughing; but Dame Quickly comes in hurriedly to announce the real Ford, who is roaring like a tempest.

"Are you in earnest?" Mrs. Ford asks. "Indeed it is true!" replies Dame Quickly.

Falstaff, greatly alarmed, advances to the door; but, hearing Ford's voice, again hides behind the screen.

In a towering rage Ford enters with Fenton and Dr. Caius, followed by Bardolph and Pistol, neighbours and

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servants. Ford howls: "Shut all the doors and barricade everything and help me track the fox!"

"What is in this basket?" he asks Mrs. Ford.

"Soiled clothes!" she answers.

Handing keys to Dr. Caius, and bidding him search everything, Ford kicks the basket and throws the linen about in his search, and, not satisfied, rushes out shouting: "Search the oven, the well, the bath, the garret, the cellar!"

The Merry Wives suggest that Falstaff should get into the basket; and Falstaff, cautiously coming from the screen, decides to squeeze in.

Mrs. Page pretends to be astonished to see him. "What? you here, Sir John." "I love you," he cries, "save me! save me!" Falstaff squeezes into the basket and the Merry Wives cover him with the soiled linen.

Nannetta and Fenton, in the meantime, enter, thinking they are pursued by the frantic searchers for Falstaff. They hide behind the screen to indulge in a little love making. "What a blessed screen!" they sing together as they conceal themselves.

The searchers return. Ford, raging more furiously, searches everywhere—behind the curtains; in the cupboard, and in the table drawer; and, as the turmoil quiets for a moment, a kiss is heard behind the screen.

"'Tis he! 'Tis he!" exclaims Ford, looking at the screen, which he approaches cautiously, threatening the concealed lover with a sound thrashing. Dr. Caius, who follows, echoes his threats, and Bardolph and Pistol also add their menaces.

In the meantime, Nannetta and Fenton have been singing a love duet behind the screen, and Mrs. Page and Dame Quickly have been arranging the soiled linen over Falstaff, who has once lifted his head to say "I'm stifling!" upon which Dame Quickly pushed him down with the words: "Be quiet!"

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Ford has a fine idea: Pistol and the servants will guard the right; Bardolph, Caius and himself the left; while the rest shall lay hold of and bind the offender. "Bravo!" all agree.

Fenton and Nannetta continue their love duet; Falstaff, under the linen, constantly calls out, "I'm cooking!" "I'm melting!" "I'm suffocating!" Dame Quickly endeavours to keep him covered; Mrs. Page ironically suggests that somebody fan him; and Bardolph, Ford, Caius and Pistol sing that the lovers may think their love-making is unheard; but they will soon be surprised.

Now, everybody come softly (*Piano! Piano!*); don't let them suspect us; his position is defenceless; and Ford calling softly, "Attention!" then "One! Two! Three!" throws down the screen, revealing the embarrassed Nannetta and Fenton.

Ford chides his disobedient daughter, and tells Fenton she shall never be his bride. The lovers run off; and while Ford and his followers rush up the stairs to hunt for Falstaff, Mrs. Ford, taking advantage of the moment, capers in calling: "Ned, Will, Tom, Isaac! Quick, Quick!" and, as Nannetta returns with four servants and a page, gives orders to empty the basket out of the window into the river near the rushes. While the men are struggling under the load, Mrs. Ford sends the page to call her husband. Nannetta declares she heard the basket creak. The men lift the basket and tumble Falstaff and the linen out of the window. "There he goes!" and all joyfully cry: "*Patatrac!*"

Screams of laughter are heard from without, as well as from within; and as Ford and the other men rush in, Mrs. Ford leads her husband to the window to enjoy the fun.

The curtain rises for Act III. showing the outside of the Garter Inn, where Falstaff is seated on a bench near the door, meditating in the sunset upon this wicked world.

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He calls the host to bring him a quart of sack; and then laments that he, "a knight, should have lived to be carried in a basket and thrown in the Thames like a litter of kittens or puppies." The host enters with a tankard of mulled wine, which he sets on the table and leaves. Falstaff resolves to add some sack to the Thames water and then apostrophizes good wine and drinks.

He is interrupted by Dame Quickly with her deep curtseys, "*Reverenzal*!" She has come with a letter from the lovely Alice.

"The devil fly away with the lovely Alice!" Falstaff has had quite enough of the lovely Alice! He is black and blue with bruises! He is aching in every joint. He was melted to butter first, and then while hot was plunged into the water! "Scoundrels!"

"Well!" replies Dame Quickly, "don't blame her. It was not her fault. Poor lady! she is now weeping and she sends you this letter."

As Falstaff takes it and begins to read, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, Nannetta, Fenton and Dr. Caius peep from behind a neighbouring house and note with joy that Falstaff is swallowing the bait.

Falstaff reads the letter aloud. "Yes," Dame Quickly adds, "true love loves mystery." Mrs. Ford will meet Falstaff in disguise in Windsor Park by Herne's Oak, when the clocks are striking twelve to-night. Falstaff takes Dame Quickly by the arm; he would like to discuss this privately. "When it strikes the hour of midnight," continues Dame Quickly, as they enter the inn.

"He's caught!" cries Ford as the listeners all enter, and Mrs. Ford, mimicking Dame Quickly, continues the legend about the old hunter of Windsor forest who walks around a certain oak at midnight. Mrs. Page declares the story makes her flesh creep; and now the conspirators make their plans. Nannetta shall appear as the Fairy Queen in white gauze with a girdle of roses; Mrs. Page shall be a sylvan

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nymph in green, and Dame Quickly a mischievous elf. "Oh, splendid!" cries the enthusiastic Nannetta. Mrs. Ford, moreover, is "going to dress up some children as hobgoblins, sprites, devils, bats and Jack-o'-lanterns; and when they see the Knight disguised, with horns on his head, they shall encircle him, pinch him, pound him and burn him with their tapers."

It is growing dark, so they part, all agreeing to meet at the oak by midnight.

"Will you bring the lanterns?" Mrs. Ford asks Mrs. Page as they leave; and Ford whispers to Dr. Caius: "You shall marry my daughter. Do you remember her dress?"

"White with a girdle of roses," replies Dr. Caius.

"Don't forget the masks!" calls Mrs. Ford.

"No," replies Mrs. Page, "nor you the wands and tapers."

"When the joke is over," Ford says to Dr. Caius, "come to me; her face hidden in a veil and yours in a cowl, and you shall be married."

Dame Quickly overhears them, and makes a mocking gesture as she goes into the inn. Then she calls to Nannetta: "Be sure to learn the Fairy Song."

"I know it already," Nannetta answers from within.

"Don't be late," calls Mrs. Ford's voice; and Dame Quickly replies: "Whoever gets there first, must wait!"

The scene changes to Windsor Park. Herne's Oak occupies the centre of the stage and behind it is a sawpit. Clumps of trees and flowering shrubs adorn the scene. Horns of foresters are heard in the distance and the Park is gradually lighted by the rays of the moon.

Fenton is the first to come, and, while waiting, sings a romantic sonnet, "*Dal labbro il canto estasiato vola*," with a beautiful obligato for the English horn, and ends his love song with the phrase he first sang to Nannetta in Act I., "*Becca baciata non perde ventura*," and again Nannetta replies: "*Anzi rinnova come fa la luna*," and makes her

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appearance as Queen of the Fairies, in white with a girdle of roses.

Mrs. Ford hastens in unmasked, carrying a domino and a mask. She is followed by Dame Quickly in the grey mantle and peaked cap of an elf. She carries a stick and a mask with a long snout in her hand.

Mrs. Ford commands Fenton to put on the domino and mask at once; for the trick her husband proposes to play must be turned to his advantage; Fenton must obey her and ask no questions if he wants Nannetta.

"Who is to impersonate the bride?" she then asks Dame Quickly. "A merry long-nosed rascal who hates Dr. Caius," she answers.

Mrs. Page, wearing a mask and a green veil, now runs in to say that she has hidden all the urchins in the sawpit. Mrs. Ford declares she hears the fat knight coming—"so hide!"

At the first stroke of twelve, Falstaff enters, in a cloak and wearing a pair of antlers. He counts the bells of Windsor ringing midnight and takes his position under the oak, where he remembers that Jove was a bull for the love of Europa and where he is soon joined by Mrs. Ford. He soon learns from her, to his surprise, that Mrs. Page is also coming. The latter enters, feigning terror, for the wood is full of fairies!

"Let us fly," cries Mrs. Ford.

"Where?" asks the frightened Falstaff, who leans against the oak, as the two Merry Wives run away.

From within Nannetta calls to her "Fairies, nymphs, elves and sylphs"; and Falstaff, remembering that whoever looks upon fairies must die, lies face downward on the ground, full length, not daring to raise his eyes.

Now they come: Nannetta appears as the Fairy Queen; Mrs. Page in green veil with mask; Dame Quickly as an elf, masked; Mrs. Ford with mask; Bardolph in red robe with drawn cowl; Pistol as a satyr; Dr. Caius in grey

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robe, without mask; Fenton in black domino, masked; Ford, neither robed nor masked; young girls dressed as blue and white fairies; and other fairies, nymphs, sprites and devils. The little fairies arrange themselves in a circle around their queen; the larger ones form a second circle; and the men group themselves on one side and the women on the other.

Nannetta sings *Sul fil d'un soffio etesio*, of the magic of the moonlight, and calls the fairies to dance. The fairies respond in praise of the scent and shadow of the forest.

Nannetta resumes her song in which she describes how the fairies pick the lilies, violets and flowers of gold and silver which they use to write words with and for spells and charms—for fairies use flowers for their character. While the little fairies are gathering flowers, the big fairies sing, "Let us go, one by one, in the white moonlight to the brown oak of the Black Hunter."

Bardolph stumbles against Falstaff and calls "Halt!" All approach. "Why! it is a man! Antlered like a stag! Round as an apple! Big as a ship! Get up!" The frightened Falstaff replies that he will if somebody will bring a crane!

"He is corrupt! corrupt!" sing the fairies. "I'll exorcise him!" cries Bardolph, and calls on the Goblins, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Night moths, Vampires and Insects of the dark regions to appear and torment the fat knight.

In the meantime, Mrs. Ford reminds Nannetta that Dr. Caius is after her; and Nannetta and Fenton, guarded by Mrs. Ford and Dame Quickly, disappear among the bushes.

Hobgoblins and demons now answer Bardolph's call. Some carry triangles, some tambourines, and others small lamps. Some of them roll and tumble Falstaff about, while others pinch and beat him, singing "*Ruzzola! Ruzzola!*" Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page lead others "*Pizzical! Pizzical! Stuzzical!*"

("Pinch him and burn him and turn him about
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.")

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When they have pinched and poked and twitched and tweaked and burned Falstaff to their satisfaction, one and all begin to abuse him until he cries that he repents. Bardolph strikes him with Dame Quickly's stick; but as he bids him reform his ways, puts his face so close to Falstaff that the latter declares he smells of brandy.

"The devil fly away with you," Bardolph exclaims; and by accident his cowl falls back, whereupon Falstaff rises:

"Nitre! Pitch and Sulphur! I recognize you, Bardolph (threatening him). Scarlet nose! Cock's wattles! Resin flame! Salamander! Vampire! Basilisk! May my belt squeeze the life out of me, if I am not speaking the truth!"

"Bravo!" everyone responds.

"A little respite," Falstaff pleads; and Dame Quickly seizes this opportunity to take Bardolph aside to dress him for his part. "And now, Sir John," laughs Ford, "which of us wears the horns?" Mrs. Ford unmask and corrects Falstaff when he addresses Fontana, explaining that he is her husband, Ford. Dame Quickly advances to ask Falstaff how he really could imagine that two women would be enamoured of a fat old greybeard like himself; and Falstaff perceives that he has made an idiot of himself and has supplied the Merry Wives with material for jokes and merriment.

Ford now suggests that they conclude this nocturnal frolic with the espousals of the Queen of the Fairies. Here they come now; the bride in white with rosebuds, with the bridegroom of Ford's choice. Dr. Caius, masked, with Bardolph dressed as the Queen of the Fairies, advances. Mrs. Ford, now leads forward Nannetta, enveloped in blue, and Fenton masked, and begs Ford to bless the union of this couple. He does so willingly; and also blesses Dr. Caius and his bride. A small elf raises his lantern to the level of Bardolph's face. Ford bids all unmask and Dame Quickly pulls the veil off Bardolph's head.

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"Horrors!" cries Dr. Caius, "I have married Bardolph!"

"Fenton with my daughter!" exclaims Ford, to whom his wife explains that he has only fallen into the net he wove for others.

"Dear, good Mr. Ford," Falstaff asks, with an ironical bow, "which of us is the dupe now?"

"He!" says Ford, pointing to Dr. Caius, and Dr. Caius says "He!" pointing to Ford.

"Both of you," Falstaff exclaims.

"All three of you," laughs Mrs. Ford, placing Falstaff between Ford and Dr. Caius. Then she entreats Ford to forgive Nannetta and Fenton, and Ford embraces them both.

Falstaff, good humouredly, calls for a chorus to end the fun. All agree, and, advancing to the foot-lights, Falstaff announces the theme of a fugue "*Tutto nel mondo é burla*."

(All the world's a joke, the wise man laughs away melancholy; and the merry world finds relief from sorrow in merry laughter.) The curtain falls upon this masterly composition, full of contrapuntal devices and charming Italian melody.

Manon

Turin, 1893

"The seeds of Wagnerian reform have not fallen on barren ground. Puccini reveals himself in *Manon* as a composer gifted with strong dramatic power, possessing an apparently innate feeling for stage effect and considerable melodic expression. His score is exempt from the conditions and vulgarities from which certain modern Italian operas are not free. The entire first Act is treated with a wonderful lightness of touch. In the grand duet between Manon and Des Grieux in the second Act, the composer has fully risen to the height of the situation. His music is full of melody and passion. It ends in a decidedly Wagnerian fashion which evokes recollections of *Tristan and Isolde*."—ARTHUR HERVEY.



ANON begins with a vivacious prelude, which continues after the curtain rises on a large square near the Paris gate of Amiens. A road runs to the right. On the left is an inn with a broad porch on which are tables and chairs for guests. An outside staircase leads to a balcony on the first floor. The square is full of strolling students, citizens, ladies, and the populace, including girls and soldiers. Some are gathered in chattering groups, while others are seated at the inn tables, drinking and playing cards.

Edmondo, surrounded by other students, sings with mock sentiment to the night with her stars and zephyrs, so dear to poets and lovers;—and to thieves and vagabonds, the students interpolate.

They then sing to some girls who approach them. "Youth is our name, hope is our God!" and make amorous advances. The girls respond in song of similar character.

Des Grieux (tenor) enters, dressed as a student, in the midst of the laughter, chorus and dancing. He is welcomed, and invited to join in the jollity; but shows no disposition to do so. They rally him: he is gnawed by love for some inaccessible lady. Love, indeed! he knows nothing of that farce, or tragedy!

Some of the students stay, and talk with Des Grieux, while others get up and flirt with the girls who are promenading the square arm in arm.

Those who are left tease him about his supposed love affair, and will not believe his denials. At last, he says he will satisfy them. He accosts a party of laughing girls, and appeals for their love,—blonde or brunette. Seeing that he is jesting, they turn angrily away, shrugging their shoulders in disdain. His companions laugh and applaud. Edmondo warns them not to complain of Des Grieux any more. Then all join in a chorus extolling wine, dance and revelry.

The postilion's horn (repeating the theme of the orchestral prelude), announces the coach; and all throng to look at the arrivals. The coach stops before the inn door. Lescaut (baritone) descends, followed immediately by Geronte, who gallantly assists Manon (soprano) to alight. Porters hurry out to take charge of the travellers' luggage. The students express their admiration of Manon. Des Grieux is particularly struck with her beauty. The coach goes into the inn yard, and the students resume their seats while Edmondo stands aside to watch Manon and Des Grieux. Geronte tells the landlord he will stay the night there; and mounts the steps to the first floor with Lescaut, who motions to Manon to wait for him. She takes a seat.

Des Grieux, who has not taken his eyes off Manon, approaches and asks her name. She rises and simply tells him. He tries to excuse his boldness by confessing the fascination she exerts over him: when will she depart?

Manon sadly replies: "At dawn to-morrow: a cloister awaits me!"

As he deplores her fate, Edmondo approaches the students, and draws their attention to the pair. Des Grieux tells her they cannot talk at length now. Will she not return presently and consult with him to find some means

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of fighting her fate? They will conquer! His words comfort her: she asks his name. It is Renato Des Grieux!

At that moment, Lescaut's voice is heard within. She must hurry away: her brother is calling her! He begs her to come back; and she finally promises to see him again after dark. Lescaut appears on the balcony; and she hurries in.

Des Grieux sings of his love at first sight. Edmondo and his companions surround him, and tease him about his capture by Cupid. He is annoyed, and leaves them. Lescaut and Geronte descend the stairs in conversation; and the students gaily invite passing girls to join them at the tables; and all join in a gay chorus. Edmondo listens to the travellers. Geronte says: "So your sister is going to take the veil." Yes! but it is against Lescaut's wishes. He knows the world. He is a grumbling guardian of his sister; but will do his duty like a good soldier. There is some compensation for every disagreeable experience, however! He asks his companion's name: "Geronte de Ravoir!" who is travelling on important government business. "What a sack of gold!" says Lescaut to himself. Geronte thinks that his sister looks unhappy. "Think of it!" exclaims Lescaut, "only eighteen! What a maze of hopes and dreams fills that little head!" Geronte agrees. They must try to console the poor little one! Will Lescaut join him at supper to-night? Lescaut will be highly honoured! Will his host join him in a drink? Geronte accepts; but suddenly excuses himself: he has some orders to give to the landlord. Lescaut bows and retires into the background.

It is growing dark; and servants bring out lamps and candles and place them on the tables. The students are playing cards; and various cries are heard: "An ace! a knave! a three! What cursed cards!" Lescaut is attracted by the play; and approaches and watches it enviously. If he could only bring off a *coup*!

Watching the game, he reproves a player for an error: the students say he is a master at the game; and invite him to take a hand.

While Lescaut is playing, Geronte cautiously calls the obsequious landlord aside. Edmondo spies upon them; and overhears the conversation. Geronte wants a carriage with horses that fly like the wind, an hour hence, behind the inn. A man and a young woman will occupy it for a swift drive to Paris. The landlord must remember that silence is gold: he gives him a purse, and goes out.

Des Grieux enters, and Edmondo tells him of the plot; and promises to help him. Fortunately, the soldier is absorbed in the game! Edmondo goes and whispers to several of the students, who go out, and the game is suspended. The others stay and drink with Lescaut.

Manon appears on the stairs, looks timidly around, sees Des Grieux, and joins him. She has kept her rash promise, and half regrets it.

In a passionate song, Des Grieux declares his love; and Manon is half persuaded by his pleadings and promises of happiness together. However, she says it cannot be true; the dream is too beautiful; she cannot trust his words!

Des Grieux then tells her of the trap the old sensualist has set for her. She is terrified.

At that moment, Edmondo comes to announce that the carriage is waiting; and urges their immediate departure. Manon resists at first; but is soon persuaded. The three hurry out.

Geronte comes in and is glad to see Lescaut still at cards. He goes back and calls the landlord to know if supper is ready. Receiving an affirmative reply, he tells him to call the young lady. Edmondo, who has returned, bows, and says: "That young lady?" "Yes!" answers Geronte, drily. Edmondo points down the road to Paris and says: "Excellency! She has gone off in company with an ardent student!" Then he joins his companions.

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Geronte runs excitedly to Lescaut, and cries: "She has been carried off." "Who?" asks Lescaut, still playing. "Your sister." "A thousand bombs!" he shouts, throwing down his cards, and jumping up in a rage. The landlord in alarm takes refuge in the inn. Geronte urges him to follow: it is a student! Lescaut notices the assumed indifference of the students, and shakes his head; and says it is useless. He calmly adds: "Let us reflect: have you any horses ready?" Geronte has not. Then the mischief is done; and there's no sense in crying over spilt milk. Geronte acknowledges that's true; and the loving brother proceeds to remark that Manon has aroused a great paternal affection in Geronte! Quite true, says the latter. Very well, as a respectful son, Lescaut offers him good advice. Manon is not lost: a student's purse is soon exhausted. Manon has no taste for penury: she will soon be glad to exchange her young student for a palace. Geronte will play the part of a father to a model daughter, and Lescaut will complete the family! They must be calm, and take things philosophically!

The students enjoy the situation, and sing gaily.

Lescaut obsequiously lends Geronte his arm, and they go in together while he gesticulates magisterially, and tries to make the old man take things philosophically.

When they have disappeared, the students sing a chorus amid derisive laughter: "The fresh and velvety grapes will always be sour to the old fox!"

A light, tripping phrase with an accompaniment of pizzicato chords introduces Act II., which opens in an elegant apartment in Geronte's house in Paris. There are two doors at the back. On the right, a rich and heavy curtain hangs over the alcove. On the left, near the window, is a sumptuous dressing-table. The room also contains a sofa, chairs, a table and easy-chairs.

Manon is seated before the dressing-table wearing a white

dressiug-robe that completely covers her from head to foot. The hair-dresser is busy about her. Two of his assistants stand behind him ready to render any help needed.

Manon looks at herself in the glass: there is an obstinate curl. She tells the hair-dresser to get the curling-tongs at once. He obeys, and reduces the rebellious curl to order, and then carries out the various orders Manon gives. Now the powder and pastel She is satisfied with the effect.

Lescaut enters and bids his little sister "Good-morning!" but she is too much interested to notice him, and continues her instructions for adornment. Lescaut remarks that she seems a little out of temper this morning. He is mistaken! So much the better! He smiles maliciously and asks where is Geronte? Why has he gone out so early?

Manon says: "And now, a patch." The hair-dresser brings the Japanese lacquer patch-box. Manon turns them over, undecided which to select. Lescaut suggests. The Impudent! The Roguish! No! The Gallant! Manon is not satisfied. Finally she decides to wear two;—The Assassin, at the corner of an eye, and The Voluptuous, at a corner of the lips. The hair-dresser carefully applies them; and then proudly and gracefully removes the dressing-robe. Manon appears fully dressed and adorned. Having accomplished his task, he bows to Manon, signals to his assistants and with profound bows retires.

Lescaut scrutinizes Manon and admiringly exclaims: "How perfectly charming!" and proceeds to sing of his satisfaction with her and himself. His is the glory of having saved her from her love for a student. When he saw her elope at Amiens, his heart lost all hope. But he discovered her retreat! A tiny cottage was her abode; she possessed innumerable kisses, but not a sou. That Des Grieux is a fine young fellow; but alas! he is not a banker! It is natural, therefore, that Manon should have one day exchanged that humble dwelling for a gilded palace.

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Manon tries to get him to tell her some news of her lover whom she longs for in all this splendour and luxury, and sighs to be back in the cottage.

Finally Lescaut acknowledges that he is on friendly terms with Des Grieux as well as with Geronte, and he is always pestering him with questions. He mimics Des Grieux: "Where is Manon? Where did she go? To the East? To the North? To the South?" Lescaut always answers that he does not know; and at last he has convinced him. He has not forgotten her: he is winning money, to discover the road that leads to her.

Mysteriously and with the gestures of an experienced gambler, he continues: "Now in order to amend fortune, I have launched him into play. He will conquer; and the gaming-table shall be our bank. Instructed by me, he will skin everybody. But in the martyrdom of the long struggle, by day and by night he can never forget his madness, but is ever asking where you are."

Manon grieves over her abandonment of Des Grieux, and cries: "Ah! come, give me back the past, its flying hours, your ardent caresses and kisses. Come. I am beautiful. I shall be still more beautiful!"

Manon stands for a few moments sad and pensive; then, raising her eyes, she sees her reflection in the glass. Almost unconsciously she adjusts the folds of her dress; then as her thoughts change, her lips wreath in smiles, and her eyes sparkle with conscious triumph at her beauty. Posing in front of the mirror, she asks Lescaut if her gown does not become her marvellously well. He enthusiastically agrees. And her head-dress, and bodice? Beautiful, he acknowledges.

Some musicians enter, bow obsequiously, take their stand opposite Manon, and sing a madrigal.

Manon gives Lescaut a purse, with indifference telling him to pay them with it. He indignantly pockets it, saying: "Shame on you! What! offend the artists!" Then

he says to them majestically: "I dismiss you in the name of Glory!" As they bow themselves out at one door, at the other enter some old friends of Geronte, elderly lords and elegant abbés. Geronte introduces them. Some musicians also come in and take their places at the back on the left. Manon, motioning towards them, says to Lescaut. "The serenaders, and the ball, and then the music,—all very fine things, but—they annoy me!" She yawns.

She goes to meet Geronte, who is followed by the dancing-master and others. Exceedingly ceremonious salutations follow. Lescaut smilingly watches the attitudinizing. The musicians then tune their instruments while Geronte and the dancing-master make the arrangements for the minuet.

Lescaut philosophically soliloquizes: "A woman who is wearied is something to be afraid of." Then after a moment's reflection, he adds: "I will go to Des Grieux, and like a master, prepare the event!" He quietly goes out.

While Geronte is giving his instructions to the dancing-master, other visitors enter who bow before Manon, kiss her hand, and offer her flowers and bon-bons. The dancing-master then advances and takes her hand to begin the minuet. Geronte signals his friends to make room and take seats. While the dancing is going on, servants serve chocolate and other refreshments.

The dancing-master gives Manon her instructions to hold herself straight, bend, lift her head, etc., and is joined by Geronte in praising her aptitude, while she affectedly excuses her awkwardness. The master orders her to bow now to left, then to right, then curtsy, then use her eyeglass; all of which she performs admirably. Manon glances around her group of admirers most provokingly. The old lords and abbés gaze at her covetously, and sing in praise of her grace and beauty, while she modestly disclaims all right to their admiration.

The dancing-master is impatient and calls for a partner.

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Geronte joins him and they dance the "salute." Geronte is supremely satisfied with himself as his friends sing his praises and wish him good luck in his love and riches. Manon sings to the air of the minuet.

Geronte reminds the company that the morning is advancing: fashion is now promenading. He makes Manon promise to join them soon; and takes his friends away, after ceremonious leave-takings.

Manon hastily puts a few touches to her toilette, admires herself in the glass, takes her cloak which is hanging over a chair, and, hearing the approaching step of a servant as she supposes, asks if the sedan chair has arrived yet. Seeing the pale face of Des Grieux in the doorway, she runs to him in the highest emotion, and welcomes her lover with tender words. As he reproachfully wards her off, she cries: "You do not love me! I am no longer loved! I who was loved so much! Do not look at me thus! Your eyes used not to have such a severe gaze!"

Des Grieux violently replies: "Yes, wretch! my vengeance—" Manon interrupts him. It was her fault. It is true that she has betrayed him. He has a right to call her a wretch. When misery was lowering more darkly over them every day, she fled, but only that alone and free he might be better able to gain fortune.

He tells her she does not know how he has suffered: his heart is breaking! She begs his forgiveness: she is rich. Does not this place appear a mass of gold and colour? All is for him! She thought only of a future of splendour. Love has brought him here! She kneels and begs him to pardon her. Do not refuse her! Perhaps she is less pleasing and beautiful than the Manon of other days!

Des Grieux cries in his misery: "Oh! temptress! Here is the old, accursed and longed-for fascination that overwhelmed me!" "It is the fascination of love; I am yours, consent!" cries Manon. Des Grieux can struggle no longer: he yields; he confesses he still loves her.

They then join in a passionate love-duet; after which they take a seat on the sofa. Geronte surprises them in loving talk. He knows now why she stayed behind. He has arrived *mal à propos*. He apologizes for his involuntary indiscretion to which we are all liable. Even they, he believes, have forgotten that they are in his house!

Des Grieux wants to resent his words; but Manon silences him.

Geronte continues his reproaches. So this is the gratitude for the entertainment he gave her this morning! She has ill requited the many proofs he has given her of a true love!

Manon takes a mirror and holds it before Geronte's face, pointing with the other hand at Des Grieux, as she indulges her laughter. "Love! love! my good Sir! Behold! Look at yourself! If I err, say so honestly! Now then, look at us!"

Geronte makes an angry gesture, but controls his temper and replies: "I am honest, my beautiful little lady, I know my duty, which is to take my departure. O, gentle knight! O lovely lady! *Au revoir!* And very soon!" He goes out.

With reckless gaiety, Manon cries: "Free, free, free as the air! What joy, my beloved!" But Des Grieux gloomily says he must go; he will not stay a moment longer in this cursed house.

Manon sighs at having to give up all this splendour, all these treasures. Must they go?

With intense bitterness, Des Grieux says she shows her frivolous mind. Always the same, she abandons herself divinely to passion and tenderness; then suddenly is conquered by the glitter of gold. He, her slave and victim, is descending the ladder of infamy going deeper and deeper into the mire. A vile gambler, he comes back to her covered with shame. What is to become of him in the dark future?

Manon lovingly approaches and takes his hand; and begs

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him to forgive her again for this once. She will be good and faithful: she swears it.

Lescaut enters out of breath and greatly excited. Geronte has denounced them: the penalty is exile. They must fly: the archers are at hand. Lescaut heard the news at the barracks. In an agitated trio Lescaut urges haste, Des Grieux curses Geronte, and Manon delays to collect her jewels and trinkets. They hear the officers approaching and try to escape through the alcove, but are intercepted by a sergeant and two archers. At the same moment, the other doors are burst open and Geronte appears with other soldiers.

Manon raises her arms in terror as the sergeant orders nobody to move, and drops her jewels. She is arrested at a sign from Geronte and dragged off. Des Grieux draws his sword, but is disarmed by Lescaut, who asks him who will save Manon if he gets himself arrested. He tries to run after her calling: "Oh, Manon! Oh, my Manon!" but Lescaut forcibly holds him back.

The orchestral interlude, or intermezzo, played here consists of two themes: the first descriptive of Manon's imprisonment; and the second the journey to Havre. Upon the score the composer has added these words of Des Grieux:

"How I love her! My passion is so ardent that I am the most unhappy creature alive. What have I not tried in Paris to obtain her liberty. I have implored the aid of those in power; I have knocked at every door; I have even resorted to force: All has been in vain. Only one thing is left for me to do,—to follow her—wherever she may go—even unto the end of the world!"

The scene is a square in Havre near the harbour with the sea in the background. On the left is a barracks, on the ground floor of the front is a heavily barred window. On the side facing the square is the closed gateway with a

sentinel on guard. Half of a man-of-war is visible in the harbour. On the right is a house, beyond which is an alley with a dimly burning oil-lamp on the corner. It is the hour before dawn.

Des Grieux and Lescaut appear opposite the barracks, the latter telling the former to be patient, for the archer he has bribed will soon relieve the one now on guard.

Pointing to the barred window, Des Grieux says his entire life and soul are there. Lescaut assures him that Manon already knows of the plan, and awaits his signal to appear. With the aid of some friends he will try to free her: she will be at liberty by dawn.

Lescaut goes back cautiously to investigate, and returns to say they are coming. A sergeant comes out with a picket, and relieves the guard, and returns with his men.

"Now's the time!" says Lescaut. He signals to the sentinel, who retires, and then approaches and taps on the bars. The window is opened, and Manon appears to her lover's anxious eyes. He runs and kisses the hands she holds out to him. Lescaut looks at her and mutters: "Manon is my prop! Let her go! To the Devil with America! The New World shall not have Manon!" He strolls off to the left.

As the lovers are exchanging endearments, they are alarmed by a lamplighter, who enters singing, crosses the square and puts out the lamp. It is daybreak. A patrol also passes and goes down the alley.

Des Grieux encourages Manon, Lescaut with devoted followers is waiting at her threshold, and will save her.

Immediately after she has gone, there is the sound of a shot and the cry, "To arms!" Following this, Lescaut comes running in, saying the game is lost, Des Grieux must save himself. He draws his sword and is unwilling to fly, but Manon appears at the window begging him to go, and Lescaut drags him off. The alarm has attracted the populace, who come in in general confusion asking

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one another what the trouble is. It is now broad daylight.

A drum-roll is heard, the barracks gate opens and soldiers appear with women in chains between their ranks. The sergeant advances and orders the crowd to open a way.

The captain of the warship lands with a company of marines, leaving others drawn up on the deck. He says the ship is ready; he wants the roll called quickly.

The sergeant calls the names of the women, who cross over and take their places, as their names are called, amid the sarcastic comments, facetious remarks, coarse admiration and insults of the on-lookers. Some of the women brazen it out, others look defiant, while others are ashamed, coquettish, timid, or unconcerned.

Des Grieux manages to get close to Manon and clasps her hand. He will not leave her when the sergeant tells her to march; and the mob whose sympathy Lescaut has aroused is taking his part when Des Grieux appeals to the captain to take him with him in any capacity, and he good-naturedly consents. Manon holds out her arms and her lover rushes into them, while Lescaut watches them, shakes his head and departs.

The Fourth Act is only a long duet. The curtain rises on a broad plain in the neighbourhood of New Orleans. The ground is bare and undulating. The sky is overcast to the distant horizon; night is falling.

Des Grieux and Manon approach slowly from the back; they are miserably clad, and look greatly fatigued. Manon, pale and emaciated, leans on Des Grieux, who can hardly support her. He is begging her to lean her whole weight on him. She replies by encouraging him to keep on, but suddenly falls down in complete exhaustion. She is only a woman: she can go no farther! She suffers horribly, she confesses; but immediately retracts her words to comfort her lover. Then she faints.

MANON

He calls on her in his agony of apprehension. He feels her brow and finds it is burning with fever. She suddenly rouses, and looks at him without recognition, and sings tenderly of his care and love. He runs about in vain search for water. Manon encourages him to go and get some. He hesitates awhile, and then gently lays her down against a hillock. After a long struggle between his conflicting feelings he slowly goes off. At some distance he again halts and looks back at Manon hesitatingly, then suddenly making up his mind he starts running.

The horizon darkens, and Manon is consumed with anxiety. In her weakness and terror she soliloquizes that she is alone, lost and abandoned. All is finished! She is dying in the depths of the wilderness that she thought would prove to be a land of peace. All her terrible past rises before her. She calls on the tomb as her sole remaining asylum of peace, and then cries: "No! I don't want to die! Help me, my love!"

Des Grieux enters precipitately; and Manon falls into his arms, telling him to embrace her for the last time. Then she forces a smile, and tries to look hopeful; asking if he brings any good news. He sadly confesses that he has discovered nothing to give them any hope or comfort.

Manon gradually grows weaker and at last dies in her lover's arms, protesting her undying love. Her last words are: "Forgetfulness will smooth over my sins, but my love will not die."

Des Grieux falls senseless over her body.

Thaïs

Paris, 1894

"This brilliant score of *Thaïs* is truly a charming work, and above all the second Act is exquisite. It is full of grace and inspiration and at the same time it is full of warmth and learning."—ARTHUR POUGIN.



HE curtain rises on a little cenobite settlement on the bank of the Nile in the Thebaid. Twelve cenobites are seated around a large rustic table at their evening meal. In the middle, Palemon (bass) presides at the frugal and peaceful repast. Athanaël's place is vacant. Palemon rises and asks a blessing on the food—bread, salt, hyssop, honey and water. The twelve cenobites supplement Palemon's words by muttering: "Turn aside from us the black demons of the abyss!" and one cries: "Lord, extend to our brother Athanaël the strength of Thine arm!" He has been absent a long time, and they wonder when he will return. Palemon says the hour is near, for, last night in a dream he saw him hastening back. Athanaël reveals himself in dreams, they agree, he is one of God's elect!

At that moment Athanaël (baritone) is seen slowly approaching, bowed with grief and weariness. At his salutation, "Peace be with you!" they welcome him; and press him to sit down and rest, and eat and drink. He sits down, but gently pushes away the food. His heart is full of bitterness. He returns in sorrow and affliction. The city is given up to sin! A woman, Thaïs, fills it with her scandals! Hell dominates the men through her!

"Who is this Thaïs?" they ask with simple curiosity.

She is an infamous priestess of the worship of Venus. As a youth, before Athanaël had found grace, he knew her. One day, to his shame, he confesses, he stopped before her cursed threshold, but God preserved him; and he found peace here in the desert, cursing the sin he might have com-

mitted. His soul is troubled. The evil wrought by Thaïs causes him bitter pain; and he wants to win that soul over to the Lord!

Palemon advises him not to meddle with the people of the world; but listen to the voice of Wisdom which tells us to beware of the snares of the Spirit. "Night is falling; let us pray and sleep!" he concludes.

Strangely awed, the monks devoutly chorus: "Put aside from our path the black demons of the abyss. Lord, bless the bread and water, and the fruits of our gardens. Give us dreamless sleep and undisturbed repose!" They enter their cabins.

The whole of the above scene is musically treated with great restraint, and subdued orchestral colouring. It develops almost exclusively on the persistent design of a little mystic passage, broken only by Athanaël's *cantabile*.

In the darkness, Athanaël is lying on a mat in front of his door, with his head on a little wooden rest, and his hands clasped. The whole world seems to be in blissful repose. Athanaël has a vision which is also made visible to us. The interior of the theatre of Alexandria appears as in a mist. The stone tiers of seats are occupied by a vast audience. On the stage, Thaïs, half nude, but with veiled face, is posturing the famous "Loves of Aphrodite." Faint in the distance, we hear enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Cries of "Thaïs!" can be distinguished. The acclamation increases as the dance proceeds and the pantomime is developed to its climax. The vision disappears. The harmonies heard in the vision are floating and voluptuous, and maintain all the vagueness of a dream.

The dawn is breaking. Athanaël awakes, and starts up. "Shame!" he cries. "Horror! Eternal darkness! Lord! Lord, help me!" and he casts himself on the ground again. "Then who puttest pity into our hearts, (a beautiful melodic passage) O good Lord, praise to Thee!" Then he rises with enthusiasm. He comprehends the meaning of

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the shadows, and he will depart, because he wants to deliver that woman from the bonds of the flesh. In the blue heavens, he sees the grieving angels leaning over her. Is she not the breath of the lips of the Almighty! The more culpable she is, the more Athanaël ought to pity her! He will save her; and prays the Lord to give her to him that he may give her back to God for life everlasting.

Athanaël calls to his brethren, who issue from their cabins and surround him. He tells them that his mission has been revealed. He must return to the accursed city. God forbids that Thais shall plunge deeper into the gulf of wickedness; and Athanaël has been chosen to drag her out of it!

He bows before Palemon who, after sadly repeating the words of wisdom not to meddle with the affairs of the world, consents to his departure. The cenobites kneel in groups, and respond antiphonally to Athanaël whose voice gradually dies away in the desert, singing: "Spirit of light and grace, arm my soul for the fight; and make me as strong as the Archangel against the snares of the Devil." The music here is beautifully impressive.

The little orchestral prelude heard as the curtain rises on the second tableau, with the strident cry of the brass that breaks into the tender charm of the violins, is the symphonic commentary on the panorama of Alexandria seen from a terrace of the palace of Nicias. The terrace is shaded with tall trees. On the right, are great hangings over the entrance to the banqueting-hall.

As Athanaël slowly advances from the back, he is stopped by a servant who tells him to go his way;—his master does not receive such beggarly dogs. Athanaël's dignified insistence on being announced, however, has its effect; and finally the servant does his bidding.

In his absence, Athanaël gazes at the city. There is breadth in the anathema he launches against this terrible city of Alexandria, where he was cradled in sin, and whose brilliant air was heavy with the perfume of vice. He hates

it for its luxury, science and beauty; and curses it as a temple possessed by unclean spirits; and calls on the angels of God to purify the infected air with the beating of their wings.

Laughing female voices are heard approaching, and Nicias (tenor) appears leaning on the shoulders of two beautiful laughing slaves, Crobyle and Myrtale. Instantly recognizing Athanaël, he leaves them, and hastens to welcome and embrace his old friend, who, he hopes, has quitted the desert. Only for a day! Then what does he want! Certainly, he knows Thaïs! In fact, she is his for one day more. For her, he has sold his last land and his last mill, and composed three books of elegies. But it all counts for naught: his trouble is all wasted. Her love is as light and fleeting as a dream. What does Athanaël want with her? To lead her to God, indeed! He had better beware of offending Venus, whose priestess she is!

Athanaël says that he is going to take her away to-day to a convent, and make her the bride of Christ. So Nicias good-naturedly humours him. She is coming to sup with him to-night after the theatre, in merry company for the last time. Athanaël requests a rich robe of Asia, so as to figure with dignity in the company. Nicias obligingly orders his favourites to adorn the anchorite at once.

The quartet in which the girls obey is charming with its laughing orchestra, and amusing with their saucy remarks, Athanaël's shocked protests, and the pleasantries of the host. Servants bring in a chest containing all the necessities, including a silver mirror in which they make him look at himself. They anoint and perfume his head and beard, and find him young and handsome. His beard is rather rough, but his eyes are full of fire. They put bracelets on his arms and rings on his fingers. Then they want to make the scandalized saint take off his black hair-cloth shirt, but have to be content with covering it with a splendid embroidered robe. Nicias tells him not to take offense at their

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raillery, nor lower his eyes before theirs, but admire them rather. They say he is as handsome as a young God! If Daphne even saw him, her savage divinity would grow tender! Then they perfume his cheeks, and put gold sandals on his feet.

Great and prolonged acclamations in the distance draw Nicias to the terrace wall. After glancing towards the city, he returns to Athanaël, and tells him to take good care of himself, for here comes his terrible enemy!

Quickly appears a throng of actors and actresses mingled with philosophers, friends of Nicias, followed at a short distance by Thaïs (soprano), in whose honour they cry: "Thaïs! Sister of the Karites! Rose of Alexandria! Thaïs! Lovely mute! So universally desired! Thaïs! Thaïs! Thaïs!"

Nicias tenderly greets her; and then turns and welcomes his friends, passing them into the banqueting-hall. He detains Thaïs, and sits down. She stands before him, and answers his amorous but sad gaze with a smile of bitter irony. The ensuing duet is of a very original cast, the music being written with rare sympathy.

Thaïs begins: "It is Thaïs, the fragile idol that comes to the flower-decked table for the last time. We have loved one another for one long week!"

That is certainly great constancy, Nicias admits, and he does not complain. For this evening, they will be gay, speed the flying hours, and demand nothing more than a little mad intoxication and divine forgetfulness. To-morrow, they will be to each other nothing more than a name!

A few of the philosophers (with Athanaël) come out in grave discussion. Athanaël leaves them and stands looking at Thaïs with an expression of severity. She asks Nicias who that savage stranger is. He explains, and adds: "Take care! He is here for you!" "What does he bring? Love?" she asks mockingly. No! his heart is inaccessible

to human weakness: he wants to convert her! "What does he teach?" she asks.

Athanaël advances and says: "The contempt of the flesh; the love of suffering; austere penitence!" Thaïs says, after a pause: "Go your way! I believe only in love; and nothing else shall have power over me!" "Do not blaspheme!" he cries angrily, as all gather around.

Thaïs gently approaches him with a malicious smile, and asks him why he is so severe, and why do his words belie the flame in his eyes. A man made to love! What a mistake he is making! He has not tasted the cup of life! She seductively invites him to sit down, and crown himself with roses. Nothing is real but love! They all second her invitation.

Athanaël spurns the suggestion. He abominates her ways. Here he will not speak; but will seek her in her palace, bring salvation, and triumph over Hell!

Thaïs cries: "Dare to come, you who brave Venus!" and prepares to repeat the scene in the vision of the Loves of Aphrodite, repeating her challenge to come; but, with a horrified gesture, he takes to flight, amid the mockery of the company.

The music in this finale is full of reminiscences of Athanaël's vision.

A somewhat developed symphony depicting the Loves of Aphrodite forms the connecting link between the first and the second Act. Thaïs returns home escorted by a small party of actors and actresses. She soon dismisses them with a weary gesture.

Thaïs bitterly soliloquizes: "At last I am alone! All these men mean only indifference and brutality. The women are bad, and the hours heavy. My heart is heavy. Where can I find rest? How shall I ensure happiness?"

She then takes her mirror and sings a lovely air: *Dis-moi que je suis belle*, as she contemplates her own beauty.

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"O my faithful mirror, reassure me: tell me that I am beautiful, and shall be so eternally; that nothing will wither the roses of my lips, nor tarnish the pure gold of my hair! Silence! pitiless voice, that sayest, 'Thaïs, thou shalt grow old!' No! I will not believe it! Venus! answer for my beauty; answer for its everlastingness! Venus! present and invisible, enchantment of the darkness, answer me! Tell me that I shall be ever beautiful!"

Athanaël has entered, and halted at the threshold. On seeing him, she greets him with charm. He murmurs a prayer that the Lord will veil her radiant face from him and prevent the power of her charms from triumphing over his will. When she invites him to speak, he says that it is said that no woman can match her; and that is why he wanted to see her; and, having seen her, that is why he understood what glory it would be for him to conquer her. She smilingly replies that his homage is great; but greater is his pride. Let him take care lest he fall in love with her! Warmly he answers that he loves her, and loves to tell it, but not as she understands it. He loves her in spirit and in truth; and promises more than the false delights of a brief night. The felicity he brings will never end!

Thaïs laughs ironically. She would like to see this marvellous love! Kisses are the only language of a real love! Athanaël reproves her levity. The love he teaches is a love unknown to her! She says he comes too late; she knows them all.

"The love you know engenders only shame," he cries; and when she haughtily resents his words, he only grows more inspired and earnest in his efforts to lead her to eternal life. Finally she says, "Well, then, teach me this mysterious life! I obey! I am thine!"

Thaïs turns to the image of Venus, takes a golden spatula, and casts a few grains into an incense-burner.

Athanaël feverishly mutters aside that his mind is troubled

with dreadful tumult, and prays that her radiant face may be veiled from him.

A light cloud envelops both Thaïs and the goddess; and, while Athanaël anxiously watches her, she smilingly, and as though instinctively, murmurs a kind of mysterious incantation: "Venus, enchantment of the darkness! Venus splendour of the sky, and whiteness of the snow! Venus, descend and reign! Splendour! Delight! Softness!"

"Pity, Lord!" cries Athanaël, "let not the power of her charms triumph over my will!" Then, suddenly recovering himself, he rends the borrowed robe that covers his hair-cloth, and cries: "I am Athanaël; monk of Antinoë! I come from the holy desert, and I curse flesh and the death that has you in keeping. I stand before you as before a tomb and say unto you, 'Thaïs, arise!'"

Thaïs casts herself at his feet in terror; and begs him to have pity, and be silent. What does he want? Her fate was not hers to choose, any more than her nature was! It is not her fault if she is beautiful! "Pity! Do not make me die! Oh! I have such a terror of death!"

Athanaël reassures her. He has already told her she shall live the life eternal. She shall be forever the beloved and the bride of the Christ whose enemy she has been!

Thaïs already feels a ravishing calm and freshness in her soul. What wonderful power Athanaël exerts!

The voice of Nicias gradually approaching is heard singing: "Thaïs, fragile idol, I desire the love of thy flower-like lips for the last time!"

She listens with a feeling of repulsion; and murmurs to herself: "Nicias! again! My soul is no longer my own!" Then she adds with anger and disdain: "Love me! He never loved anybody, nor anything but love!"

The voice sounds nearer: "To-morrow, I shall be to thee nothing but a name!"

"Do you hear?" cries Athanaël.

Thaïs replies with energy: "Well, then, go! Tell him

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that I abominate all those who are rich and happy. Understand that he must forget me! Tell him that I hate him!"

Athanaël says he will wait for her till dawn on her threshold.

She resolutely answers: "No! I remain Thaïs; Thaïs the courtesan! I no longer believe in anything, nor desire anything. Not him, nor you, nor your God!"

She bursts out in a fit of laughter, followed by tears and sobs.

The interval between this and the following tableau is filled with a lovely symphony, a religious Meditation, played by the violins, supported by harps. It is a melodic gem.

We see the square in front of the house of Thaïs before dawn. Under the portico in the foreground is a small statue of Eros on a stela, with a lamp burning before it. The moonlight flooding the square reveals Athanaël lying on the pavement at the bottom of the portico steps. On the right, at the back, is a house in which Nicias and his friends are revelling. Its windows are illuminated, and the subdued sound of the music within mingles with that of the orchestra, and underlines the dialogue that follows.

Thaïs appears: she takes the lamp and raises it above her head to examine her surroundings as she descends the steps. Seeing Athanaël, she replaces the lamp and returns to him. She bends over him and says in low mysterious tones: "God has spoken to me by your voice! I am here!"

He starts up, saying: "Thaïs, God expected you!"

She tells him she has wept and prayed: she has seen a great light. Having seen the nothingness of all pleasure, she has come as he commanded. What must she do?

He tells her that towards the west, not far away, there is a convent where elect women live like angels in perfect seclusion, poor that Jesus may love them, modest that He may regard them, and chaste that He may espouse them.

He will conduct her thither; and consecrate her to their pious mother, Albine.

Thaïs has heard of her,—a daughter of the Cæsars. She is anxious to set out.

But first, Athanaël authoritatively and violently demands that all that represents the impure Thaïs shall be annihilated—her palace, riches, and all that proclaims her shame: everything must be burned and destroyed!

Thaïs resignedly consents. As she is entering the house, she halts with a smile before the little image of Eros, and says she wants to retain nothing of her past but this. She carries it to Athanaël and explains that this ivory image, of antique and marvellous workmanship, is Eros,—Love! “Consider, father, we can not treat him cruelly! Love is a rare virtue.” (*“L’amour est une vertu rare”*)—one of the most beautiful melodies in the whole opera. She has sinned not for but rather against Love. She does not weep for having served him as a master, but for having transgressed his will! He forbids a woman to yield to one who does not come in his name, and he should be honoured for this law. In all simplicity, she asks Athanaël to take him and place him in some convent, so that those who shall see him may turn to God; for love raises us to celestial thoughts! When Nicias loved her, he gave her the image.

Athanaël explodes with rage: “Nicias! cursed be the poisoned source whence the gift came!” He smashes it on the pavement, and kicks away the fragments. Everything must be given to the flames, and reduced to dust and everlasting oblivion!

With bowed head, Thaïs complies; and invites him to accompany her.

When they have gone in, Nicias and his friends come out,—a joyous throng. Nicias is slightly intoxicated. He cries: “Follow me, all of you! The night is not ended. The luck of the game has repaid me thirty times what I spent for the beauty of Thaïs. Let us have some more en-

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joyment!" They all rapturously approve. Then he tells his slaves to bring the dancers of Asia, the Psylles and buffoons; and have song, dance and games till the dawn. His male and female friends exclaim: "Let us light the torches, and put the sun to shame!"

Nicias orders: "Lay down thick rugs! Come here, Crobyle and Myrtale! Nothing is true but life; nothing is wise but madness!"

"The Charmer" arrives. Nicias calls her "the incomparable," and orders Crobyle and Myrtale to take their lyre and cythera, and sing the Canticle of Beauty. They sing and play while "The Charmer" performs a slow posture dance, contributing vocal phrases of her own.

At the close of the ballet, Athanaël appears on the portico with a lighted torch in his hand. He is saluted with delighted cries of "Hail! sage of sages! So Thaïs has disarmed your reason! Ha, ha! Look at his radiant face! Ha, ha!"

Athanaël throws away the torch, and tells them to be silent; Thaïs is the bride of the Lord,—she belongs to them no longer. The Infernal Thaïs is dead forever, and the new Thaïs is here!

Thaïs appears with her hair hanging down, and wearing a linen tunic. She is followed by her saddened slaves, looking back at the house whence light clouds of smoke float, soon followed by flames.

Attracted by the shouts and laughter, the square gradually fills with spectators.

Athanaël calls Thaïs to fly forever from the city; but Nicias and his friends strongly object and try to detain her, telling the monk to go back to his desert. They curse him, and he is hurt by a stone thrown at him. They want to kill him when they see the palace is on fire.

Athanaël and Thaïs calmly face the mob, and are willing to buy eternal bliss in a moment at the price of their blood. Nicias, however, generously intervenes, and scat-

ters gold among the populace, saying to the pair, "Go! Adieu, Thaïs! In vain you will forget me, your memory will be the perfume of my soul! Adieu, forever!"

They echo his farewell, and escape during the confusion as the palace falls in.

The first tableau of Act III. represents an oasis in the desert with a well shaded by palms. A short distance away is a shelter under the trees for travellers. Still farther away on the edge of the sand, flooded with sunlight, are the white cells of Albine's retreat. The sun is high in the heavens. Under the palms, women pass in silence one by one down to the well, return and disappear.

Athanaël and Thaïs approach. Thaïs can hardly stand from fatigue; and complains that the torrid sun crushes her like a heavy burden; she wants to halt. Athanaël roughly urges her on; she must break her body and annihilate her flesh! She humbly obeys; and offers her torture as a sacrifice to the Redeemer. Athanaël's brutality continues. "Repentance alone purifies us. Forward! That perfect body that you yielded to pagans and infidels was nevertheless created by God to become his tabernacle. And now that you know the truth, you can not let your lips meet, nor join your hands, without conceiving a disgust for yourself. March! Expiate!"

Thaïs tries to obey, but totters, and would fall if Athanaël did not catch her and seat her in the shade. He watches her in silence, and suddenly his expression softens as he sees her white feet bleeding. He compassionates the poor woman whom he has put to too rude a test. He kneels down and weeps and kisses her feet, calling her his sister, his saintly Thaïs.

His words have the sweetness of the dawn for her. She wants to proceed; but he will not allow it till she has been refreshed with some water and fruit. They have almost arrived!

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He goes to the hospitable shelter, gets a basket of fruit and a wooden cup, and goes to the well. Thaïs meanwhile blesses the messenger of God who has opened the gates of heaven to her, and brought joy and peace to her soul.

Athanaël returns with the water and fruit, and induces her to eat and drink. Her life belongs to him: God has confided it to his care! Thaïs echoes his words, and both are filled with divine ecstasy.

Distant voices are heard intoning the Paternoster. They are the venerable Albine and her sisters bringing the black convent bread, praying as they come.

Athanaël tells the saintly Superior that he has brought to her holy hive a bee that by the grace of God he found one day lost in a flowerless field. He caught the frail creature in the hollow of his hand, revived it with his breath, and now gives it to her to be consecrated to God. He will go no farther!

Albine accepts the charge, and invites Thaïs to accompany her.

Athanaël's work is accomplished: he bids Thaïs to remain a recluse in her narrow cell, be penitent, and pray for him every hour.

Thaïs kisses his helping hand, and grieves to leave him who has given her to God! He is greatly moved by her words and her beauty. When she says: "Farewell forever!" he starts, and repeats, "Forever?" She says they will meet again in the Celestial City. The nuns chorus: "Amen!" and all depart.

Left alone, Athanaël cries: "The days and years will pass and I shall never see her again!" "Never again!" he repeats in anguish. The curtain falls.

The cenobite settlement appears again. The western sky is red, and there is a menace of tempest in the air. The cenobites have just finished their evening meal, and are alarmed at the atmospheric conditions. How lowering the

sky is! How torpid everything seems! The distant cry of the jackal is heard. The wind is about to unleash its howling pack of thunder and lightning!

Palemon orders his followers to carry indoors the grain and fruit; they must expect a night of storm that might disperse their provisions!

One asks who has seen Athanaël. Palemon says that during the twenty days since he returned he believes he has taken neither food nor drink. The triumph he gained over Hell seems to have left him broken in body and spirit.

Athanaël appears with bent form, fixed gaze and wild air. He passes through as if he did not see them. They say his thoughts are with God, respect his silence, and leave him alone with Palemon.

Humbly then he begs to be allowed to confess what troubles his soul. Palemon knows how he conquered the soul of her who was the impure Thaïs; that conquest was succeeded by a proud joy, and he returned to this peaceful desert. But peace is dead in his soul. In vain he has scourged his flesh; he is possessed with a devil! The beauty of the woman haunts his visions. He sees only Thaïs, Thaïs, Thaïs! Or rather, it is not Thaïs; it is Helen and Phryne, it is Venus Astarte, every loveliness and every light combined in a single human being. He sees nothing but Thaïs!

Overwhelmed with shame, he falls at the feet of Palemon, who says: "Did I not tell you not to meddle with the people of this world, but fear the snares of the spirit? Oh, why did you leave us? May God aid you! Farewell!"

As Athanaël rises, Palemon embraces him, and goes away. Athanaël kneels on his mat and raises his hands in mute and fervent prayer, and then lies down to sleep.

In a vision, Thaïs stands beside him in all her seductive beauty and provoking charms. She asks him what makes him so severe and why does he belie the flame in his eyes. ("Thaïs!" he cries in smothered tones.) What silly

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nonsense makes him miss his destiny? A man made to love, what a mistake he is making!

"Ah! Satan! Avaunt! my flesh burns!" he cries, starting up in his sleep.

Thaïs continues provokingly: "Dare to come, you who brave Venus!" and then breaks into strident laughter.

Athanaël cries, despairingly: "I am dying! Thaïs! Come, come! Thaïs!"

The vision suddenly disappears.

The fragments of the conversation between them at their first meeting are quoted in the orchestra with great effect.

Athanaël utters a cry of terror and agony as another vision appears of Albine's convent; and voices are heard singing: "A saint is about to quit the earth. Thaïs of Alexandria is dying. Thaïs is dying!" The vision fades away.

Athanaël wildly exclaims: "Dying, Thaïs dying!" Then he adds furiously: "Then why is Heaven? What is the use of creation, light, the universe? Thaïs dying! Oh, to see her once more, to hold her, to keep her! I want her! I want her! I am going to get her back! Be mine, mine, mine!"

He rushes out and disappears in the darkness, while thunder and lightning come nearer and nearer.

The music continues while the scene changes.

In the convent garden, Thaïs is lying, still as death, in the shade of a large fig-tree, surrounded by Albine and her companions, who are singing: "Lord, have pity on me according to Thy loving kindness! Blot out mine iniquities according to Thy tender mercy."

Albine murmurs that God calls Thaïs and that this evening the winding-sheet will cover that pure countenance. For three weeks she has wept and prayed and kept vigil. Her body is wasted with her penitences, but her sins are effaced!

Athanaël appears at the garden entrance, pale and

troubled. Seeing Albine, he masters his emotion, and humbly halts. She advances and respectfully greets him. The nuns gather around Thaïs and hide her from Athanaël's sight.

Albine says that he has doubtless come to give his last blessing to the saint he gave them. He assents.

The nuns stand aside and join Albine at some little distance.

Seeing Thaïs, Athanaël approaches her on his knees with outstretched arms, crying, "Thaïs!" in broken accents.

She opens her eyes, and gently looks at him. Does her father remember the sunlit journey when he brought her here? He remembers only her earthly beauty! Does he remember the calm hour in the freshness of the oasis? He remembers only that burning thirst which she will quench! Does he remember his holy words on that day, when, through him, she learned the only real love? When he spoke those words he lied! And now the dawn is here; the roseate hues of the morning everlasting are here! "No!" he protests, "Heaven . . . nothing exists! Nothing is true but life and human love. I love you!"

"Heaven is opening!" she continues. "There are the angels, and prophets and saints! They are coming with smiles; their hands are full of flowers!"

"Listen to me, my beloved!" he cries; but she stands up and exclaims: "Two seraphim with white wings are hovering in the blue; and, as you said, the Sweet Consoler, placing His fingers of light on my eyelids, wipes away my tears forever!"

"Come, you belong to me! Oh, my Thaïs! I love you! Come, Thaïs! Say 'I will live!' Oh, Thaïs! You belong to me! Thaïs! Thaïs!"

Deaf to the world, she continues: "The sound of the harps of gold enchants me! Sweet perfumes penetrate my being! I feel an exquisite beatitude lulling all my pains and cares to sleep. Ah, Heaven! I see, God!"

"Dead! Have pity!" is Athanaël's heart-rending cry.

La Bohème

Turin, 1896

"La Vie de Bohème is a pleasing work, tender and delicate, and has the merit of bringing before us persons who live and act instead of tiresomely prating, persons whose actions and feelings are easily understood, persons who sometimes make us laugh and sometimes make us cry, and who express themselves musically in a clear intelligible language without giving the listener enigmas that he cannot understand."—ARTHUR POUGIN.



N this work the music is almost continuous and there are no formal numbers. The orchestra annotates the drama throughout; but particularly striking is the orchestration in the duet between Rudolph and Mimi in Act I. The use of the xylophone and muted trumpets in Act II. should also be noticed. Puccini has made some fine effects by dividing the 'cellos into three.

The curtain rises on an attic room in Paris about 1830. Through the large window there is a view of snow-covered roofs. There is a door in the middle and another on the left, and on the left, a fireless stove. A table, small cupboard, bookcase, a bed, an easel, four chairs, two candlesticks, a few books and many packs of cards complete the furniture. Rudolph (tenor) is looking out of the window, and Marcel (baritone) is seated before his easel painting "The Passage of the Red Sea." Every now and then he stops work to blow upon his frost-nipped hands.

Marcel complains that the Red Sea seems very cold, and, getting up to survey the picture, says he will drown Pharaoh in revenge. "What are you doing?" he asks Rudolph.

Rudolph replies that he is watching the smoke from a thousand chimneys, and then, pointing to the cold stove, says his thoughts return to that old lazy stove that is idle.

Marcel will confide a secret to Rudolph,—he is frost-

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bitten; and, in exchange, Rudolph confesses he has "lost belief in the sweat of his brow." Marcel says his fingers are as cold as the well of ice that now replaces Musetta's heart; and with a sigh he lays palette and brushes aside. They talk of the troubles of love and then of their cold and hunger. Marcel knows how to remedy the first and is about to convert a chair into fire-wood, when Rudolph cries, "Eureka! Genius shall flash into flame!" "What, the Red Sea?" says Marcel, pointing to his picture. "No," replies Rudolph, "that would make too bad a smell. My drama's glow shall warm us." Taking a voluminous manuscript from the table, he gives the first Act to Marcel, bidding him tear it and throw it in the stove. Rudolph strikes a flint on steel, lights a candle and they set fire to the paper. Drawing up their chairs, they enjoy the warm blaze.

The door at the back opens suddenly and Colline, a philosopher (bass), enters, stamping his feet with the cold. He throws on the table a package of books tied up in a handkerchief, exclaiming that he has found that no pawn-ing is allowed on Christmas Eve. "What! a fire!" "Yes, my drama!" Rudolph explains. "It is very brilliant," is Colline's comment; and as the fire diminishes, adds, "too short its phrases." "The *entr'actes* are too long." So Rudolph gets the second and third Acts; and to laughter and jokes the cherished drama is soon consumed. "Down with the author!" cry Marcel and Colline.

At this moment two boys enter with provisions and fuel. With cries of delight, Marcel and Rudolph seize the food and place it on the table. Colline carries the wood to the stove. "Fuel! Wine! Cigars! Oh, what a feast!" they exclaim as the boys leave, and Schaunard, a musician (baritone), enters, triumphantly throwing some coins in the air. "Wealth in the balance!" Colline, Marcel and Rudolph pick them up. They are not tin medals; they bear the portrait of King Louis Philippe! While the others replenish

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the stove and set the table, Schaunard tries to tell the story of his good luck, interrupted by the others exclaiming, "Here's cold roast beef!" "What a fine pie!" "Here are the candles!" An English mi-lord wanted a musician and Schaunard was accepted. He was told to play till the parrot in the room was dead! Well, he choked Lorito with a piece of parsley, and "Like Socrates, he is dead." "Who?" asks Colline, as he passes by with a plate. "The devil fly away with you all! What are you doing?" cries Schanunard, now perceiving his feasting companions. "These dainties are for to-morrow," he explains, and clears the table. "The idea of dining at home when the Quartier Latin is filled with the tempting odours of fine food and merry maidens are joyously singing there!"

Rudolph locks the door and all go to the table and pour out wine. "It is the happy Christmas Eve. Yes, we will drink within doors, but will dine outside!" They are interrupted by a knock at the door. It is Benoît, the landlord (bass), who enters, smilingly, for his rent. He is greeted with exaggerated politeness; but the Bohemians make him drink, and Marcel pretends that he saw him flirting at Mabilie. Benoît confesses it was true. Marcel bangs his fist on the table and the others follow his example. "For shame, and he with a wife!" They surround Benoît and push him to the door, wishing him a pleasant Christmas Eve.

"Now," says Marcel, locking the door, "I have paid the last quarter!"

They divide the money and prepare to go to the Latin Quarter. "Bear," says Marcel, holding a cracked mirror before Colline, "now that you are rich, go and have your mane attended to." Rudolph must stay and finish an article for *Il Castoro*. The others will wait five minutes at the porter's lodge. Rudolph lights the way and the others curse the darkness and Colline is heard falling down the stairs.

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Rudolph shuts the door, clears a place at the table, puts out one candle and begins to write. A timid knock is heard. "Who is there?" he calls. From without the voice of Mimi (soprano) is heard, begging pardon. "A lady!" exclaims Rudolph. "Excuse me, but my candle has gone out." Rudolph runs to open the door and sees Mimi with an extinguished candle and a key. She accepts his invitation to enter, and is seized with a fit of coughing. She faints, and her candlestick and key fall from her hand. Rudolph sprinkles her face with water and gives her some wine; and now that she is feeling better she wishes to go. Rudolph lights her candle and accompanies her to the door.

Mimi returns, however, for she has stupidly forgotten the key. The wind blows out the flame of her candle, and, as Rudolph brings his to light it, his light is also extinguished. The room is now dark; but, groping about, Mimi reaches the table and sets down her candlestick. Rudolph fastens the door. Mimi is apologetic; and Rudolph searches for the key on his hands and knees. When he finds it, he exclaims, but checks himself and puts it in his pocket; now he pretends to search for it, and, guided by Mimi's voice, approaches her and clasps her hand. Holding it in his with emotion, he notes in a melodious number, (*Che gelida manina*), how frozen are her fingers; he will warm them into life; it is useless to hunt for the key in such darkness. Shall he tell her who he is, what he does, how he lives?

Mimi's silence gives assent and Rudolph sings *Chi son! Sono un poeta*.

He is a poet; though he lives in poverty, he is a millionaire in soul; he has castles in the air, dreams and fancies; but now indeed these have gone because Mimi has replaced all his dreaming. Now, will she speak and reveal who she is?

"Sì. Mi chiamano Mimi," she answers. "Yes, I am

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called Mimi, but my real name is Lucia. My story is a short one. I embroider on cloth or silk at home or out, and I am both quiet and happy; the rose and the lily divert me; they speak of springtime, of love, of noble dreams and all the charms of poetry. Do you understand?" "Yes! Yes!" answers Rudolph.

"I know not why I am called Mimi. I have lonely meals that I myself prepare; I often pray to Heaven, though I seldom go to Mass; my white-walled chamber looks over the housetops; and I have a rose in a pot that greets the morning sun. Leaf by leaf I tend it and it is sweetly fragrant. Alas! the flowers I make lack this charm. Now I have confessed all, except that I am a troublesome neighbour who comes to worry you!"

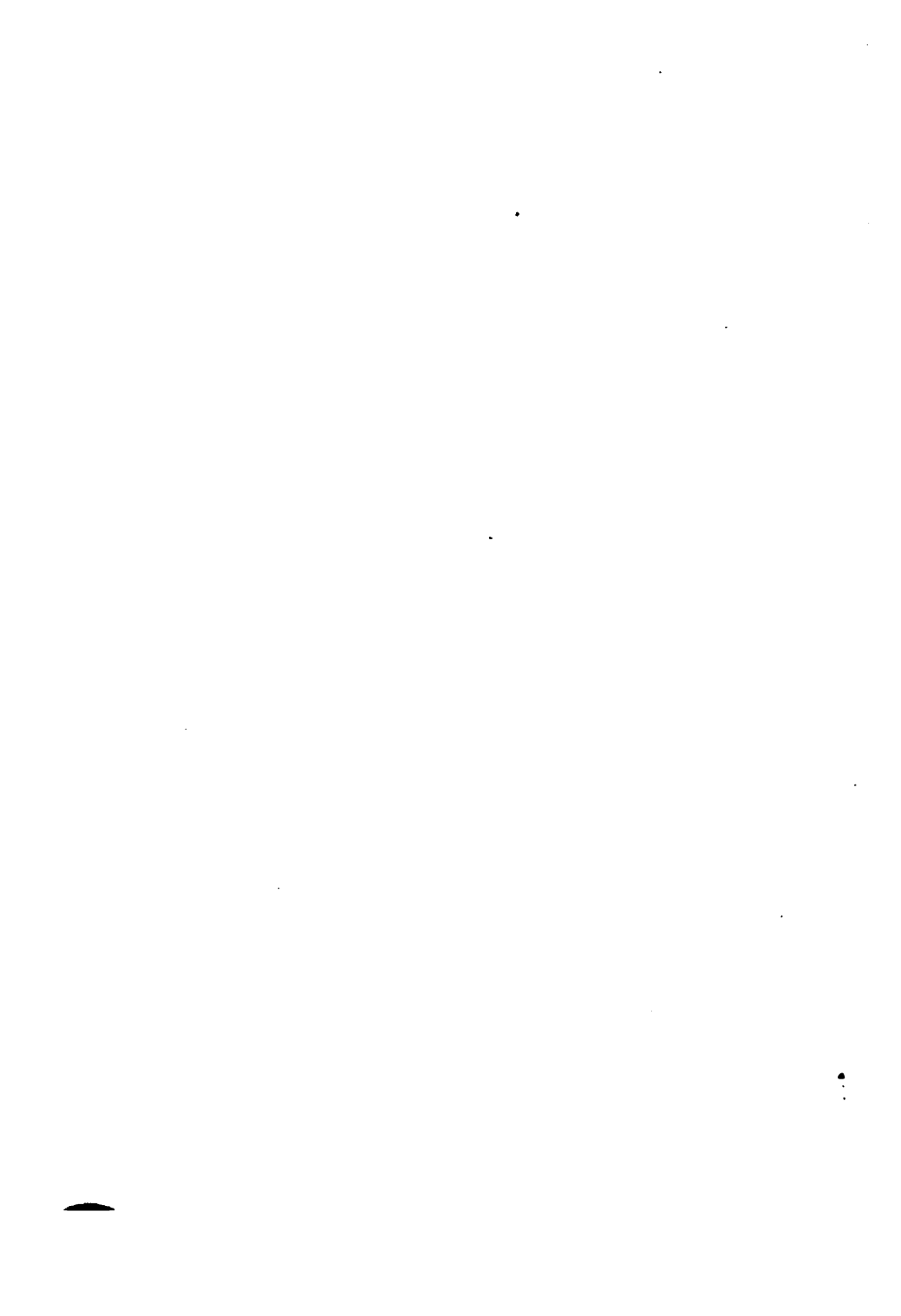
"Eh! Rudolph!" cries Schaunard from below. "Rudolph!" calls Colline. "Rudolph, you snail!" Marcel shouts. Rudolph goes to the window and opens it. "I have still three lines to finish," he calls down. "Who are they?" asks Mimi. "My friends," Rudolph replies, and he then calls down "I am not alone. We are two. Go to Momus and keep places for us; we will soon follow." The voices of Marcel, Schaunard and Colline are heard singing as they depart "*Momus, Momus, Momus*, gently and discreetly to supper let us go; the poet has found his poetry."

Mimi approaches the window and the moonlight falls upon her. "Ah, beauteous maiden," cries Rudolph (*O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso*), "illumined by the rays of moonlight enhancing thy charms I claim this kiss of love." "Love is the only commander," Mimi replies; and Rudolph kisses her. "Mine thou art," he says. "Your comrades expect you," says Mimi; and then, "Could I not come with you?" and arm in arm they go towards the door. "Do you love me?" asks Rudolph. "I love but you," is her answer. Their tender words are heard as they descend the stairs and the curtain falls upon the deserted room.



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SEMBRICH AS "MIMI"



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Act II. The scene changes to the Latin Quarter in a square where several streets meet. The shops are decorated with lamps for Christmas Eve and a large lantern hangs before the Café Momus. Rudolph and Mimi are somewhat aloof from the crowd of soldiers, serving-maids, working-girls, *gend'armes*, students, girls, boys, men and women that fill the streets and pack the Café. Colline is near an old clothes shop; Marcel is being jostled hither and thither; and Schaunard is buying a horn. "D! D! D!" he exclaims as he blows it. "This D is false! How much for pipe and horn?" Colline pays for a jacket, and Marcel makes eyes at the girls and offers his heart for a penny. Rudolph and Mimi pass through the crowd and enter a milliner's shop to buy a bonnet for Mimi.

The street venders now cry their wares—"Oranges!" "Dates!" "Hot roasted chestnuts!" "Brooches, Trinkets and Crosses!" "Toffee and Caramels!" "Flowers for the Ladies!" "Pastry!" "Whipped Cream!" "Cocoanut and Sparrows!" "Dates!" "Trout!" "Cocoanut milk!" "Jujube!" "Carrots!" "What a noise!" cry the people, "what an uproar!" "Hold fast to me," the students say to the working-girls, "come along." Here a mother calls her children and here somebody cries: "Ho! make way there!" The crowd disperses down the streets, but the guests within the Café and outside call to the waiters for various articles. Now Mimi and Rudolph enter from the shop. "Come along, my friends are waiting," he says, and Mimi asks if her rose bonnet is becoming. "Yes, the colour suits your dark complexion." Mimi now admires a necklace in one of the shops. Rudolph has an aged aunt worth millions. When she dies Mimi shall have a far better necklace; and as Mimi looks about, he grows jealous.

Schaunard approaches the Café Momus, watching the surging crowd, and Colline comes along waving an old book in triumph. Marcel now arrives, but where is

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Rudolph? "Oh! he's gone to buy a bonnet," explains Marcel.

The three friends now bring a table and a waiter follows with chairs. The people leave the adjoining tables and Rudolph and Mimi expressing their love join the group. A Fruit Vender cries his "Plums from Tours." Marcel and Schaunard order supper and Rudolph introduces Mimi (*Questa è Mimi*).

"The merry flower-girl," he says, "is the poet's muse and from his brain flow songs of passion; and at her touch the pretty buds blow, and in the soul awaketh love." "A fine conceit!" says Marcel, ironically.

Parpignol (tenor) enters from the Rue Dauphin, pushing a barrow festooned with foliage, flowers and paper lanterns. At his cry "Who'll buy pretty toys from Parpignol?" children come running in and cry "Parpignol! Parpignol!" This one wants a horn; this one, a horse; this one, a gun; this, a whip; and this, a drum. Mothers now follow, some of whom chide their children and some of them buy toys; and at length Parpignol goes down the street, crying his wares and followed by the children.

Marcel, Colline and Schaunard order sausage, venison and turkey, and, in reply to Rudolph's question, Mimi would like some custard. Wine is also ordered and other dishes.

A lady is now approaching and the shop-women pause to look at her. "Why! 'tis Musetta! how gorgeous she is!" "Yes, some old dotard is with her. Yes, it really is Musetta!"

Musetta (soprano), a pretty and coquettish young lady, enters from the Rue Mazarin. She is followed by a pompous, fussy and overdressed old gentleman, Alcindoro de Mitonneaux (bass), a councillor of state, who sings that he has to run after her just like a valet and that he will not stand it any longer ("*Come un facchino*"). Without paying any attention to him, Musetta takes a seat outside

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the Café. Presently she commands him to sit down, and he, fearing to catch cold, does so, much irritated and turning up his collar. A waiter approaches to set the table, and Musetta, annoyed, sings " Marcel can see me; but he won't look, and Schaunard too! I could beat and scratch them " (*Marcello è là*).

Marcel, quite upset by Musetta's presence, orders a bottle of wine and throws himself into a seat. The waiter begins to serve; Schaunard and Colline steal furtive glances at Marcel and Musetta; Marcel feigns indifference; Rudolph devotes himself to Mimi; and they all laugh at the old gentleman and criticize Musetta's fine clothes.

A picket of the National Guard crosses the Square; some of the shop-keepers go home; a chestnut-vender is busy at one corner; and the old clothes woman fills a barrel with old clothes and goes off with it. Musetta is angry, calls the waiter and throws a plate on the ground, because, she says "it smells of onions," but really to attract Marcel's attention.

Alcindoro asks what is the matter, but she exclaims that she will have her way. "Don't you know me?" she calls, and comforts herself with "But your heart is throbbing." "Do be quiet," commands Alcindoro, thinking she is speaking to him.

"Do you know her?" Mimi asks. "You had better ask me," replies Marcel, "her name is Musetta and her surname Temptation. She feeds on the heart like a spiteful screech owl; she changes lover for lover; and that is why I have no heart left. Pass the *ragoût*!" "Now the play is at its height. To one she speaks because the other listens," Schaunard remarks to Colline. Colline answers "And he pretends not to see her and this makes her furious." "I would never forgive you," Rudolph remarks to Mimi. "I love you," sings the latter, "and I am wholly yours." "This chicken is a poem," says Colline. "The wine is excellent," remarks Schaunard. "Will you

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have some more *ragoût*?" Rudolph asks Mimi. "Yes," she answers, "it is the best I have ever tasted;" and she watches Marcel, who is greatly agitated as Musetta sings how she loves to capture hearts (*Quando me'n vo soletta per la via*"), in slow waltz time with accompaniment of muted strings.

She ends with a remark to Marcel that his pain rankles in his heart, but he would rather die than confess. Schau-nard and Colline rise and stand aside to watch the scene; Rudolph and Mimi remain seated. Alcindoro says that the singing has upset him and begs Musetta to return to the table. Mimi remarks that Musetta is in love with Marcel. "She was once Marcel's love," Rudolph explains to her, "but she tried to capture higher game." "The love that's born of passion ends in grief," says Mimi, "that poor, unhappy girl, she moves me to tears!"

"Tie me to the seat," cries Marcel. "What is going to happen?" exclaims Colline, "well, she's pretty, but I'd rather have my pipe and a Greek book." "Yes, you would!" interrupts Schau-nard, "if such a pretty girl made eyes at you, you would soon throw all your learning to Beelzebub."

Marcel, greatly agitated, sings how golden youth and love revive in his heart (*La giovinezza mia non è ancor morta*), and Musetta of her triumph over Marcel. Now she must get rid of the old man. She pretends, therefore, to be in pain; and, to his tender inquiry, explains that her foot hurts. Her shoe is too tight. "Take it off and carry it to the shoemaker. Hurry now and bring another pair!" Alcindoro protests against the imprudence and scandal of it; but Musetta takes off her shoe and throws it under the table. Alcindoro picks it up, buttons his coat over it and hurries away. "Marcel!" exclaims Musetta. "Siren!" cries Marcel. "This is the last scene!" exclaims Schau-nard. Now the bill is presented and drums are heard in the distance.

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No one has any money, for Schaunard's pocket has been picked.

Students, citizens, working-girls, and street Arabs now hurry to the Square to see the soldiers pass and mothers and children appear at the windows and balconies. "Here they come!" "This way!" they variously sing. In the meantime "Who is going to pay the bill?" Musetta comforts the waiter by "The gentleman will pay who came to sup with me!" "Yes, he will pay," the others reply, and Musetta places both bills at Alcindoro's plate. The soldiers enter, and the citizens, students, shop-keepers and working-girls make admiring comments on the splendid drum-major. Musetta, being without her shoe, cannot walk, so Marcel and Colline carry her through the crowd. Rudolph and Mimi follow arm-in-arm and Schaunard brings up the rear blowing his horn. Then follow the students, working-girls, citizens, etc.

When the crowd has gone, Alcindoro returns with the shoe in search of Musetta. The waiter picks up the bill and hands it to him ceremoniously. Aghast at the amount which he is left to settle and perceiving that all have gone, Alcindoro falls back into a chair, dumbfounded, and the curtain falls.

The *Barrière d'Enfer* is the title of Act III., which begins with a passage of fifths on harp, flute, and 'cello tremolo.

The curtain rises upon a snowy morning in February. On the left is a tavern and beyond it a toll-gate, which is closed, and beyond the toll-gate the Orleans high road. On the right is the Boulevard d'Enfer; on the left, that of St. Jacques. The sign board of the tavern is Marcel's Passage of the Red Sea, now called "At the Port of Marseilles," and on each side of the door stand painted figures of a Turk and a Zouave. The plane-trees which border the square in front of the toll-gate lead diagonally towards

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the two Boulevards. Between the trees are marble seats. Light shines through the tavern windows and from within laughter, the clink of glasses and shouts are occasionally heard. Several custom-house officers are snoring in front of a brazier outside; another custom-house officer comes out of the tavern with wine.

Some street sweepers are stamping and blowing on their frost-bitten hands beyond the toll-gate. They call to the guard to open the gate and one of them rises, yawning, and does so. They pass through and he shuts the gate again. From the tavern, a song is heard to the accompaniment of clinking glasses and Musetta's voice also joins. Now the tinkling of cart bells is heard and the milk-women arrive. A Sergeant (bass) comes out of the guard-house and orders the toll-gate to be opened. Peasant women follow with baskets of "Butter! Cheese! Chickens! Eggs!" and go off in various directions. The officials remove the brazier and the dusk of dawn gradually merges into daylight.

Mimi enters from the Rue d'Enfer, and looks about wonderingly. On reaching the first plane-tree, she is seized with a violent fit of coughing. On recovering, she approaches the Sergeant, and asks if he can tell her the name of a tavern where a painter is working. "There it is," he replies, pointing to the inn. Mimi thanks him, and asks a servant woman who comes out of the tavern to tell Marcel, the painter, that Mimi wants to see him. The Sergeant examines the basket of a pedestrian who is followed by other wayfarers, who go off in different directions. The bell of the Hospice Maria Thérèse rings for matins.

Marcel comes from the inn and explains to Mimi that they have been here for a month. He has been painting and Musetta gives singing lessons. The warriors on the front of the house are his. "Where is Rudolph?" Mimi asks. "Here," says Marcel. "It is bitterly cold; come

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in." No, Mimi will not come in; and she begs Marcel to help her. Rudolph is jealous; he loves and yet avoids her ("*Rodolfo m'ama, Rodolfo si strugge di gelosa*"); often at night while she was feigning to sleep, he has reproached her. "You are not mine," he says, "You love another gallant." "Two that live thus," says Marcel, "would be better parted." "You are right," says Mimi, "Twere best we were parted. Will you aid us?"

Marcel is glad that he is happy with Musetta for "mirth binds them together." Marcel will wake Rudolph; he is sleeping on a bench in the tavern; and he directs Mimi to look through the window. "What! Coughing?" says Marcel, as Mimi has a bad attack. "Yes, it has become incessant." Mimi does not want Rudolph to see her, so Marcel points to the plane-trees where she hides.

Rudolph now comes out of the tavern. "Marcel!" he says, "I want a separation from Mimi." Rudolph then tells Marcel of his love for her and Mimi approaches to listen. He goes on to say that Mimi is a heartless maiden and a flirt,— "No," interrupts Marcel, "this is not true." "No," says Rudolph, "it is not true; I love Mimi; she is my treasure, but she is always ill" (Mimi, surprised, comes nearer), "and, poor girl! I think she's dying!" Marcel, fearing that Mimi may hear, tries to get him farther away. "Mimi's fragile body is shaken by coughing and the fires of fever appear in her pallid cheeks." ("Woe is me!" cries Mimi, "I'm dying!") "My room is a squalid hovel, without fire, and the cruel night wind wails, yet she is so merry and smiling." "Ah me! Ah me!" cries Mimi, "all is over; Mimi must die!" and her coughing and sobbing now reveal her presence.

"Ah, Mimi!" cries Rudolph, "you heard? Well, trifles alarm me; come inside!" No, she prefers to stay here. Musetta's laugh is heard, and Marcel runs to the window. "Ah! what a flirt!" he will not allow it, and he rushes into the tavern. Mimi, tearing herself from Rudolph's

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embrace, says "Farewell!" "What? Going?" asks Rudolph. "To the home that she left at the voice of her lover, yes, Mimi is going." (*D'onde lieta al tuo grido.*) He will find a few things left behind—a bracelet of gold, and a prayer-book, those she will send for. The old rose-coloured bonnet he may have for a keepsake. "Farewell!" Their farewell song is interrupted by the sound of breaking glasses within the inn, and Musetta runs out, followed by Marcel, who chides her for flirting. Mimi and Rudolph sing of love and springtide, and Musetta and Marcel quarrel and bid farewell in another mood. Musetta runs in. "Go and paint the inn," she screams. "Viper!" he retorts. "Toad!" she shrieks. "Witch!" he cries. "Always yours forever," sings Mimi, moving away from Rudolph, "our time for parting's when the roses blow."

The curtain rises on the same scene as in Act I. Marcel is painting at his easel and Rudolph is trying to write at the table. They are talking.

"In a *coupè*?" asks Marcel. "Yes, she merrily hailed me from the carriage. 'How's your heart?' I asked. 'It doesn't beat,' she said, 'or I don't feel it under the velvet I'm wearing!'" "I'm very glad," replies Marcel, trying to laugh. "You humbug," says Rudolph, aside, "you are fretting and fuming." "I also saw"—"Musetta?" interrupts Rudolph. "No, Mimi." "You saw her?" "In a carriage in splendid clothes, like a duchess." "Delightful! I'm glad to hear it!" "You liar!" exclaims Marcel aside, "you are pining with love."

Now to work, but soon Rudolph cries: "This pen is too awful!" and is lost in thought, and Marcel cries "This infamous paint brush!" and, taking a bunch of ribbons from his pocket, kisses it.

Rudolph sings of Mimi and the past, and Marcel of Musetta's haunting features. Rudolph takes the rose-coloured bonnet from a drawer and kisses it; and now trying to conceal his emotion from Marcel asks the time. "Time

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for yesterday's dinner," is the latter's gay reply. "But Schaunard's not back," says Rudolph. "Here we are!" says the latter, who enters with Colline. Schaunard places some rolls on the table and Colline takes a herring out of a paper bag, "A dish worthy of Demosthenes!" Well! dinner is served! "A feast the gods might envy!" exclaims Marcel. "Now put the champagne in ice!" cries Schaunard, thrusting a bottle of water in Colline's hat.

Rudolph, offering Marcel bread, "Salmon or turbot, Baron?" To Schaunard, "Duke, a parrot's tongue?" The latter declines and pouring out a glass of water Marcel hands it to Schaunard, "Thank you, I dare not. I'm dancing this evening." Colline devours his roll and rises. "What! Sated?" asks Rudolph. "The King awaits me," says Colline pompously. "What's in the wind?" the others ask him facetiously. Colline struts up and down. "The King requires his minister." "Bravo!" shout the others. "Then I have to see Guizot!" "Give me a goblet," cries Schaunard, and mounting a chair drinks to his health. No more fooling! no more nonsense! "Then something choreographic may suit you," says Schaunard. Well, clear the stage and let's have a song and dance. "Gavotte" suggests Colline; "Minuet," says Marcel; "Fandango," says Schaunard; "Pavane," pleads Rudolph. "I propose a quadrille," says Colline. "Now take your partners," says Rudolph. "I'll lead," says Colline. Schaunard, beating time sings "Lal-lera, lal-lera, lal-lera, la!" Rudolph bowing low to Marcel, offers his hand, "Oh! maiden, fair and gentle!" which Marcel accepts, counterfeiting a lady's voice. "*Balancez*," cries Colline. "First there's the Ronde," says Schaunard. "No, stupid," Colline replies. "You've manners like a clown," Schaunard says contemptuously. "You're insulting; draw your sword, sir," says Colline, offended and goes to the fireplace for the tongs. "Ready," says Schaunard, picking up the poker, "Thy hot blood would I drink." "Now get a stretcher ready," cries Colline. "Prepare the cemetery," cries Schaunard, at which Rudolph

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and Marcel burst out laughing. Well, let us dance a rigadon while they beat each others brains out (*Mentre incalza la tenzone gira e balza Rigodone*).

At this moment the door opens and Musetta enters in a great state of excitement.

"Musetta!" Marcel exclaims, and all surround her.

"It is Mimi; it is Mimi," says Musetta, "who is with me. She is very ill."

"Where is she?" cries the terrified Rudolph.

"On the stairs," replies Musetta, "she can't get any farther."

Through the open door Rudolph sees Mimi seated on the steps and rushes to her followed by Marcel.

Schaunard and Colline draw the bed forward and Rudolph and Marcel bring Mimi in. "There!" cries Rudolph, "bring a drink." Musetta brings a glass of water and makes Mimi sip it.

"Rudolph!" Mimi passionately exclaims. "Lie down!" says Rudolph tenderly. "Let me stay with you," Mimi entreats. "Forever," is Rudolph's answer, as he covers her over and adjusts the pillow.

Musetta, now taking the others aside, says softly, "I heard that Mimi was dying forsaken by everyone. Ah! but where? Searching everywhere at last I met her almost dead with exhaustion. She murmured, 'I am dying; but I want to die near him. Take me there, Musetta.'" "Hush," says Marcel, moving further away.

Mimi now tells Rudolph she is feeling better and is so happy to be back again.

"What is there to give her?" asks Musetta. "Nothing! the larder's empty," replies Marcel in dejection. Schaunard looks at Mimi and says "In an hour she'll be dead." "I feel so cold," says Mimi, "I wish I had my muff." Rudolph tries to warm her hands in his. Mimi coughs; and seeing Rudolph's friends calls them to her; but Rudolph forbids her to talk. Schaunard and Colline withdraw sadly. Mimi, beckoning to Marcel, who approaches, says "Mu-

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setta is very good." "I know it," Marcel answers taking Musetta by the hand. Musetta drawing him away takes off her earrings: "Here," she says, "sell them; buy a cordial; and send for the doctor."

Mimi becomes drowsy. "You will not leave me?" she begs Rudolph.

"No! No!" he exclaims. Musetta, stopping Marcel, who is about to go, says, "I will come with you; I will go for her muff." "How good you are, Musetta!" exclaims Marcel.

Colline, who has taken off his overcoat, bids it farewell. "Garment antique and rusty, a last good-bye, farewell! (*Vecchia zimarra, senti.*) We must part. You have often concealed in your pockets poets and philosophers," he says tenderly as he throws it over his arm and is about to go. He suggests to Schaunard that he leave the two alone, and to make an excuse for leaving, Schaunard picks up the water bottle and follows Colline, gently shutting the door.

Mimi opens her eyes; and, seeing that all have gone, holds out her hand to Rudolph, who kisses it affectionately. "I was only pretending to sleep," says Mimi, "I wanted to be alone with you." She then tells him that he is her love, her life, her all!

"Ah! Mimi! my pretty Mimi! Fair as the dawn in spring!" "No," she interrupts. "Fair as the flame of sunset." Then, she sings

"They call me Mimi, but I know not why."

"Back to her nest comes the swallow in springtime," sings Rudolph; and brings to Mimi her old rose-coloured bonnet. She is delighted and motions to him to put it on her head, then she asks if he remembers the night she called and lost the key; how he searched in the dark room; and how cold it was; and faintly repeats Rudolph's words, "How frozen are your fingers, let me warm them into life," but a cough half suffocates her and she sinks back fainting.

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Rudolph's cries of "Oh, God! Mimi!" bring Schaunard; but Mimi, recovering slightly, assures them that she is better.

Musetta and Marcel now return: Musetta has the muff, and Marcel a phial.

"Sleeping?" Musetta asks Rudolph. "Only resting," he answers. "I have seen the doctor," says Marcel, "he will come. Here's the cordial," and he lights a spirit-lamp. "Who is it?" asks Mimi. "I, Musetta," Musetta replies, and gives Mimi her muff. "How soft and furry," Mimi exclaims, and turning to Rudolph says, "Did you give me this present?" "Yes," he answers, weeping. Mimi begs him not to weep. She is better; she will now go to sleep.

"What did the doctor say?" Rudolph asks Marcel. "He will come."

Musetta, busy preparing the cordial, murmurs a prayer to the Virgin to save the poor girl (*Madonna benedetta*). "I still have hope," says Rudolph, and asks Musetta, "Do you think it serious?" "No," answers Musetta, but Schaunard, who has approached the bed, says hoarsely to Marcel, "Marcel, she is dead!"

Marcel goes to the bed and retreats in alarm, for a ray of sunlight falls through the window on Mimi's face. Musetta points to her cloak, which Rudolph takes and tries to screen the window with it.

Colline, now entering, put some money on the table. "How is she?" he asks. "Very quiet!" answers Rudolph, and suddenly noticing the behaviour of the others, asks the meaning of it all. "Poor fellow!" says Marcel, unable to bear up any longer.

"Mimi! Mimi!" cries Rudolph as he falls sobbing on her lifeless body. Musetta utters a piercing cry and kneels sobbing at the foot of the bed; Schaunard drops in a chair; Colline stands dazed at the foot of the bed; and Marcel, sobbing, turns his back to the audience. The curtain slowly falls.

La Princesse d'Auberge

(Heerbergs Princes)

Ghent, 1898

"The melodic tissue nourished by the strong marrow of popular melodies and always expressive in the curious web where the characteristic themes are developed and transformed without heaviness and with a rare sentiment of dramatic effect produce an incredible intensity of life,—life that is very local and highly coloured. Shall I recall with what skill are combined the personality and remarkable scenic intelligence with which M. Jan Blockx is gifted? These are not only shown in the instrumental work of such great unity and diversity, but in the vocal work, notably the admirable Carnival scene where the composer has brought several choruses to the front at once. The sap which runs in all this, the *élan*, the youth and freshness of ideas which distinguish each page, prove that it is possible to write 'advanced music' according to the most recent formulas, which at the same time can be clear, elegant and thrilling."—LUCIEN SOLVAY.



THE scene is a thoroughfare near the Grand'Place in Brussels at dawn on an autumn morning. Peasants of both sexes pass along with vehicles loaded with vegetables and fruits, drawn by horses, asses and dogs. On the right is Rita's inn, with Rabo (baritone), a blacksmith, asleep on the front step. The hucksters' chorus and chatter wake him. Good-naturedly he soliloquises that he drank too much and fell sleep on the threshold; but, given sweet dreams, what matters a hard bed! when the door suddenly opens, and a young gallant stumbles over him. As he springs at the stranger, the door is quickly slammed. Rabo cries: "Hell! a man! Is Rita your mistress? Answer, or I'll kill you!" The stranger breaks away, saying, "Hush! no chatter! There's something for a drink;" and throws Rabo his purse as he runs off. Rabo spurns the money. He is only a shameless drunkard; but he has some heart and honor

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left! He bangs at the door, calling to Rita to open; reproaching her for her wantonness, and threatening her with his vengeance. "Faithless heart, beware, beware!"

On his exit, Reinilde (soprano) enters on her way to early mass. She hopes to find relief of mind in church from a dreadful dream. She dreamed that she saw her adored Merlyn in the arms of the woman in that inn, who laughed at her anguish. She lives but for Merlyn; may he keep faith!

Marcus (baritone) enters and declares his love. Reinilde reproaches the perfidy of Merlyn's false friend who knows where her heart is set. Marcus persists in his suit; and tries to detain her, but the church bell rings and she goes away, he following.

An approaching chorus is heard: "Happy day! joyous songs! Glory to the lovely Rita! Who does not burn for her?" The bell stops; and a band of young musicians, poets, painters and sculptors, one carrying Rita's portrait, enters and decorates the inn windows with flowers and garlands. They join in a chorus of birthday greetings. Then one sings to a guitar a song of praise of her physical charms. While an old servant opens the door and windows, Rita (soprano) appears on a balcony, kisses her floral offerings, blows kisses to her admirers and thanks them for their homage. She is joined by her three sisters, and in a lively *ensemble*, Rita invites the company in to drink as much wine as they like. It shall be open house all day!

The sun has now risen. Bluts, the landlord (bass), and his two friends are heard approaching, singing that all cares fade away when one is drunk. They stagger in; and the sight of the house already open prompts Bluts to pull himself together. As his friends support him, and ask what matters a little drop too much, he protests that envious tongues are so busy: "People gossip and speak evil, but, look you, Bluts and his four daughters are the cream of society!"

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Some of the students who have come out now lay hold of the host and his two friends, and bundle them in at the windows, to the uproarious delight of those inside.

Merlyn (tenor) and Marcus appear, the latter trying to induce Merlyn to come in and join in the twentieth birthday festivities of a beauty who is dying of love for him. Merlyn resists. Art is everything for him. His Muse is the victory in the great musical competition that shall be crowned with the sovereign palms of the Prince of Lorraine.

The students, followed by Rita and her sisters, dressed in their best, all with glasses in their hands, now come out and form a semi-circle with the women in the centre. The passers-by stop and look on with curiosity, and the windows in the neighbourhood are opened by scandalized householders still in their night clothes. Rita raises her glass and sings: "Drink, and long life to youth!" It is a bacchanalian chorus in which the neighbours join with expressions of horror and disgust at the scene. Meanwhile Marcus tries to excite Merlyn with Rita's charms; and finally drags him to the front and introduces "Merlyn the Puritan." Rita approaches him; and, though at first intimidated by his proud disdain, sings, and offers her glass, which he puts aside. She persists, however, in extolling the delights of love and wine. She finally throws her arms around his neck as she sings: "He who knows how to please me becomes for me a God upon earth. Grant me this day: drink to love!" He says to Marcus: "Be it so! For one hour I will sacrifice to free fancy!" Rita offers her lips, and he kisses her amorously. She utters a triumphant cry of joy. Merlyn then drinks, and Marcus exclaims "Victory!" All drink; and Bluts and his friends, glass in hand, appear at the window. The neighbours protest "Mad, shameless girls!" The students chorus "Glory to Rita!" and Rabo appears menacing in the background, exclaiming: "Treason! Malediction!"

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The opening of the second Act shows a modest room on the ground floor of Katelyne's house. At the back is a large bay window looking on the Grand'Place. On the left, near the harpsichord, is a table covered with books and papers. Katelyne (contralto), at the door on the left, opens it and looks into the next room. It is striking noon, and her son still sleeps! No more songs at dawn; no more dreams of fame! Three months of shameful torpor! She prays that God may restore her son, as of old, and make him return to good ways.

Reinilde, her adopted daughter, finds her in tears, and tells her that Merlyn came in at dawn, pale and heavy with drink. What is the use of tears? They will not melt his marble heart! Katelyne tries to defend him; but Reinilde is bitter. However, she offers to make one more appeal to his better nature.

On Katelyne's exit, Merlyn enters with hair in disorder. Without seeing Reinilde, he goes to the table and turns over the music paper, but soon pushes it aside. Outside is heard a carnival chorus of license and gaiety as he soliloquizes: "No money left! Nothing! I owe everybody: God knows how much! No credit even, but for this competition! Three months already . . . O mad night! To work! Enough! out of my mind, Rita! I am overwhelmed with shame!"

He notices Reinilde as she softly sings an old song he once composed for his mother, and then weeps. She answers his questions by telling the cause of her tears; and pathetically appeals to him to change his ways, and return to his ambitions, and the love that still awaits him. He is greatly moved, gently embraces her, and promises to reform.

A carillon chimes outside. Merlyn leads Reinilde to the window and opens it. The Grand'Place is full of masked merry-makers and sightseers, all singing joyously.

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Merlyn abruptly shuts the window, exclaiming: "Away, I stay here absorbed in my work. Enough of sleep! Art be my God!" Reinilde is overjoyed.

At that moment, Bluts enters on the right, half drunk, while Rabo pushes open the window from outside. Bluts asks after Merlyn's headache. He has lost his last copper at play. The girls threw him out when he asked for more; so he said to Rabo, "Let's go to Merlyn."

When Merlyn tries to get him to go, he becomes abusive, and reminds him that on the prospect of success in the music competition, Merlyn has run up a heavy bill. He refuses to be thrown out, and demands payment. Reinilde takes her purse, throws some money at Bluts's feet, and goes out after telling Merlyn that she is going to church with his mother. Bluts delightedly invites him to join them in a drink, but Merlyn contemptuously dismisses the pair, and then indulges in bitter self-reproach for subjecting Reinilde to such an experience.

He is sitting sombrely listening to the maskers in the square, when Marcus enters, and jests at his melancholy. He reproaches his friend for having introduced him to Rita, whose fatal image he cannot dismiss. Marcus arouses his jealousy by asserting that Rita is consoling herself for his absence with another lover. At that moment, Rita with her sisters and eight companions, all in carnival costume, enter. Rita is dressed as Flora. They join in a chorus extolling songs, kisses and laughter. Rita tells Merlyn not to be alarmed at their visit, because his pious women are at church. Marcus departs to make the most of the opportunity.

Rita persuades Merlyn to go with her,—she as Flora, he as Zephyr; she protests her devotion, and allays his jealousy, giving him a mantle, crown and horn of plenty. Finally he is subjugated by her wiles; and cries: "Come, Rita, I am in your power till this evening. For us, a

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day of mad pleasure and measureless love!" As they all go out, Reinilde enters with Katelyne, who exclaims: "My son! my son! my poor child!"

She goes out sobbing. Reinilde runs and opens the window, revealing the carnival crowd. She exclaims, as Marcus enters unseen, "Merlyn, I hate and despise you!" Marcus renews his suit, urging his devotion and Merlyn's unworthiness; but she spurns him. She will yet be his good angel, and drag him out of the gutter! On her exit, Marcus vows to glut his hatred; it is too late to save Merlyn, and Reinilde shall be his!

The second scene shows the Grand'Place thronged with joyous maskers, shouting, singing, and dancing. Soldiers clear the way for the procession of heralds, musicians, beadles, members of various brotherhoods and allegorical groups, all on foot. Merlyn and Rita as Zephyr and Flora are in a triumphal car covered with flowers and surrounded by Rita's friends, and acclaimed by the crowd. Rabo in the background shakes his fist menacingly.

The third Act shows the interior of Rita's inn. The bar and Flemish buffet are dressed with glasses, mugs, cups, flacons and other drinking vessels. At the back on the right is an old Flemish chimney-piece. The room is well supplied with tables, chairs and benches. Rita enters. It is already three o'clock; and not a customer has yet appeared! They are all sleeping off the effects of the wine they were drinking till daylight to the triumph and power of Flora! The proud king who shared her throne is also still sound asleep.

Rabo enters, and is coldly greeted. He taunts her with her relations with Merlyn; and she wants to know what business it is of his. "What business? Hard times reigned here, I saw and loved you; my purse was full, and I boarded here week after week. One fine day, the mad band of artists made this their haunt; there was free spending,—orgies! Rabo had to get out! Moody, without

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fire or roof, he became a miserable drunkard! The game has gone far enough; yesterday's car of Flora was the limit!"

Rita is indifferent: if he doesn't like it, he can get out! Rabo reminds her of his assistance in evil days, and of his love and her vows. She only replies: "I lied, that's all! Leave me!" Furiously he vows vengeance; but she mocks and laughs at his threats. He is about to attack her, but on the appearance of her sisters, who have been eavesdropping, he goes away.

Rita's sisters take a malicious pleasure in criticizing her conduct: such bad management, poor taste, breaking off so clumsily; besides, there was no hurry, everybody's afraid of his violence, he was a good customer too, and Merlyn is bad pay, always calling for wine, and always penniless!

Rita tells them to look after their own lovers. She loves Merlyn, and that's her own affair. Rabo is a nuisance; the other customers don't want him around; and her sisters are three big idiots!

When they indignantly protest, Rita silences them by asking: "Who draws the crowd and gets the money?" Katelyne and Reinilde have entered unnoticed, and hear her continue: "I am the one gilded youth runs after. I am your mainstay and support. I am mistress here! Enough! You are nonentities!" Calling her "Princess of the flask," they flounce out in a rage.

Katelyne announces herself with dignity; she has been searching for her son since dawn. She hears that he lives here night and day. Such beauty as Rita's cannot conceal a bad heart!

Rita coldly says that the house is open to all. He comes and goes like anyone else: Merlyn is not here!

Katelyn bars Rita's exit, and implores her to restore the pitiable being she has enslaved for three months; but Rita rudely tells her to go and look elsewhere: she serves drink, that's all!

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As Katelyn begins a fresh appeal, Reinilde interrupts her. Nothing is to be hoped for from that hard heart! She turns to Rita and says she can read in her eyes that Merlyn is in the house; she is destroying his genius, and killing his mother. That's too much: Reinilde will denounce her debauchery to the Prince of Lorraine, who will close her infamous house, so Rita had better beware of her vengeance!

On their departure, Rita laughs. Close her house, indeed! The license is good; and fortunately they are in good legal standing. She mockingly drinks a glass to the health of her spring-chicken rival, and finds the situation delightful.

Merlyn appears at the foot of the stairs in the doorway on the left, hardly awake yet. Dreaming of her kisses, he awoke only to find this crown of flowers from yesterday's triumph. A snare! Playfully threatening her, he hangs it around the neck of an ivory Cupid. She runs and kisses him: that at least is no lie! Merlyn is dying of thirst, and wants a drink, immediately. Rita first says that whom she loves must be entirely her own. If she went away to-morrow would he follow her, would he love any other woman?

Evasively, he calls again for a drink; and, as five of his friends enter, he orders a drink for all, and proclaims another day of intoxication and idleness.

While Rita brings two bottles, her sisters and Marcus with four more friends enter. Marcus comments to his friends on the fallen condition of Merlyn, formerly so proud in talents, and holding himself so high above them. They call for a drink, and beg Rita to sing them the song Merlyn composed for her. She sings it to their chorus as the twilight deepens; and then kisses Merlyn, who delightedly rises and orders twenty bottles, which are brought by the sisters and an old serving-woman. When he says he will pay all to-morrow, Marcus sarcastically says that's

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because he will win the prize that is to be adjudged to-day. The old servant now lights up, and Bluts is heard singing an old Flemish folk song outside, and soon staggers in accompanied by six strolling musicians. The company all join in the chorus; and call for wine. Bluts drinks to them; it's his bedtime; with drunken gravity, he counsels decorum, says "Good-night," and staggers out.

The revellers call for a dance, and clear the floor while the musicians mount on a table. While Rita and her sisters are taking part in the animated scene, Rabo comes in with five companions; and, when no notice is taken of their orders for drink, smash all the crockery and curse the dancers. Rabo cries menacingly: "Another dance is about to begin!"

The music stops, and Merlyn's friends arm themselves with chairs, while Rabo's companions draw their knives, and the women rush between the two groups. Rita haughtily orders the new-comers out: she is mistress here! "Yes!" says Rabo, "you were mine long enough!" She and Merlyn both give him the lie; and she strikes him in the face. Rabo recites his grievances, her ingratitude and infidelity. Then contemptuously glaring at Merlyn, he cries: "Look at her lover! that swindler who trembles in his skin! a fawning cur! a mangy dog! I spit in his face! Come, coward, come!"

He throws his knife down before Merlyn, who picks it up. Rabo snatches another from one of his friends, and faces Merlyn as both sides make room. Rita tries to interpose; but Rabo says it is her work: let the strongest win! Rita then braves him. Her heart never beat but for Merlyn, who awakened it! But she begs her lover not to fight: he belongs to her! Merlyn, however, is thoroughly aroused, and determined to fight to the death.

In the duel, Merlyn first wounds Rabo in the arm, and is then stabbed to the heart. Rabo next turns to Rita with his knife, but is pulled away. The voice of Marcus is

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heard outside shouting for help; and soldiers enter and arrest Rabo, who gives himself up quietly, saying: "I killed him. Here I am!"

As the soldiers disappear with their prisoner, joyous acclamations are heard outside: "Glory to Merlyn! The palm of Victory to Merlyn!" A peasant opens the door saying he saw him inside through the window, and asks for room for his mother.

As Katelyne and Reinilde enter, followed by a crowd, Marcus and his friends stand in front of Merlyn to hide him from view. Rita covers her face. Katelyne cries: "Where is my son? The prize is his. Happy victor!" Reinilde excitedly pushes her way through the group to Merlyn, who lifts his head. The two women mingle their lamentations on seeing his condition, while people bring in palms and flowers. Katelyne kneels and supports Merlyn's head on her breast. He gasps: "Two angels! Are you here? My heart forgot you and my Muse also. There is nothing left: death is here! Genius, pride, fate, the game is ended! Adieu! adieu!"

Louise

Paris, 1900

"Charpentier has shown skill and power in developing dramatic situations for the kind of lyric treatment he has adopted—the kind that finds musical investment for the quickly moving play of action and a talk in modern life; a kind that the younger Italians have attempted, but in which Charpentier surpasses all but Puccini. . . . It is in the last Act, however, that Charpentier rises to his greatest height. Here the note is of tragedy—the simple and homely tragedy of breaking hearts and lost love of simple people, but poignantly affecting, and developed with a sure touch and infinite sympathy. . . . Charpentier has given to the orchestra the task of carrying much of the burden of the dramatic exposition and illustration. His orchestra is full and rich. He has made his score compact of leading-motives which he transforms, unites and develops with the skill of a symphonist."—RICHARD ALDRICH.

"The independence and novelty of this work have made it one of the most noteworthy of modern French operas. The poetic instinct, the exact observation of character, the art of contrast, and the balance of proportion are marked features of the libretto, which is by Charpentier himself; the orchestral writing and the treatment of the voices are alike skilful in the highest degree, and show consummate musical taste throughout."—GUSTAV FERRARI.



HERE is no overture. In a humble working-man's apartment, in Paris, Louise (soprano) is talking from the window to her artist lover, Julien (tenor), in his lodging across the street. Louise complains of the opposition of her parents; and, in response to her lover's entreaties, promises to elope with him if he does not receive a favourable reply to his letter of proposal for her hand. Though at first she frequently goes to the door to listen for her Mother's return, she at length becomes absorbed in the conversation and loses caution, so that her Mother (contralto) enters unperceived and overhears the lovers' vows and complaints of parental harshness. She silences the impertinent Julien; and then bitterly reproaches her daughter for her light conduct;

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and denounces Julien as a vagabond, drunkard and *dé-bauché*. Louise warmly defends her artist lover, who, she asserts, is all that is good and noble. She says: "You are mistaken: your attacks only make me love him more. You can prevent us from being happy; but you can never destroy our love!" Her Mother exclaims: "What impudence! Instead of hiding your face, you dare to boast of your lover!" "My lover! not that yet, but one would think that you wanted that to happen!" Her enraged Mother is chasing her around the table vowing she will tell her Father, when his steps, heard on the stairs, cause the Mother to retire to the kitchen.

The Father (bass) enters with a letter in his hand, says "Good-evening!" and asks if the soup is ready. While Louise sets the table, he sits down by the stove and reads the letter, the contents of which the orchestra illustrates. Then he holds out his arms to the embarrassed Louise and they affectionately embrace in silence. The Mother brings in the soup and they eat. Presently the Father speaks of his weariness, and the hard lot of the laborer, whereupon the Mother, glancing at Julien's window, rails at lazy good-for-nothings, particularly artists. The philosophical Father says at least he is happy in his family, kisses Louise, gaily puts his arm round his wife's waist and takes a few heavy waltz steps. He then sits down by the fire and lights his pipe, while the Mother fills and lights the lamp, and Louise clears the table and takes the things into the kitchen. From there she watches her Father read Julien's letter again. In the ensuing conversation the Father discusses the proposal doubtfully, while the Mother bitterly opposes it and denounces Julien, till Louise can bear it no longer, comes in and defends her lover. Her Mother slaps her, and, while her Father tries to comfort and reason with her, goes into the kitchen and begins to iron clothes.

The Father sermonizes on the seriousness of choosing a husband, and the danger of marrying a man of Julien's



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GILIBERT

LOUISE

reputed character. Louise defends her lover. The music here is very charming, as while Father and daughter argue, the Mother in the kitchen mockingly repeats snatches of Julien's singing and phrases from the interview she overheard, and supports the Father's objections by banging the iron on the table. Finally Louise tearfully promises obedience; and the scene closes when her Father asks her to read the evening paper to him to save his old eyes, and with a choking voice she begins: "The spring season is a most brilliant one. Paris all *en fête*—(sobs) Paris" The curtain falls slowly.

When the curtain rises for the second Act, the scene is a thoroughfare, with a shed on the left, a house on the right, at the back, right, a flight of steps; in the distance on the right, the Hill of Montmartre. Under the shed, a milk-woman is lighting her fire and getting ready for business; on a marble-topped restaurant table a seventeen-year-old girl is folding the morning papers. On the right, a little rag-picker is hard at work; beside her a charcoal-picker and a junkman are rummaging among the garbage. Housekeepers are on their way to market. It is five o'clock on a misty April morning. These dregs of the people are bewailing their own and mocking at one another's miseries, envying and railing at the rich meanwhile, when a belated night-hawk in a fancy dress representing Spring sown with little fool's bells enters and sings amorously to the newspaper girl, who repulses his advances. He teases the milk-woman and little rag-picker also, declaring himself the Pleasure of Paris, and goes away, upsetting the old ragman on his way. Two policemen enter; and the scene becomes animated with further additions of the dregs of the populace, including a street Arab and a street-sweeper who indulges in characteristic talk. Next a band of Bohemians appear, like conspirators:—Julien, a poet, a painter, a sculptor, a song-writer, a student and two

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philosophers. Pointing to the house, Julien says that Louise works there. Her Mother always escorts her to the door. As soon as she has gone, he will seize Louise and, if her parents refuse, carry her off. All applaud; and the student says they will make her the Muse of the Bohemians. Pretty faces appear at the windows, and the Bohemians blow kisses and flirt with them. Finally, at Julien's anxious insistence, as the hour has arrived, they go off singing: "Children of Bohemia, we love those who love us; always gay and lively, the women find us delightful. Although out of cash, and almost indigent, we are very intelligent." Their voices die away in the distance, leaving Julien in melancholy meditation. Approaching street cries of chair-menders, ragmen and sellers of various vegetables are heard, and rouse him. He exclaims enthusiastically: "Ah! song of Paris in which my soul vibrates and palpitates! Simple and old refrains of the awaking *faubourg*, noisy dawn that delights my ears! Cries of Paris, voices of the streets! Are you the song of victory of our triumphant love?"

As some of Louise's fellow-workers appear, chattering and exchanging confidences on their way, Julien hides in the shed. At last comes Louise, escorted by her Mother, chiding her for looking around for her lover, and threatening to keep her a prisoner at home. She leaves her at the door, and disappears after suspiciously scrutinizing the street. Julien then rushes in after Louise, and drags her out and into the shed. There he loads her with reproaches, reminds her of her promise to go with him in case of the rejection of his suit, pleads with her, and vows eternal love and devotion. Although almost persuaded, she resists, tears herself from his embrace, and enters the house after blowing him a kiss from the door-step. Julien sadly turns away, while street sellers are still crying in the distance "Old Clothes!" "Chickweed for little birds!" and even, after the curtain has slowly fallen, a remote "Artichokes! Tender and Green!"

The composer has succeeded in symphonically treating the various street cries of waking Paris in a masterly manner, making apparently unpromising material most poetical. From this point of view the *entr'acte* separating this scene from the following one is a little marvel.

The scene shows a dressmaker's workroom. Girls seated at the tables are chattering as they work: some are singing; two of them are fitting a skirt on a form; an apprentice is sitting on the floor picking up pins; another girl is running a sewing-machine, the rhythm of which is heard in the orchestra. Louise is sitting silent, somewhat apart from the others. During the various conversations between some of the girls, constant singing is kept up by other groups.

The fitters get impatient with one another over the difficulties of getting the dress right, and criticize the curves of the noble Duchess who must be wonderfully padded! Others want to borrow scissors, etc., from their neighbours, who want to know why they don't buy their own. Some exchange heart confidences. Impatience at failure in their own work and jibes and jeers of their companions lead to Billingsgate and clawing, which the forewoman has to stop.

Then the *distracte* Louise attracts unwelcome attention. She must have been beaten by her parents! She must be in love! They gather around and ask her to tell them all about it. At her age there's no shame in having a lover! A barrel organ is heard below; and while snatches of talk concerning love and the work in hand are heard all over the room, a few girls gather about Louise and torment her. One (Irma) describes the delight of walking the streets followed by longing eyes. She ends: "A mysterious voice, a promise of bliss, amid the noises of the amorous street, follows and coaxes me. It is the voice of Paris! It is the call to pleasure, to love! And little by little its intoxications gain upon me; with a delicious thrill,

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I meet all eyes with my own; and my heart beats in unison and yields to the desires of all other hearts."

The young girls all exclaim: "That's the voice of Paris!" and the older ones cry: "Enjoy yourselves, ladies, that's pleasure."

A fanfare is heard outside. All cry "Music!" and some rush to the windows.

A voice is heard counting time. "They must be going to accompany a singer," cries one of the girls; "It's the artist we passed as we came in," exclaims another; and they each take the compliment to themselves individually, and blow kisses to the handsome stranger. To a guitar accompaniment, he sings an impassioned serenade, telling of his love, and reproaching his beloved for her coldness and indifference. The girls applaud, but Louise obstinately keeps her seat. Julien then shows his anger by the savage way he plucks at the strings; and then the girls begin to tire of him, since he does not respond to any particular encouragement. From weariness they pass to mockery,—hissing and jeering the singer, and finally call to the band to strike up and drown him out. To its strains, they jump about and dance. This is too much for Louise. She rises and takes down her hat; and in reply to interested inquiries, declares that she feels ill, and must go home. Refusing kind offers of escort, she departs, leaving her companions wondering at her strange behavior. They watch her from the windows; and are amazed to see her join Julien and go off for a walk amid general laughter.

The whole of this scene is treated by the composer with delightful dexterity: he seems to make sport of the difficulties of making a lot of rough girls chatter together or in turn with brilliant musical effect.

The scene of the third Act is a little garden on the crest of the Hill of Montmartre. On the left is a small one-story house with a porch and open vestibule. At the

LOUISE

side of the house in the foreground is a wall with a small door; on the right, some scaffolding; in the background a hedge; between the hedge and scaffolding, a gate; a path skirts the outside of the hedge; and, beyond, the roofs of the neighbouring houses descend in terraces, revealing the panorama of Paris at twilight. Julien is seated absorbed in happy meditation. Louise, leaning with her elbows on the porch railing, watches him smilingly and lovingly. Presently she approaches and tells him how happy her life is in his love. She describes her hard life at home with her parents, and dwells on her Mother's beatings and Father's preachings. Still, she believes they both love her. Julien heartily sympathizes; and insists on the right of each heart to indulge its love as it will. The twilight deepens over the city. Julien draws Louise to him and pointing to it says: "Listen to the joyous, enchanting song of Paris *en fête*. It is on your account, little Muse, that it takes its pleasure this evening. Outside Paris, Louise would not be Louise! Without you, Paris would not be Paris. Darling symbol of the great city, I adore you in it, and I adore it in your beauty." Together they sing: "Paris! City of power and light! Paris! Paris! City of delight! city of love! be kind to our love." Then, kneeling: "Protect thy children! Protect us! Defend us!"

Through the deepening darkness, Paris gradually lights up as the lovers kneel motionless, as if under the enchantment of the glorious dream of the future that rises before them while they stretch out their arms towards the city.

Male and female voices from the city join those of the lovers as they exult in their freedom; and distant fireworks light the skies as they embrace. After a great duet of frenzied passion, they enter the house as fireworks again burst in the distant sky.

Immediately afterwards, a Bohemian leaps the hedge and approaches the window. The light within is extinguished. He returns and is joined in the same way by an-

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other, at a signal. The two open the gate to three others who enter with a big bundle which they hastily unpack. It contains flags, streamers, drapings and Chinese lanterns, with which they decorate the front and vestibule of the house. A noise is heard in the distance; the lights of the city seem to be approaching the Hill, accompanied by rolls of the drum. Then a chorus is heard: "Enjoy yourselves, ladies, here's delight!" (*Régalez-vous, mesdam's, violà l'plaisir!*) mingled with shouts of *Vivent les Bohèmes!* A crowd of idlers and vagrants, male and female, gradually gathers at the garden gate, beggars swarm on the scaffoldings, bands of street Arabs run along the path outside; and, passing along the road, the banners and lanterns of the Bohemians are seen. Grisettes, preceding the band, run in and take possession of the porch to obtain a good view of the fun. They are followed by a startled crowd of the respectable dwellers in the district. Popular airs of the day give character in the band to the chorus: "*Régalez-vous, mesdam's!*" The fathers and mothers give expression to their disgust at the proceedings all through the scene, while the street Arabs and beggars indulge in characteristic mockery. The Bohemian band, with flags and lanterns, grisettes, seamstresses, street Arabs and all Julien's friends with the King of Folly and his attendants come in and group themselves about the garden. Louise is elected Muse of Montmartre with burlesque solemnities in a concerted scene of splendid sonorities and remarkable breadth.

At the close of the Apotheosis chorus, while Julien and Louise, arm in arm, are standing proudly smiling on their saluting courtiers, Louise's Mother suddenly appears at the garden gate like a phantom of suffering. The revellers quickly scatter with laughter and mockery. Louise shrinks behind Julien for protection; but the Mother says she does not come as an enemy, but only to tell Louise that her Father is very ill, and she alone can save him. Louise is touched, but Julien is distrustful; however, the

LOUISE

Mother draws such a moving picture of the Father's grief and pleads so well that, finally, on her promise that Louise shall return to her lover, Louise goes away with her Mother after a protracted leave-taking.

In the fourth Act, Louise finds herself a prisoner at home. Her Mother scolds her for causing her parents grief and shame, and says she shall never return to her lover. To her Father's tender pleadings for filial duty and affection, and to his protestations that her parents have only her happiness at heart, she replies: "My happiness! That can return at a word from you. The only favour your child asks is not to be caged like a bird, deprived of liberty and imprisoned by your blind tenderness!" She then reproaches them bitterly for their lying promises. Her Father tenderly pleads with her, but she is obdurate. "Why should I be beautiful, if not in order to be loved? . . . Everyone has a right to freedom. It is the duty of every heart to love. Blind is he who would strangle the will of an awakened soul that demands its share of sunshine and love!" The Father replies: "It is not you who are speaking, wicked girl, not my daughter, but a pitiless enemy." As distant voices of pleasure-seekers float in through the window, she cries: "Paris! Paris calls me! Oh, the magic, the sweet music of the great city!" Then, as through the window the city is seen gradually lighting up, she continues: "O enticing promise! Never-to-be-forgotten whirl! Will not the City come to the aid of her daughter? Paris! Paris! Eternal festival of pleasure! Paris! glory of my desires! Paris, O Paris, succour my misery, brings back the intoxicating hymns of delight! May the walls of my sad prison crumble away! Ring out, glad joy-bells of free espousals! Restore the charm of the hour when my heart beat against his!" While her shocked and enraged parents reproach her for her shamelessness, and vainly try to silence her, she waltzes around the room, and

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in a frenzy sings and calls upon her poet-lover to come to her,—no longer the little girl with timid and fearful heart, but a woman with a heart of flame who craves her lover. “I see the eyes of my beloved; I am going to hear his voice, and his ardent kisses will plunge me into an eternal intoxication! Julien, come and take me!”

In a paroxysm of rage, her Father advances to strike her; but, as her Mother interposes, he opens the door and shouts: “Go then, wretch! Go out into the city which calls you, and amuse yourself. It is gayer there than here! Go; be quick! They are lighting up for the fun! All the girls are there! You can hear them crying, ‘Let the dance begin!’ And the lamps are burning, and the music playing.” As he points out at Paris and continues: “*Voilà l’plaisir, mesdam’s*,” reminiscences of the Bohemian revels at Montmartre are heard in the orchestra.

Louise is terrified, and half-repentant. She runs about the room, sobbing, as her Father chases her, and her Mother tries vainly to calm him. “Do you hear me?” he roars, “will you be quick and go, or shall I throw you out?” Louise disappears with a scream.

The lights of the city are suddenly extinguished. Louise having gone, her Father gazes around him. His anger suddenly departs; he regrets already, and runs down the stairs, calling: “Louise, Louise!” The Mother runs and opens the window and looks out into the night. The Father returns, tottering, and overwhelmed with grief. He fancies he hears Louise returning, goes to the door and listens. Then, shaking his fist at the city, he cries: “O Paris!”

Tosca

Rome, 1900

"*Tosca* does not offer us declamation as a key to symphonic music, nor symphonic music as a key to declamation. The work does not follow the old operatic lines into matters of detail. All is subordinate to the changing situations and emotions of the stage. So far *Tosca* is modern; for the rest it presents the characteristics which have always distinguished Italian opera—long reaches of tender or passionate melody, intense climaxes and a disposition to proceed everywhere on broad and direct lines to the desired goal."

—JOSEPH BENNETT.



IN addition to the ordinary orchestra, Puccini calls for a third flute, a contrabassoon, a celesta* and chime-of-bells. The strings are frequently subdivided. The score follows all the incidents and phrases of the drama.

There is neither overture nor introduction. As the curtain rises, the sinister chords that typify Scarpia are heard and we see the Church of Sant' Andrea alla Valle. On the right is the Attavanti chapel; on the left is a platform with a large picture on an easel, covered by a cloth, palette, paints, brushes, etc., and a basket. Angelotti (bass) hurries in from the left in convict garb, to a syncopated panting phrase. He is breathless and greatly excited. "Ah! At last! Terror made me see the face of an officer at every turn!" He looks all about him carefully; and grows a little calmer on recognizing the place. With a sigh of relief, he approaches the column at which is the Madonna and the holy-water bowl. "At the foot of the Madonna!" my sister wrote. He gropes excitedly about the foot of the Madonna (the orchestra depicting his agitation by means of chromatic chords); and, with a cry of

* The celesta belongs to the harmonica family and was invented in 1886, by Auguste Mustel of Paris. Its compass is five octaves from the bass C and its tone is one of great purity and beauty.

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joy, brings to light a key. "Here is the key and here is the chapel!" He approaches the gates of the Attavanti, cautiously, fits the key in the lock, goes in and closes the gates after him.

The Sacristan (baritone) enters from the back, with some paint brushes in one hand. He talks in a loud tone as if addressing somebody. He has washed and scoured, but can't get them clean! What! nobody there! He would have sworn that the Cavaliere had returned! He looks into the basket. No! wrong again: nothing has been touched!

The Angelus rings; and the Sacristan falls on his knees and prays silently. To a broad, melodious phrase, Cavaradossi (tenor) comes in and asks what he is doing. "Only reciting the Angelus!" He rises. Cavaradossi goes to the easel and uncovers it. The picture represents a Magdalen with large blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair. The painter stands before it in silent contemplation. As the Sacristan turns to speak to him, he catches sight of the picture, and exclaims: "Sacred altar vessels! Her portrait!" "Whose?" "The unknown lady who comes to worship so devoutly before this image!" "Quite true! And while absorbed in her prayers, I, unseen, painted her lovely face." The Sacristan cries: "Avaunt, Satan!" and goes and gets a bucket to continue washing the brushes in, while Cavaradossi sets diligently to work. Presently he takes out a miniature, and carefully compares it with the picture. The phrase heard at Cavaradossi's entrance is now developed. He sings: "Strange harmony of different beauty! Floria, my ardent lover, is a brunette; and you, noble flower, are surrounded with an aureole of golden locks. Your eyes are blue, and Tosca's black. But though Art may admire diverse beauty, you are my sole thought, Tosca!" The Sacristan meanwhile grumbles to himself that the painter jests with the wicked and neglects the saints. These various petticoats in competition with the Madonna have a bad

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taste of hell! He crosses himself; and asks: "Shall I go, Excellency?" "Do what you please!" He points to the basket; it is full; the painter must be fasting! No, only not hungry! The Sacristan expresses regret, but greedily sets it aside as he goes out, telling him to shut the door when he leaves. The Sacristan's theme departs with him.

Angelotti, thinking the church empty, appears within the *grille*. Cavaradossi, hearing the key in the lock, makes a startled exclamation. Angelotti, in terror, is about to run back, when he looks up and utters a cry of joy as he recognizes the painter, and holds out his arms as to an un-hoped-for help. "You, Cavaradossi, God sends you to me!" But prison has so changed him that he is not immediately recognized. However, when the painter does recognize the Consul of the suppressed Roman Republic, he cautiously locks the side door. On learning that his old friend has just escaped from the Castle of San Angelo, he is offering any assistance in his power; when Tosca's voice is heard outside calling, "Mario!" The fugitive must conceal himself while his friend gets rid of Tosca. She is the most jealous of women! Angelotti is weak and faint with hunger, so the painter gives him the basket of food and wine, and locks him in the chapel.

A lively passage, accompanied by triplets, and announced on the flute with strings *pizzicato*, is the motive of Tosca (soprano), who is impatiently calling; and, when at length admitted, looks about her suspiciously, and brusquely repulses her lover's embraces. She heard him whispering with somebody; where is the woman? She heard the rustle of skirts. He assures her she is mistaken, and tries to kiss her; but, with gentle reproof, she says she will pay her devotions to the Madonna. She artistically decorates the statue with flowers she has brought; and then prays devoutly, while Mario resumes his work.

When she rises, she says she is going to sing to-night, but

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it is only a short play, and at the conclusion he is to wait for her and they will go off together alone to the villa.

Mario's somewhat absent-minded acquiescence in her arrangements piques Tosca. Does he not long for their snug little cot, a nest sacred to themselves, full of love and mystery, and unknown to all the world besides? She paints an enticing picture of a secluded bower of birds, flowers and summer breezes, and luminous and perfumed nights, all ministering to love and happiness.

Tosca's song draws Mario momentarily from his preoccupation; but the sight of the chapel gate reminds him, and he tries to induce Tosca to leave him to his work. She is about to comply when she notices the picture, and asks who the blonde lady is. A Magdalen! She's too beautiful for Tosca's taste! Mario thanks her for the praise; but his laughter makes her suspicious again. She thinks she has seen those eyes before! She searches her memory, and exclaims: "It is the Attavanti! You love her! She loves you! Those footsteps! That whispering! Ah, the owl! Ah, me!"

Mario tries to allay her jealous suspicions and swears they are unfounded. Tosca cannot take her eyes off the picture. How fixedly it stares at her, as if laughing and mocking at her!

Mario gently pulls her away from the platform; but she insists, "Ah, what eyes!" He sings that no eyes on earth can compare with her own limped and ardent black ones. What eyes could reveal the soul's mysteries so quickly and clearly as those? Half convinced, Tosca lays her head on his shoulder and exclaims: "O how well you know the art of making yourself loved! But (still insisting on her idea) make the eyes black!" She finally departs, after making him swear that in her absence he will not receive any lady, either black or golden-haired. In this duet we may note a rich combination of strings, wood-wind, harps and chime-of-bells.

Cavaradossi listens to Tosca's retreating footsteps, then cautiously opens the door and examines the neighbourhood. Finding all quiet, he runs to the chapel gates, where Angelotti immediately appears. The latter naturally has overheard the conversation, so his friend explains that he has to be rather careful because he thinks his beloved Tosca could not keep a secret from her confessor. Asking about the fugitive's plans, he learns that, according to circumstances, Angelotti will leave the Papal States, or lie concealed in the city. His sister, the Attavanti, has concealed a woman's gown, veil and fan under the altar, that, in the darkness, will disguise his prison dress. Cavaradossi now understands the circumspect behaviour and prayerful devotion of the young and beautiful lady that almost made him suspect some secret love. It was a sister's love! Angelotti assents; she dared everything to save him from the villainous Scarpia!

Cavaradossi knows Scarpia—a sensual bigot, a tool of the libertines, a slave of lasciviousness, who plays the confessor and the hangman. "I will save you at the cost of my life; but to wait till night is not safe." The chapel opens into a close, not well secured, whence a path leads across a few fields to his villa. Angelotti knows it. Mario gives him the key of the house, tells him to take the woman's clothes with him, and promises to join him in the evening. He need not wear the clothes because the path will be deserted. As he departs, Mario runs after him to say that if danger appears, he must go to the well in the garden. It is not dry, but half way down there is a little opening in the masonry that leads to a dark cave, which will be an impenetrable and safe refuge.

A cannon shot from the Castle startles them. The escape is discovered; Scarpia is letting loose his police! Cavaradossi will accompany his friend, and fight for him if necessary! They both hurry out through the chapel.

The Sacristan comes running in crying: "Great rejoic-

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ings, Your Excellency!" He is astonished at not finding the painter at his easel. "No longer here! I'm not sorry! He who troubles an unbeliever gains an indulgence for himself!"

From all sides clerics, brethren, scholars and choristers come running in tumultuously, as he cries, "Quick, the whole choir!" Late-comers complete the number; and he drives them all towards the sacristy. To their questions, he replies: "Don't you know? Bonaparte has been crushed, and hurled down to Beelzebub! The news has just arrived, and this evening there will be grand illuminations and entertainments at the Farnese Palace. Floria Tosca will sing a cantata composed for the occasion; and in the church we are to sing praises to the Lord. Put on your vestments quickly; no more noise!"

They all laugh, and joyously shout "Double pay! *Te Deum, Gloria. Long Live the King!*" They are celebrating the victory. They all gaily caper about to waltz measures.

Scarpia's sinister theme is heard, and the shouting and laughter are suddenly stilled as Scarpia (baritone), followed by Spolletto (tenor) and other police, appears and exclaims ironically: "What an uproar! Fine respect for the church!" The confused Sacristan tries to make excuses; but Scarpia imperiously orders all out to make ready for the *Te Deum*. He tells the Sacristan to remain behind; and orders his men to watch the doors and search every corner without attracting attention. Then he tells the terrified Sacristan that an hour since a state prisoner escaped from the Castle and has sought refuge here. "Which is the Attavanti Chapel?" The Sacristan goes to open it and finds a key in the lock. "Open! Archangels! And another key!" he cries. "A good clue," says Scarpia, "let us go in!" On his return, he has a fan in his hand; and soliloquizes: "Too late! That cannon-shot was a grave mistake; but the fugitive in his haste has left me a precious



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RENAUD AS "SCARPIA"

TOSCA

prize,—a fan. Who was his accomplice?" He notices a coat-of-arms on it. "The arms of the Marchesa Attavanti! . . . Her portrait," he exclaims as he raises his eyes, "who is painting it?" The Sacristan tells him. At that moment, one of his men brings the provision basket out of the chapel. Scarpia muses: "Tosca's lover! A suspected man! A conspirator!" Seeing the Sacristan examining the basket in perplexity, he soon learns its story, and infers how its contents disappeared. Tosca enters hastily; and he hides from her behind the holy-water pillar.

Tosca runs to the platform, sure of finding him; and calls in surprise, "Mario!" The Sacristan answers: "Who knows where the heretic has gone, and with whom? Lured away by her wiles!" "No, no!" cries Tosca, "he could not betray me!"

She is surprised by the sudden appearance of Scarpia, who comes around the column, dips his fingers in the holy water, and sings: "Divine Tosca, let me touch your tiny hand not in gallantry, but to offer the holy water!" She thanks him, and crosses herself.

The church gradually fills with people, from the highest to the lowest class—nobles and beggars, citizens, soldiers, revellers and outcasts—as Scarpia with delicate flattery tries to insinuate himself into Tosca's good graces. He praises her piety. She treads the boards; but, unlike certain brazen ones, she comes to church to pray, not to keep love trysts like some Magdalens. As he points meaningly at the picture, Tosca cries: "What! Love! The proof!" Showing her the fan, he asks: "Is this a painter's implement?" He found it on the easel! Somebody must have disturbed the lovers; and in their flight they lost the feathers! Tosca recognizes the coronet and arms of the Attavanti. Her suspicions were justified!

While Scarpia secretly gloats over his success in arousing her jealousy, she grieves over her lover's faithlessness. She had come to tell him it would be impossible for her to

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get away to-night, and to comfort him in his disappointment! She pays no attention to Scarpia's hypocritical sympathy, rages against her lover and supposed rival, and finally turns to the picture and threatens: "You shall not possess him to-night! I swear it!" When the scandalized Scarpia remonstrates: "In church!" she says: "God will pardon me. He sees my tears!" She departs in great agitation, accompanied to the door by Scarpia, trying to comfort her.

Scarpia returns and makes a sign to Spolletto, who is hiding behind the column, and orders: "Three officers, quick! Follow her wherever she goes; keep out of sight; be careful!" They are to report at the Farnese Palace. On their departure, Scarpia soliloquizes: "Go, Tosca! Scarpia nests in your heart; he follows you and drives you forward; and Scarpia knows how to work upon your jealousy! What promise there is in your ready suspicion! Ah! to see the flame in those victorious eyes die down into the glow of love! I shall have them both;—the head of one, the other in my arms!" The sacred music in the church wakes him as if from a dream. He collects himself, crosses himself, looks about him and says: "Tosca, you would make me forget God!" Then he kneels and prays devoutly.

In this scene we may note the constant firing of cannon (managed by striking upon an enormous cone over which a tight skin is stretched), Tosca's triplet accompaniment and Scarpia's sinister theme and also the introduction of the organ which announces the procession of the Chapter and the Cardinal and the stately *Te Deum* that resounds through the church. It is noteworthy also that after saying "Tosca, you would make me forget God," Scarpia joins in the chorus, "All the earth shall worship thee, the Father everlasting," and the curtain falls, as the orchestra repeats the chords of Scarpia's characteristic motive.

The second Act opens in Scarpia's office on the second

floor of the Farnese Palace. It is night; a large window looks on the court-yard of the Palace. Scarpia is sitting at a table eating his supper, frequently pausing to reflect. He is anxious and disturbed and oftens looks at his watch. He mutters: "Tosca is a good falcon! By this time my men must surely have secured the two prizes! To-morrow's dawn will see Angelotti and the handsome Mario hanging together on the gallows!"

He rings, and Sciarrone enters. He wants to know if Tosca is in the palace, and learns that she has just been sent for. It is getting late. He tells Sciarrone to open the window. In Queen Maria Carolina's apartments below a grand entertainment is being given in honour of the victory of General Melas, and the sounds of an orchestra float up. Tosca has not yet arrived for the cantata, and the interval is being filled with a gavotte, in which the flute takes a conspicuous part. Scarpia orders Sciarrone to wait for Tosca at the entrance and tell her that Scarpia will expect her at the conclusion of her song. He writes a note for Sciarrone to hand her.

He then returns to his supper. He is confident that she will come, for her lover's sake; for his sake also she will yield to Scarpia; such is the nature of deep love and profound misery! Violent conquest is far sweeter than soft consent. Scarpia takes little pleasure in sighs and moonlight ecstasies. He is not skilled in playing the guitar, or culling flowers, or making sheeps' eyes, or cooing like a turtle-dove. He desires, and pursues the thing desired. When satiated, he casts it aside, and follows a fresh quarry. God has created varied beauty and different wines. Scarpia will enjoy as much as possible of the Divine provision!

Spolletto arrives and makes his report in some trepidation. They followed Tosca to an embowered villa, scaled the garden wall and searched the house, but could not find Angelotti. Scarpia is furious and is ordering his tool to execution, when the latter mitigates his rage by saying that

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he arrested the painter and is sure from his defiant conduct that he knows where the other is.

Scarpia's reflections are interrupted by the strains of Tosca's singing below. Suddenly he orders the prisoner to be brought in, and Robert the Executioner and the examining judge to be sent for.

When they are admitted, Scarpia interrogates Cavaradossi with studied politeness. The latter angrily protests (Tosca's singing is heard throughout the scene) against his arrest, protests ignorance of the escape of the prisoner, obstinately denies all assistance and complicity in the affair, taunts the officers for their failure to discover Angelotti at his villa, and swears ignorance of his present whereabouts.

Scarpia keeps calm, and urges Mario to confess, but his efforts are unavailing.

Suddenly Tosca enters, and is amazed to find her lover under arrest. He whispers to her to conceal all she knows about the matter. Scarpia orders him into the torture chamber. When they have gone, he asks Tosca to sit down and talk like friends; there is no cause for alarm! Tosca collects herself and protests she is not alarmed. "How about the story of the fan?" "Nothing but foolish jealousy!" She found nobody but Mario at the villa, she insists. Scarpia calls to Sciarrone to know whether Mario will speak. Since he refuses, the pressure must be increased! Tosca laughs, and says it is useless to try to induce her to lie to please Scarpia, but she is overwhelmed when he tells her that her confession would spare an hour of suffering for Mario, who lies in the next room, bound hand and foot, with an iron band compressing his brow, making the blood spurt with every denial. As she shudders at his audible groans, Scarpia urges her to save him. She consents; and the torture is temporarily suspended.

Tosca manages to approach the door and call to Mario. Is he in agony? He tells her to take courage and keep silence; he scorns suffering! However, by opening the

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door to let Tosca hear her lover's groans and see his torture, Scarpia finally breaks her resolution; and she cries: "In the well, in the garden!" "Enough, Robert!" Scarpia orders. "Assassin!" cries Tosca, "I want to see him!" "Bring him here!" orders Scarpia.

Cavaradossi in a swoon is carried in and laid on a sofa. Tosca is horrified at the sight of his blood, but controls herself, and kneels and kisses him till he recovers consciousness. She reassures him when he wants to know whether any secrets were wrung from him in his agony. But when Scarpia orders Spolletto to search the well in the garden, he repulses Tosca and curses her for betraying him.

At this moment Sciarrone comes in with bad news. Bonaparte has defeated the Royalists at Marengo! Melas is in flight! In his enthusiasm, Mario finds strength to rise and cry: "Ah! there is an avenging God! Arise, Liberty, and make the tyrants tremble! In the sufferings of a martyr I rejoice. Let your heart quail, O livid hangman!"

Desperately clinging to Mario, Tosca tries to silence him with her appeals. With a sarcastic smile, he says: "Howl, braggart! Be quick and reveal to me the depths of your soul! Go! moribund, the halter awaits you!" Exasperated by Mario's words, Scarpia tells his followers to carry Mario away. They brutally push Tosca aside as she tries to accompany her lover. Then Scarpia gets between her and the door, holds her back, and locks it, saying: "Not you!"

Tosca groans: "Save him!" Scarpia with a calm smile, turns toward his half-finished supper, and invites her to sit down and talk matters over to see if some means of saving him can not be found. He fills a glass of wine for her.

Tosca slowly approaches the table and sits down opposite Scarpia, gazing at him intently. At last, with an accent of profound contempt, she asks: "How much?" He laughs and echoes her question as he pours out for himself. "The price?" she insists. Already! He is called venal, but he

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never yet sold himself to a beautiful woman for money. If he must break his sworn faith, it must be for other payment. He has waited for this hour. Long ago he was melted with love for the Diva; and he tells her how he was inflamed by her beauty, her distress, and her disdain, and how, when she clung passionately to her lover, he swore she should be his. Rising, he approaches Tosca with open arms. Petrified at Scarpia's words, she springs to her feet and takes refuge behind the sofa. As he follows, declaring he will have her, she runs to the window saying she will jump out. He coldly reminds her that Mario's life will remain in pawn. "Horrible bargain!" cries Tosca, and then, struck by an idea: "Ah, the Queen!" Scarpia ironically says: "Don't let me detain you! Go! You are free! But your hopes are fallacious. The royal pardon would only reach a corpse!" Tosca returns in despair, and sinks upon the sofa with a look and gesture of supreme disgust and hatred. "How you hate me!" exclaims Scarpia, "I want you like that!" As he approaches her, she retreats around the table, repeating her loathing and contempt. She calls for help as distant drums are heard approaching. He tells her they are to escort the condemned, the gallows are already erected. In accordance with Tosca's will, only one hour remains of Mario's life!

Tosca despairingly moans in an air very Italian in character that she has lived for art and love, and never harmed a living soul; she has often relieved secretly the distress of others; she has regularly gone to church in sincere faith; the altars have received her floral offerings in profusion. In her hour of suffering, why will not God reward her!

Scarpia impatiently calls on her to decide; time is flying! She kneels to him and implores his pity; but she is too beautiful. Besides, a moment of love for a life is a good exchange! Tosca shudders at the monster.

Spolletto knocks at the door. He comes to say that when they went to arrest Angelotti, he took poison. Scarpia

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calmly orders the corpse to be hung on the gallows; and inquires after the other prisoner. All is ready!

Scarpia asks Tosca for her final decision; and she surrenders; but stipulates that Mario must be freed immediately. That can not be, because everybody must think that Mario has been executed. Spolletto will manage the affair!

Looking meaningly at Spolletto, he tells him he has changed his mind; the prisoner is to be shot as Count Palmieri was. "An execution?" asks Spolletto. "Yes! a pretended one, like Count Palmieri's. Do you understand?" "I quite understand." Tosca wants to inform Mario herself. Scarpia consents. "At four o'clock!" he says to Spolletto; and the latter repeats: "Yes! like Palmieri!"

Scarpia listens to Spolletto's retreating steps and then turns passionately towards Tosca. She insists on a written safe-conduct for Mario and herself to leave the country. He at first demurs, but finally consents. While he is writing it, Tosca goes to the table to get the glass of wine he poured out for her and sees there a small, sharp-pointed knife. Carefully watching him, she gets possession of it unperceived. He signs, folds and seals the paper, rises and comes towards her triumphantly crying: "And now, Tosca, at last you are mine!" But his voluptuous tones close with a terrible cry as Tosca plunges the knife into his breast.

"Maledetta!" he screams; and she exclaims: "This is Tosca's kiss!"

Scarpia tries to seize Tosca in his arms; but she roughly pushes him back, and he falls with an agonized cry in a voice half choked with blood. Tosca watches him as he tries to rise clutching the sofa, and taunts him. "Slain by a woman! Have you tortured me sufficiently! Speak! Can you still hear? Look at me! I am Tosca! the Diva! I am Tosca! O Scarpia!" He makes a final effort to rise, and then falls backward, groaning: "Help!"

Tosca bends over him, and asks if the blood chokes him,

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and tells him to die. Seeing him motionless, she exclaims: "He is dead! Now, pardon to him! And but now Rome trembled before him!"

All Tosca's subsequent actions are dramatically annotated by the music. Still watching the corpse, she goes to the table, lays down the knife, dips a napkin in a bottle of water, and washes her fingers. Then she goes to a mirror and smooths her hair. She looks on the *escritoire* for the safe-conduct; not finding it there, she takes it from the clutched hand of the dead man, and hides it in her bosom. She then takes the candelabrum from the table and is about to go, when she pauses, takes the candelabrum off the *escritoire*, lights it at the other, and sets them on the floor one on each side of Scarpia's head. Rising, she again looks about the room, sees a small crucifix hanging on the wall, takes it down and lays it reverently on Scarpia's breast. Then she rises, and cautiously departs, shutting the door after her, the orchestra playing meanwhile very softly the Scarpia motive.

The third Act begins with a passage for the horn, and takes place on the platform of the Castle of Sant' Angelo. To the left is a casemate, in which are a table, a bench and a chair. On the table are a lamp, a large register, and writing materials. On one of the walls of the casemate hangs a crucifix, with a lamp in front of it. On the right is the aperture at the top of the little flight of steps by which the platform is reached. The Vatican and St. Peter's are visible in the background. It is still night; but the faint light that precedes the dawn is gradually strengthening; the church bells are ringing to early mass; and the voice of a shepherd-boy watching his flock is heard. His song is accompanied by sheep-bells, gradually dying away in the distance.

A jailer carrying a lantern comes up, goes to the casemate and lights the lamp hanging before the crucifix, and

then the lamp on the table. He sits down and waits drowsily. Presently, a sergeant and guard bring up Cavaradossi. The sergeant takes the latter to the casemate, and hands a paper to the jailer, who examines it, and writes in the register the answers to his questions. He then hands the pen to the sergeant, who departs with his guard, and tells the prisoner that he will stay here one hour, a priest will attend him. Mario declines, but offers a ring in return for a last favour—to write a letter to Tosca. After a little hesitation the jailer consents; and allows him to sit down. He writes a few lines, and then pauses to indulge his love memories, during which there is an accompaniment of four divided violoncellos.

At the close of this song, *E luce van stelle*, he breaks down and sobs. The sergeant returns with a lantern, accompanied by Spolletto and Tosca. Spolletto shows Tosca where Mario is, calls the jailer and goes down with him and the sergeant after posting a sentinel to watch the prisoner. Tosca sees her lover grieving, with his face in his hands; she approaches and separates them; he starts in amazement. Prevented by her emotions from speaking, she shows him a paper. He reads: "*Safe conduct for Floria Tosca.*" Tosca continues: "*And for the Cavaliere who accompanies her. You are free!*"

Mario looks at the signature and exclaims, "Scarpia! Scarpia kind? At what price? This is his first bounty!" "And his last!" says Tosca, as she takes the safe-conduct and puts it in her purse.

She explains her words by describing all that she went through till at last she stabbed him to the heart. Mario can hardly believe that such a gentle and pious heart was capable of such a deed,—and for him! He lovingly grasps the beautiful hands that struck the dreadful blow, hands gentle and pure, intended for beautiful and pious works, to caress children, to gather flowers and to pray, instead of to execute judgment.

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Tosca frees her hands. The time is nearly up! She has gathered together her gold and jewels, a carriage is ready; but first—her lover must smile—but first he must be shot! Not really, but with blank cartridges—a pretended execution—when they fire he must fall, the soldiers will go away, and they will be safe. Then Civitavecchia, a boat, and escape by sea!

In a duet, accompanied by arpeggio chords, they rejoice over their imminent freedom. Then recalling herself to the stern realities of the present, she instructs Mario to fall at the very moment the muskets are discharged. He promises to do so quite naturally; and they return to their anticipation of blissful days together.

The interview is ended by the appearance of a firing party headed by an officer, who marches his men down the terrace; they are followed by Spolletto, the sergeant and the jailer. Spolletto gives the necessary instructions. Day is just breaking, it is striking four. The jailer approaches Cavaradossi, and taking off his cap, points to the officer, saying, "Time!" "I am ready!" replies the prisoner. The jailer takes the register of the condemned and goes down the steps.

Tosca, with suppressed laughter, whispers: "Remember! fall at the first shot!" Mario laughingly assents. She continues: "Be sure not to rise till I call you!" "No, love!" "And fall naturally!" "Like Tosca on the stage!" "Don't laugh!" "Like this?" (looking pensive). "Yes, like that!"

After taking leave of Tosca, who places herself in the casemate on the left so as to have a good view of the proceedings on the terrace, Cavaradossi follows the officer and sergeant, who place him with his back to the end wall. When the sergeant wants to bandage his eyes, he declines. These lugubrious preparations are very trying to Tosca's patience. The sun is already rising; why are they so long

about the business? She knows it is only a comedy they are playing, but this anxiety seems eternal!

The officer and sergeant draw up their men. "Look!" she cries, "they are getting their arms ready! How handsome my Mario looks!" Seeing that the officer is about to lower his sword, she covers her ears with her hands so as not to hear the detonation, and nods her head to Mario to fall, saying, "There! die!" Then, as she sees him on the ground, she throws a kiss to him, saying: "He's an artist!"

The sergeant approaches the fallen man and closely examines him; Spolletto follows, pushes him aside to prevent him from administering the *coup de grace*, and then covers Cavaradossi with a mantle. The officer forms his men in line, the sergeant withdraws the sentinel, and, preceded by Spolletto, all descend the steps.

Tosca is greatly agitated. She has watched their movements in dread lest in his impatience Mario might move or speak before the opportune moment. In low tones, she calls to him not to move yet. "Now they have gone! Don't speak! I am coming!"

Seeing the terrace clear, she runs to the top of the steps to make sure that the soldiers are not returning, calling softly again to Mario not to move yet. She listens; then goes and cautiously looks over the parapet. They are crossing the court-yard!

"Mario!" she cries, running to him, "up! quick! let us go! up!" She stoops to help him to rise, but utters a stifled cry of terror and amazement as she lifts the cloak; her hand is bloody! "Dead! dead!" she screams, as she throws herself on the corpse, half doubting her senses. "O Mario! dead! To end thus! Your poor Floria!"

From the court-yard and down the stairway rises, confused at first and coming nearer, the sound of the voices of Sciarrone, Spolletto and soldiers; the former says: "I tell

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you, poniarded!" "Scarpia?" "Yes, Scarpia!" "Tosca is the woman!" "She shall not escape!" "Guard the exit!" are the various cries.

Spolletto appears and rushes at Tosca, shouting: "You shall pay dearly for his life."

Tosca springs to her feet, and unable to escape, violently pushes him away, crying: "With my own!"

Spolletto recoils at the unexpected shock, and Tosca runs quickly to the parapet and jumps off, crying: "O, Scarpia! Before God's throne!"

Sciarrone and the soldiers run to the parapet and look over, while Spolletto stands overwhelmed at being foiled.

Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame

Monte Carlo, 1902

"I have read that adorable score of the *Jongleur de Notre Dame* and I find it charming. I have seen and heard it, and I find it exquisite. It is enchanting to hear this music in which from the broad introduction, with its successive intervals of fourths (which produce a sort of impression of the Middle Ages), to the last note of the finale, there is not a dull nor a weak moment."—ARTHUR PUGIN.

"The opera has a singular charm—the charm of quaint simplicity, of humorous touch, of delicate colour and a real atmosphere. It is to be placed among the most successful works of the composer. Strong originality and dramatic power are not the most notable features of Massenet's music. These are to be found rather in graceful melody, clever design, skill in the general structure, and the finely wrought orchestration of his operas; and these are the excellences of *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*."—RICHARD ALDRICH.



SOLEMN, dignified prelude, ecclesiastical in character, opens the work.

When the curtain rises, we see the Place de Cluny, Paris, in the Fourteenth Century, with the traditional great elm in the centre, beneath which stands a bench.

Above the door of the Abbey of Cluny is a statue of the Virgin. It is the first of May and a market-day. The square is filled with people—knights, clerks, peasants, beggars and citizens; young girls and boys are dancing the *bergerette*; vendors are crying their goods; and some of the people are singing "Oh, Pierrot! Oh, Pierrette! dance the *bergerette* in honour of our Lady of the Skies and the little dauphin Jesus on this gracious May." "Pears!" "Turnips!" "Plums from Tours!" "Fresh strawberries!" "Cream cheese!" "White cabbages!"

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"Green sauce!" "Oh, buy the green sauce!" cry the men and women, while a monk announces that "Pardons are at the high altar!"

The sound of a *vielle* is heard from a distance. "Silence!" cry the various voices, "a Jongleur is coming! The lively strain seems to hop like a merry grasshopper. Yes, it is a Jongleur; he will give us a new song and show us a new dance."

Jean (tenor) now enters, playing on his *vielle*.

"Place for the King of Jongleurs," he demands.

"What a disappointment! He is so thin! so wan! so ragged!"

"He is not very beautiful," say the people, "his face is very pitiful"; but a wag announces, "His Majesty, King Famine!" and this makes them all laugh.

"Attention!" cries Jean. "Listen, gentlemen, young and old, ladies, clerks, who know how to read, bandy-legs, hunchbacks, drunkards and thieves, listen to Jean, King of Jongleurs!" The people crowd around him and the boys and girls dance a mocking rondo as they sing "Gentle King, choose your Queen, *lanturli, vireonlaine*."

Jean interrupts them to ask for a little coin, please, in his empty bowl.

"Jesus will thank you, sir," he says gratefully to the man who has complied with the request; but, alas! "it is a piece of old money, worth nothing," and so Jean resumes his song:

"Would you like some tricks? I am clever with trenchers and balls"—but they laugh disdainfully.

"I can take eggs out of a hat——"

"That's silly and an old trick; you should take out chickens!" they say.

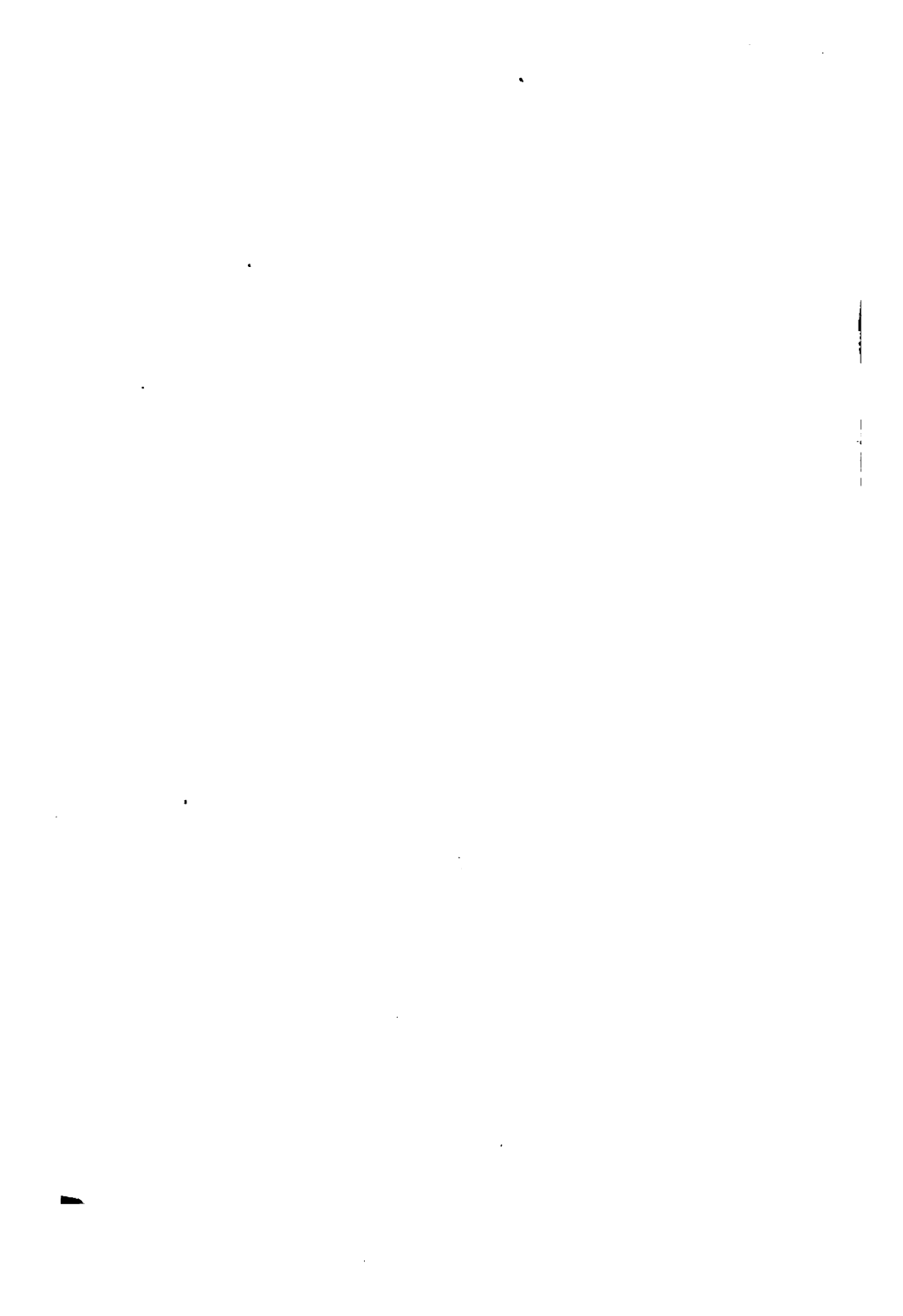
"I can dance the hoop dance," and Jean begins a step.

"What grace!" they cry mockingly, and then the girls and boys force him to dance with them, as they sing again "Gentle King, choose your Queen."



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GARDEN AS THE "JONGLEUR DE NOTRE-DAME"



JONGLEUR DE NOTRE-DAME

"Peace, fools and idiots!" cries Jean, breaking away, to begin his harangue again. "Gentlemen, I will sing a love song."

"Pears!" "Turnips!" cry some of the vendors. "Plums from Tours," cry others.

Jean, beginning to despair—"A war song, perhaps——"

"No! No!"

"I know *Roland*——"

"Cream cheese!" "White cabbages!" cry more voices.

"I know *Berthe au grands pieds*——"

"No! No! that's too old a story."

"*Rénaud de Montauban*?"

"No! No!"

"*Charlemagne*?"

"No! No!"

"*Pépin*?"—and now a wag, imitating the street-vendors, calls out, "Rabbit skin!" at which the crowd laughs heartily.

Some of the people now ask Jean for a drinking-song.

"Yes," cry others.

"*In vino veritas*," a drunkard remarks. "Give us the Drunkard's *Credo*; the *Te Deum* of Hippocras; the *Gloria* of Rouge-Troque!"—

Jean now timidly proposes the *Alleluia du Vin*?

"Yes! Yes!" all exclaim with delight, "the *Alleluia of Wine*!" Turning with folded hands to the statue, Jean begs the Holy Virgin and her sweet child, Jesus, to pardon him, for he is about to sing a sacrilegious song. He must earn his living and he is very hungry; after all, if his heart is a good Christian, what matter if his stomach is Pagan? (*Pardonnez moi, Sainte Vierge Marie.*)

The people call impatiently for the *Alleluia du Vin*, and Jean, first with a prelude on his instrument, sings a song in praise of wine, the refrain of which is taken up by the people in chorus.

Suddenly the door of the abbey opens and the Prior

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(bass) appears on the steps, and orders the infamous crowd away. All flee but Jean.

"As for you, vile mountebank," he says to the trembling youth, "how dare you insult Our Mother Mary and her Divine Child at the convent door?"

Jean, falling on his knees, demands pardon; but the Prior, whose admonitions are beautifully accompanied by a solo on the violoncello, curses him and says that Satan will soon brandish him on his scarlet trident to throw him into the flames. The door of hell is open already for him!

Jean, throwing himself on the ground, seems already burning, and begs pardon of the Prior and of the Virgin, before whom he sobs.

"Well," the Prior thinks, "he is weeping, perhaps in this soul the pale winter rose may blossom! Your name?" he asks.

"Jean."

"That name is dear to the Virgin," he tells Jean; but to save himself he must enter the convent.

Jean, now turning to the statue, says the Lady of Heaven and Jesus know how Jean, the poor Jongleur, loves them; but to renounce Liberty—Liberty, his gentle mistress, who has led him up and down the roads, given him the joy of the silvery waters, the golden wheat, and the diamonds of the night, who has made him a King, and given him the little birds in the green bushes for a chorus to accompany his songs—how can he renounce that sweet joy, Liberty,—and to leave her, too, while he is still so young! (*Faut-il, que je vous perde, ô mon royal trésor, O Liberté, ma mie*). The poetic blending of the harp with the song of the violins should be noticed in the accompaniment of this song.

The Prior reminds him of winter, the north-wind and the snow; but Jean looks sorrowfully at the tools of his profession, especially his *vielle*.

"Go, then, infamous beggar," the Prior says, "go die

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of hunger in a ditch. The convent will not only save your soul, but your body," then smilingly he adds, "Sometimes in Lent haricots and dried herrings are a little trying, but oh! on feast-days!—Look," he adds, as Boniface, the cook (baritone), arrives on an ass, laden with two paniers, one containing flowers and the other food and bottles, and led by another brother. "Here comes our unrivalled cook, Brother Boniface, from market!"

Boniface now unpacks the baskets. "First, for the Virgin, the flowers that she loves: Pinks, lilacs, forget-me-nots, violets, eglantines, and lilies, roses, anemones, sun-flowers, periwinkles, privet, and a golden basin. First, for the Virgin, the flowers that she loves!" (*Pour la Vierge d'abord, voici les fleurs qu'elle aime*). "Now for the servants of Madame Marie! Here are young onions, here are pears, here are water-cresses, velvet cabbage, and blooming sage, and, Holy Virgin! a fine capon! Father, if you please, feel the weight of this ham! Chitterlings, a boar's quarter, *cervelas*, sausage, *boudin*! And what wine we have! how it will sparkle in the crystal flagon! Gentle Jesus, it is old *Mâcon*! Flowers for the Virgin and this fine taper and all these for the humble servants!"

At this moment, the clock within the abbey strikes the breakfast hour and monks are heard reciting the *Benedicite* in the refectory.

"Come, Father," says Boniface, "to table. What a good breakfast! and," pointing to his provisions, "what a dinner I will prepare!"

"Come," says the Prior to Jean.

The Prior, Boniface and Brother Lai, leading the ass, move to the entrance. Jean, captivated by the sight and smell of the provisions, follows; but returns to pick up his jongleur's instruments; bows before the Virgin and enters the convent.

Act II. shows us the convent studio, which opens on

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the garden, and which is furnished with desks, tables and easels. In full view is a beautiful statue of the Virgin "in a mystical attitude of indulgence and love," which has just been finished.

Jean, in a monk's habit, and four monks are present—the Sculptor, Poet, Painter and Musician—and all are grouped around the Musician, who is rehearsing a hymn to the Virgin which he has just composed, for it is the day of Assumption.

*"Ave caeleste lilium,
Ave rosa speciosa,"*

sing the monks; but Jean, standing apart, laments that he cannot praise the Virgin, to whom he owes his present good living, for he does not know Latin.

The Prior and Boniface enter and compliment the singers on the hymn. The monks now go to their painting, modelling, copying, etc.; others are seen at work in the garden; and Boniface prepares vegetables.

"How is it?" the Prior asks Jean, "that you, once a singer, do not sing?"

"Alas!" Jean replies, "I know nothing but common and profane French songs!"

"Oh, Brother Jean!" exclaim the monks, "you are lazy and getting fat" (poking him in the stomach).

"That doesn't matter," Boniface benignly comments, "Brother Jean likes good things."

"Well," says the Prior, "he can offer to the Virgin this morning that bouquet of lilies and roses in his face."

"Brothers," Jean exclaims, "I am conscious of my shame. I weep night and day, for I can do nothing to gain my bread. I am an ignorant, stupid monk and know nothing but the refectory and how to eat and drink"; and, turning to the Prior, begs him to throw him out of the convent.

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The Sculptor now approaches and ironically offers to teach Jean, singing also in praise of his art.

"You forget," the Painter interrupts, "Jean should be my pupil; painting is a greater art."

"No. The supreme place should be given to poetry," cries the Poet. "No," the Musician insists, "music is the divine art."

Soon they forget Jean and quarrel about the relative importance of painting, poetry, sculpture and music, which the Poet ironically says to the Musician, who threatens him, induces gentle manners.

The Prior demands quiet (*Quoi, mes frères dans cet asile la discorde!*), and orders them to carry the new statue of the Virgin into the chapel and pray before it. All, therefore, leave, singing the new hymn.

Boniface and Jean are now left alone. Jean, seated despondently with his head in his hands, laments that he has no offering to make.

"Don't envy those proud monks," Boniface replies, "Paradise is not for them; and, when it comes to a question of glory, *my* work is meritorious. I am a sculptor in nougats; I am a painter in creams; my well-cooked capon is worth a thousand poems; and my repast is a ravishing symphony!"

"That is true," Jean agrees.

"But to please Marie, I remain modest," he adds, with a slightly conceited air. "Take comfort, Jean, I don't know Latin either," he continues. "What matters it? The Virgin hears French just as well, and she loves simple hearts. I have read in a book of sacred history that she loves the humblest flower. Listen,"—and he relates the *Legend of the Sage*, the pearl of the score:

"When the Virgin was fleeing with the Infant Jesus and the poor fatigued ass could travel no farther, the blood-thirsty horsemen of King Herod were heard coming. 'Oh, my child, where can I hide thee!' she cried. A beautiful

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rose was blooming on the roadside. 'Oh, Rose,' she begged, 'open thy calix and save my Jesus from death.' But the Rose, not wishing to spoil her petals, refused. Then to the Sage on the roadside she asked: 'Sage, little Sage, open thy leaves and hide my child,' and the good Sage opened her leaves and made a cradle for Jesus."

"Oh, miracle of love!" exclaims Jean.

"And the Virgin blessed the Sage above all flowers."

Then aside, very emphatically, Boniface adds: "The Sage, moreover, is very useful in the kitchen!"

"If your white hand will bless me this day," Jean exclaims, "let me die on this feast-day!"

"I must run to my turkey," exclaims Boniface, and, returning, remarks, "I please the Virgin by looking after my oven: Jesus gives the same smile to the poor shepherd with his pipe as to the Three Magi with gold, incense and myrrh!"

As he runs off, Jean repeats, "And to the poor shepherd with his pipe!" Then, suddenly he is enlightened. Perhaps in the eyes of the Virgin the Jongleur and the King are equal; and, lifting his eyes to heaven, the humble mountebank begs if this is true that She will smile upon him.

On the vague, undulating rhythm of the *chanson de la sauge*, a lovely instrumental interlude unfolds upon the orchestra,—the *Pastorale mystique*, full of tender grace and sweetness, that links this to the third and last Act.

When the curtain rises again, we are looking upon the chapel. On the altar stands the new statue of the Virgin, and the Painter-monk is admiring it. He hides behind a column, for he sees Jean, still in his monk's garb, but carrying his *vielle* and wallet. He enters with a dancing step and looks around anxiously.

Approaching the altar, he prays to the Virgin; takes off his cassock and appears in his jongleur's attire; spreads his carpet; and tunes his *vielle*, playing the same chords that announced his arrival in Act I.

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"He must be crazy. I will go and tell the Prior!" exclaims the Painter.

Then, addressing an imaginary crowd, Jean begs for money and sings a war song. "Perhaps the Virgin would prefer a love song," and so he begins *Belle Doëtte à sa fenêtre*, which he forgets. Then he begins *Belle Erembourg sur la plus haute tour*; but his memory fails again; and then he sings the "eternal pastorale" of *Robin et Marion*.

The Painter now returns with the Prior and Boniface; but Jean does not see them. The Prior is horrified, and Boniface prevents him from rushing on Jean.

"Perhaps the Virgin would like some tumbling, some tricks, and a dance!"

The scandalized Prior remarks that "The dog has returned to his vomit"; but Boniface reminds him that "David danced before the ark of the Lord."

The Jongleur now executes a *bouffée*, whirling ever faster and faster until he is exhausted. Then he kneels in profound adoration.

The other monks now enter and are also horrified, but restrained by Boniface from attacking Jean.

"Look! look!" Boniface cries. "What a strange light is shining! The Virgin opens her eyes! she smiles!"

"O miracle!" the monks exclaim, for the voices of angels are now heard singing a hymn.

The Prior advances to Jean, who is terrified that he has been discovered, and begs for pardon.

"I should be on my knees before you," says the Prior.

"You are a saint; pray for me!"

"Pray for us!" plead the Monks.

"Don't laugh at me," begs Jean, "punish me, Father."

"You are the honour of our monastery," the Prior solemnly replies, "the Virgin has blessed you!" and he points to the altar.

Strange! but Jean sees nothing!

The altar is now gleaming with radiance and now the

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aureole falls from the hands of the Virgin and hovers over Jean's head. "Miracle! Miracle!" and Jean falls in the Prior's arms.

Kyrie Eleison, chant the Monks.

"Now," says Jean faintly, "I understand Latin!"

Alleluia, sing the voices of angels, and the monks recite the litany, while Jean, in ecstasy, says that the heavens are open and the Virgin is smiling (*Spectacle radieux!*).

"He is entering into celestial glory," says Boniface with great piety.

"Here I am!" Jean calls faintly, and dies.

"Amen!" sing the angels.

"Amen!" sing the monks.

It may be noted that Massenet has inscribed his score with the words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"

Pelleas et Melisande

Paris, 1902

"I have been reproached because in my score the melodic phrase is always in the orchestra, never in the voice. I tried, with all my strength and all my sincerity, to identify my music with the poetical essence of the drama. Before all things I respected the characters, the lives of my personages; I wished them to express themselves independently of me, of themselves—I let them sing in me. I tried to listen to them and to interpret them faithfully. I wished—intended in fact—that the action should never be arrested; that it should be continuous and uninterrupted. I wished to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. When listening to a work, the spectator is wont to experience two kinds of emotion, which are quite distinct—the musical emotion, on the one hand; the emotion of the character on the other; generally they are felt successively. I have tried to blend these two emotions and make them simultaneous."—

CLAUDE DEBUSSY.



AFTER a short orchestral prelude of a few bars on the bassoons, double basses and muted violoncellos, playing very softly, the curtain rises upon a forest, where Mélisande (soprano) is sitting by a spring. Golaud (baritone), grandson of King Arkël of Allemonde, enters, having lost his way. He fears that he will never be able to get out of this strange forest; the beast that he has wounded, while hunting, has led him on and on, even here are traces of its blood; and now he fears that his hounds will never find him. Hearing a sob, he discovers a weeping maiden beside the spring, and coughs to attract her attention. Approaching Mélisande, he touches her shoulder, and asks why she is weeping. Mélisande trembles and is about to run away.

In the meantime what we may call Mélisande's leading-motive has been announced on the oboe and strings. Mélisande commands the stranger not to touch her. "Do not

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be afraid," he replies, "I will not harm you. Oh! how beautiful you are!"

"If you touch me, I will throw myself in!" exclaims Mélisande.

"I will not touch you," Golaud promises. "I will lean against this tree"; and then he asks if anyone has wronged her.

"Yes," Mélisande answers with deep sobs, "everybody"; but she refuses to tell him how she has been injured.

Golaud begs her not to weep, and then asks her where she came from.

"I ran away," is her vague answer; and all that Golaud can learn is that she is lost and that she was born far away from this place.

"What is that shining in the depths of the water?" Golaud asks. "Where?" asks Mélisande, "Ah! it is the crown he gave me. It fell in while I was crying." "A crown?" questions Golaud. "Who gave you a crown? I will try to get it out."

"No! No!" Mélisande entreats, "I don't want it. I'd rather die this very moment." "I can draw it out easily. The water is not very deep." "I don't want it," cries Mélisande. "If you draw it out, I will take its place!" "Then I will leave it where it is. It seems to be a beautiful one," Golaud answers. "Yes, yes," Mélisande assents, and then asks his name.

"I am Prince Golaud, the grandson of Arkël, the old King of Allemonde," he replies proudly, and the bassoons and horns pronounce his leading-motive.

Mélisande comments on his grey hair and beard, and asks why he looks at her so strangely. "I was looking at your eyes," he answers. "Do you ever close them? And why do you look so amazed?" "You are a giant," says Mélisande; "why did you come here?" "I do not know," Golaud replies, "I was hunting in the forest. I chased a bear. I lost my way.—You look very young. How old

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are you?" "I am beginning to feel cold," she says, and Golaud asks if she will come with him. "No"; Mélisande would rather stay here; but Golaud tells her that she cannot stay alone in the forest all night, and asks her name.

"Mélisande." "You cannot stay here, Mélisande," he repeats. "Come with me." "I will stay here," she insists. "You will be afraid. You don't know what may be here. All night—all alone! It is not possible! Come, Mélisande, give me your hand." "Oh! don't touch me!" she cries. "Do not cry. I will not touch you. Come with me. The night will be black and cold. Come with me!" "Where are you going?" she asks. "I do not know, for I, too, am lost," Golaud answers, and they walk away.

The scene changes to a room in the Castle of King Arkël. Arkël (bass) and Geneviève (mezzo soprano), his daughter-in-law, and mother of Golaud and Pelléas, are reading a letter from Golaud to Pelléas: "'One evening I found her weeping by a spring in the forest where I was lost. I do not know her age, nor who she is, nor whence she comes, and I do not dare ask her. She must have had some great sorrow, for when she is asked what has happened to her, she weeps and sobs so violently that I am frightened. It is now six months since I married her, and I do not know anything more about her than I did on our first meeting. And now, my dear Pelléas, whom I love more than a brother, although we are not sons of the same father, prepare for my return. I know that my mother will pardon me willingly; but I am afraid of Arkël, notwithstanding his kindness, because, by this strange marriage, I have frustrated his political projects, and I fear that Mélisande's beauty will not excuse my folly in his sage eyes. If, however, he will consent to welcome her as a daughter, on the third day after you receive this letter, light a lamp at the summit of the tower that overlooks the sea. I shall see it from the bridge of our ship; if not, I will go on and never

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return.' What do you say about it?" questions Geneviève.

"Nothing," replies Arkël. "This seems strange to us, because we always see the wrong side of destiny. He has always followed my advice until now; I had hoped to have made him happy in sending him to ask for the hand of the Princess Ursula. He could not live alone. Since the death of his wife he has been very lonely; and that marriage would have put an end to long wars and old feuds. He did not wish it. Let it be then as he wishes: I have never set myself in opposition to fate: he knows his future better than I do. Nothing ever happens that is not of some use." "He has always been so prudent," adds Geneviève, "so grave and so resolute. Since his wife's death he has lived only for his son, little Yniold. Now he has forgotten everything! What shall we do?"

Pelléas now enters, accompanied by his theme announced on the flutes, viola and clarinet.

"Who has come into the room?" asks the old King. "Pelléas," replies Geneviève.

"Come nearer, Pelléas," Arkël commands, "where I can see you in the light."

"Grandfather," says Pelléas, "I have also received a letter from my friend Marcellus. He is dying and knows the very day that he will die. He tells me that I can get there before death comes if I will, but I have no time to lose." Arkël begs Pelléas to stay and comfort them, "for we don't know how the return of Golaud may affect us," he adds; "and besides, Pelléas's ill father in the chamber above, may be worse than his friend. You must choose between your father and your friend," and Arkël leaves.

Geneviève bids Pelléas to be sure to light the lamp this evening; and they go out separately.

The scene changes to the grounds around the castle. Geneviève and Mélisande enter; and Mélisande comments on the dark gardens and dense forests that surround the

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castle. "Yes," Geneviève replies, "the forests astonish everyone. There are places so thick that the sun never penetrates them." She also tells Mélisande that she has lived here forty years and bids her look on the other side where she will see the bright sea. Mélisande hears a noise below.

"Ah! it is Pelléas," says Geneviève, "he has probably grown tired of waiting for you," and Geneviève calls to Pelléas, who approaches. All three comment on the gloomy night and the approaching storm and watch a vessel sailing from the port; the mists; the beacon lights; and the ship that has now sailed into the strip of light. As they watch the departure of the ship, the strange song of the sailors gradually dying away should be noted and the veiled phrases on the muted horns.

"Why, it is the ship that brought me!" exclaims Mélisande. "Why does she set sail on such a night? She may be shipwrecked!" "It is growing very dark," Pelléas notes. Geneviève goes to look after little Yniold and suggests that Pelléas escorts Mélisande to the castle.

"Do you hear the sea now? The wind is rising. We go down this way. Will you not give me your hand?" he asks.

"See," says Mélisande, "my hands are full of flowers." "I will hold you by the arm," he replies; "the way is steep and it is growing very dark! Perhaps I shall go away tomorrow!"

"Oh!" cries Mélisande, "why do you go?" and they wend their way to the castle, as the curtain falls.

Mélisande's theme opens Act II., which shows a fountain in the park. Mélisande enters with Pelléas.

"Do you know where I have brought you?" he asks. "I often come here about noon," and he shows her the old fountain whose waters are said to have the miraculous power of healing the blind. Indeed, it is called The

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Fountain of the Blind Men. Now that the King is almost blind, it is no longer visited. "How clear the water is!" Mélisande remarks, "and how still and lonely! Not a sound!" "Yes," says Pelléas, "it is: you can almost hear the water sleep. Would you like to sit down on the edge of the marble basin? The sun never shines through this lime tree!" "I am going to lie down on the marble," says Mélisande, "I should like to see the bottom of the well."

"Nobody has seen that," Pelléas explains. "It is probably as deep as the sea!"

"Perhaps if something bright were shining there we could see it!" she suggests.

"Do not lean over too far," cautions Pelléas. "I will take your hand. Oh, be careful, Mélisande!"

Mélisande wants to dip her hands in the water; her hands pain her to-day; but she soon sits up and laments that she cannot reach what she wanted. "Your hair dipped in the water." "Yes; it is longer than my arms. It is longer than I am!" she explains.

After a pause, Pelléas asks, "Was it not beside a spring also that Golaud found you?" and Mélisande replies to all his questionings regarding that first meeting.

"Oh! oh! I saw something moving in the well," exclaims Mélisande.

"Oh, be careful, you will fall! What are you playing with?"

"It is the ring he gave me," replies Mélisande. "Do not toss it about that way above this deep water," cautions Pelléas, "how it shines in the sun. Ah, do not throw it so high in the air! Oh! now it has fallen in." Pelléas thinks he sees it shining. No, it is lost. "Nothing but a circle of water remains," says Mélisande. "What shall we do?" "There is no need to worry about a ring," Pelléas remarks, "perhaps it may be found. If not, we can get another." "No, we shall never find it," replies Mélisande.

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"We will come back another day. Come, we must go; they'll be coming to look for us. It struck twelve the moment the ring disappeared," says Pelléas.

"What shall we tell Golaud if he asks where it is?" asks Mélisande.

"The truth, the truth, the truth!" he answers; and they go out.

The scene changes to a room in the castle, where Golaud is lying on his bed with Mélisande sitting beside him. Golaud explains how he was wounded. He was hunting in the forest and while he was counting the strokes of twelve, his horse suddenly bolted and ran against a tree. He fell and the horse fell on top of him. He thought his heart was broken; but it seems to be all right.

Mélisande offers him water and another pillow, for this one has a little drop of blood on it; and begs him to try to sleep. She will stay beside him all night. "No," replies Golaud, "I don't want you to fatigue yourself. I will sleep like a child"; and then he asks Mélisande why she is weeping. She replies that she is not happy here, and assures him in answer to his inquiry, that no one has hurt or offended her. "But you are hiding something," he continues, "tell me the truth, Mélisande. Is it the King? Is it my mother? Is it Pelléas?" "No, it is not Pelléas."

"Come, be reasonable, Mélisande. Do you want to leave me?" "No," she answers. She would like to go away with him. Besides, she doesn't think that she will live long. "Perhaps Pelléas is the trouble," suggests Golaud, "I believe he speaks to you very seldom." "He speaks to me sometimes," she answers. "I think he dislikes me; I see it in his eyes; but he speaks when we happen to meet." "He will change; he is still young," Golaud replies; and then he agrees that "the castle is old and gloomy and all the inmates are old and ailing; the country, too, with its dark forests is also gloomy."

"Yes, all that is true," responds the weeping Mélisande.

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"You never see the clear sky here. I saw it to-day for the first time!"

Golaud tries to comfort her and takes in his her little hands that he could crush like flowers. "Why, where is the ring I gave you," he asks. "The ring?" she asks in surprise. "Yes, your wedding ring."

Mélisande believes it dropped off her finger in a lonely cave by the sea. She remembers now that she lost it when she went down to the seashore to gather shells for little Yniold. There are lovely shells there. The ring slipped off, and as the tide was rising she had to leave. Golaud bids her go and find it; for he would rather lose everything he has than this ring. The sea will be high to-night; so she must hurry; and when she says she is afraid to go, he bids her take Pelléas. Mélisande protests; Pelléas will never go.

"Pelléas will do whatever you ask; I know Pelléas better than you do," replies her husband, and again commands her to go. Mélisande leaves, weeping and exclaiming that she is very unhappy.

The scene changes. A grotto is now shown, and Pelléas and Mélisande enter. Pelléas, greatly agitated, is afraid to venture in the dark and dangerous grotto that he knows very well. They must wait till the moon breaks through that great bank of clouds. "Have you ever been inside this grotto?" he asks Mélisande, who replies in the negative. "Then we will go in. You will have to describe the place where you said you lost the ring, if he asks you. It is very large and beautiful. It is full of blue shadows and if you light a lamp the vault seems sprinkled with stars, like the sky. Give me your hand and don't tremble. Are you afraid of the noise in the grotto? Do you hear the sea behind us? It does not seem happy to-night. Ah! here is the light!" As the moon throws her light into the entrance, there is a beautiful orchestral passage of harps *glissando*, flutes, oboe, strings and cymbals *pianissimo*. The

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bright moonlight falls upon three white-haired paupers leaning against a boulder asleep. Mélisande is alarmed at the sight of them. "There is a famine in the country," Pelléas explains, "and these three old paupers have fallen asleep." Mélisande begs him to come out and would rather walk alone. "We will return another day," says Pelléas; and then they go out.

Several bars introduce Act III., where we see Mélisande standing at the window of one of the towers of the castle combing her long hair. She sings a song about her hair and that she was born on a Sunday (*Mes longs cheveux descendent jusqu'au seuil de la tour*). Pelléas enters by the path and asks Mélisande what she is doing. She replies that she is arranging her hair for the night. "Is it your hair that I see on the wall. I thought it was a shaft of light," Pelléas says, and then he speaks of the innumerable stars on this lovely night; he begs Mélisande to come out of the shadow; to let down her hair; and to lean out so that he may touch her hand,—he is going away to-morrow,—will she not give him her hand to place on his lips? Not unless he promises to stay. Then he will stay!

Mélisande thinks she sees a rose in the darkness. Pelléas will go and discover what it is later; but first she must give him her hand. As she leans out, her hair falls down and envelops Pelléas. The orchestra goes into raptures with Pelléas upon the wealth and beauty of the tresses. Now Mélisande is his prisoner; he will bind her hair to the boughs of the willow; he will send kisses to her through her beautiful hair! Mélisande's doves fly from the tower, and, frightened at Pelléas, they fly away. Mélisande fears they will not come back and that they will get lost in the darkness! Pelléas had better let her go,—besides she hears footsteps! It is Golaud; he must have heard them! "Stay still!" Pelléas entreats, "your hair is tangled in the branches. It is dark!"

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"What are you doing here?" asks Golaud, who, carrying a lantern, enters by the path. "What am I doing here? I——"

"You are children! Mélisande, don't lean so far out of the window, you will fall! Don't you know it is very late? It is almost midnight! Don't play like this in the dark! You are children! (Then, laughing nervously) What children! What children!" and Golaud goes out with Pelléas.

The scene changes to the vaults of the castle, where Golaud takes Pelléas and shows him the enormous caverns, full of stagnant water and unhealthy mist, and the mephitic vapours that arise. Does Pelléas smell the stench of death that rises upwards? "Let us walk to the end of this overhanging rock and lean over a little. Lean over! Don't be afraid—I will hold you—no! no! not your hand; it might slip—your arm! Do you see that gulf, Pelléas? Pelléas?"

Golaud waves the lantern to throw light on the walls. Pelléas is stifling. They go out.

The scene changes to the entrance of the vaults—on a terrace. What a relief! Pelléas breathes the fresh air from the sea, and how sweet are the leaves, and flowers. They have been watering the roses and their fresh scent rises. It is noon: Pelléas hears the bells ringing; he sees the children going to bathe in the sea; he also sees his mother and Mélisande at a window in the tower.

Golaud takes this opportunity to tell Pelléas that he overheard all that happened last night; and, although he knows it is only childish play, still it must not be repeated. Mélisande is very delicate and should not be excited. This is not the first time that Golaud has noticed them. Pelléas is older than Mélisande; and what Golaud has said should be sufficient. Pelléas must avoid her as much as possible, but not noticeably.

The scene changes. We are again before the castle.

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Golaud enters with his son Yniold. They sit down and Golaud questions his son with regard to his step-mother and his uncle, Pelléas. Golaud promises him a quiver full of arrows if he answers his questions; and as Yniold is showing his father how they kiss, the window under which they are sitting suddenly is lighted. Golaud uses Yniold as a spy, lifts him up and learns that Pelléas and Mélisande are together. Then Golaud and Yniold leave.

The curtain for Act IV. rises upon a room in the castle. Pelléas and Mélisande enter. Pelléas has just come from the bedside of his ill father, who is now out of danger. He knew Pelléas and told him that he must go away; he also told Pelléas that he had the look of those who will not live very long. Has Mélisande not noticed how the whole house is reviving? But now he hears people behind the door, and makes an appointment to meet Mélisande by the Fountain of the Blind Men this very evening to bid her farewell forever. "We must not stay any longer now," he adds, "for I hear talking behind the door."

They go out, but Mélisande returns with Arkël, who is delighted that Pelléas's father has been saved. Perhaps now a little joy may come into their gloomy home. Arkël tells Mélisande how sorry he has felt for her, so young and so beautiful, and forced to live in the atmosphere of death. She has, moreover the strange look of one who awaits a terrible fate. He has kissed her only once—on the day she arrived. He would like to kiss her again! How he has pitied her!

Mélisande tells him that she has not been unhappy. Golaud enters to announce that Pelléas leaves to-night, and replies to Arkël's inquiry regarding the blood on his forehead that he has just passed through a thorny hedge. As Mélisande advances to wipe it off, he repulses her savagely and asks for his sword. "It is on the Prie-Dieu," replies Mélisande, and brings it to him. He tells Arkël that they

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have found another peasant that died of starvation by the sea. "Are they all going to die under our very eyes?" Now, he turns to *Mélisande*. Why does she tremble? Why does she look at him so intently? Does she think he has discovered something? and to *Arkël*: "Do you see her eyes?"

"I see in them nothing but a great innocence," is his reply.

"A great innocence," *Golaud* echoes mockingly. "They could give God lessons in innocence," and in fury he seizes *Mélisande* by the hair and drags her about the room crying, "Ah! Ah! your long hair may be good for something!" "Absalom, Absalom, Forward! Backward!" He is only stopped by *Arkël*. Then he goes out. "Is he drunk?" asks *Arkël*. "No," replies the weeping *Mélisande*, "but he loves me no longer. I am not happy!"

"If I were God," *Arkël* thinks, "I would have pity on the hearts of men."

A short scene now occurs on the terrace in the twilight. Little *Yniold* is trying to lift a heavy stone; and, then hearing the bleating of a flock of sheep, watches them and calls to the shepherd. He wonders where they are going and then runs off to tell somebody about it. Then the scene changes to the Fountain of the Blind Men in the Park, where *Pelléas* is grieving that the last night has arrived. He now is awake; he is in the snares of destiny; he will go away with feelings mingled of joy and sorrow. *Mélisande* is late. It would be better if he went away without seeing her; but "I must tell her all that I have never spoken," he sighs. "*Pelléas*!" cries *Mélisande*.

"Do not stay out there in the moonlight," he begs. "Come under the shade of the lime-tree," a suggestion that is rendered poetic by the horns and 'cellos.

Pelléas tells *Mélisande* the real reason of his going away. It is—and he kisses her suddenly—because he loves her. *Mélisande* replies that she has loved him since the first time

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they met. Pelléas asks if she is really telling the truth, and she assures him that she never lies except to Golaud.

In the midst of their rapture they hear the doors of the castle closing for the night,—the noise of the heavy bolts and chains.

It is too late; they cannot get in. Mélisande is glad; and Pelléas, whose heart is throbbing wildly, takes her in his arms. They are in the hands of fate!

Mélisande thinks she hears someone; and, while they are embracing and watching their long shadows that reach to the flower-garden and also embrace each other, Mélisande says she is certain that Golaud has seen and heard all.

"Go!" commands Pelléas, "he will kill us both!"

Mélisande cries: "That would be still better!" Suddenly Golaud falls upon them with drawn sword. He pierces Pelléas, who falls at the edge of the fountain, and pursues the terrified Mélisande.

Act V. shows a room in the castle, where Mélisande is lying on her bed. A Physician, who is talking to Arkël and Golaud, begs the latter not to distress himself about that little wound which would not kill a bird. Besides, he may be able to save her! Arkël does not like the way she sleeps; one would think that her very soul were cold. "I have slain her without cause," Golaud laments, "they were but brother and sister. It was in spite of myself!" "I think she is waking," says the Physician. Mélisande asks to have the window opened and if the sun is setting. "Yes," replies Arkël, "it is setting on the sea."

She talks strangely to Arkël and asks if anyone else is in the room. "Yes," he replies, "the Physician who has cured you and one other,—an unhappy man. He will not harm you; and, if you wish, he will go away." "Who is it?" she asks. "Your husband, Golaud."

Golaud now drags himself to the bed. "Mélisande! Mélisande!" he cries. "Is that you, Golaud? You have

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grown thin and old. Has it been very long since we saw each other?"

Golaud now begs Arkël and the Physician to leave him with Mélisande for a little while; and, on their departure, begs her forgiveness.

Yes, she will forgive him, but she doesn't know what there is to forgive. Golaud tries to explain. Then he adds somebody is going to die soon—'tis he himself—and she must speak the truth to a man who is going to die. Then he asks if she loved Pelléas with a guilty love; but her negative answer does not satisfy him. He bids her lie no more at the hour of death; and then she learns that she is dying. He bids her hurry and tell him the truth before it is too late.

"The truth—the truth," she murmurs. "Ah! she is unnatural! Yes, come in," he says to the Physician and Arkël. "It was useless; I have learned no more; she is too far from us." "What have you done? You will kill her," says Arkël.

"I have already killed her," he answers.

Arkël now speaks to Mélisande. She asks if winter is coming; she is so cold. Arkël asks if she would like to see her child. "What child?" she asks. "Your own child. Your little daughter." "Where is she?" asks Mélisande. "Here." "She doesn't smile; she is very little. She is going to cry. I'm sorry for her," murmurs Mélisande.

At this moment the servant women of the castle come in silently and stand by the wall. Golaud wants to know who sent for them; but they make no reply. Arkël tells Golaud that he must not speak so loud, for Mélisande is closing her eyes. "She still breathes," the Physician answers them.

"Her eyes are full of tears. Her soul is weeping," Arkël observes, and then asks the Physician why she stretches out her arms? "Towards the child," he replies. "It is the struggle of the mother with death." Golaud entreats

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them to leave him; he must speak to Mélisande alone. "No," Arkël refuses, "do not go near her. Do not disturb her. Do not speak to her. You do not understand what the soul is."

"It is not my fault; it is not my fault!" Golaud exclaims.

Arkël bids him be quiet: "The soul," he says, "is silent, and prefers to take its departure alone." Mélisande is suffering slightly now. "But," he adds, "the sadness, Golaud, the sadness of what we see! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

The servant women now fall on their knees. The Physician, approaching the bed and touching the body, says, "They are right!"

After a long pause, Arkël asks the Physician if all is over; and upon his reply, Golaud sobs. Then Arkël, turning to Golaud, bids him come away.

"It is all dreadful, but not your fault. She was a quiet little being—timid, silent, and mysterious—as indeed everyone is. She lies there, as if she were the elder sister of her child. Come; we must not let the child stay in this room. It must live now in her place. It is the poor little creature's turn!"

They go out silently and the curtain falls.

Tiefland

Prague, 1903

"The orchestra holds the chief place of musical importance. In his writing for it d'Albert uses mostly short themes, well defined in outline, more or less with the intention of leading motives; and his method is like the Italians in the tessellated structure of this orchestral part. He uses these themes with incessant repetition, as he might vivid bits of mosaic, rather than as the long strands, closely woven, of a large tapestry. . . . It can be truly said that d'Albert's orchestra is a persuasive and influential commentator on the dramatic action, depicting moods, passions, mirths and mockery. He is, perhaps, more successful in the delineation of mood and the heightening of a powerfully dramatic situation than in the characterisation of personages. The orchestral prelude, accompanying a beautiful picture of the snow-capped mountain tops of the Pyrenees, is subtly suggestive and full of atmosphere; the interlude between this picture and the scene of the mill in the first Act is a graphic piece of orchestral tone-painting. The composer is skilful in his orchestration; he has a wide range of colour on his orchestral palette, and he uses it with skill and discrimination, with richness, transparency, delicacy as the need presents itself. In some of the comic scenes there are adroit touches of humorous suggestions in the instruments."—RICHARD ALDRICH.



THE scene of the Prelude is a rocky slope high in the Pyrenees. On the left is a shepherd's hut with a spring and trough in front of it; snowy peaks close the background with a large glacier in the centre. It is about three in the morning; there is a starlit sky; but the whole background is shrouded in mist. The hut is just visible in the gloom. Nando (tenor) and Pedro (tenor), two shepherds, are calling to one another unseen, from above and below, after a single clarinet has sung its melancholy pastoral strains that form Pedro's representative theme. As they meet on the stage, the sound of herd-bells rises from below.

Pedro asks Nando to greet the shepherds higher up the

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mountain for him, if he is going on. It is three months now since he saw a human being, and it is six months since he spoke to one; and when Nando has gone, it may be a year before he opens his lips again. The loneliness is terrible? No, it is delightful! He dreams by night and by day, and is happy. He says two Paternosters before going to bed every night: one for the parents he never knew; and the other that God will send him a wife.

A wife! laughs Nando; does Pedro know womankind? Has he ever seen and spoken to a woman?

Not yet; what should bring a woman up here; but once every year when he goes down into the valley to church he sees them from a distance. There is nothing to laugh at; only last night the Virgin Mother came to him in a dream to tell him that the good God was going to bestow a wife and happiness upon him.

The worldly-wise Nando warns him against thinking that wife and happiness are one; a small piece of Heaven and the whole of Hell lie between them!

Pedro muses. If he only knew from which direction she would come! He will put a stone in his sling, shut his eyes, and let it fly; and she will come from the place where it falls! He does so; and immediately from far down the mountain on the right rises the voice of Sebastiano (baritone), cursing the slinger who has just missed him. Nando looks down and says the master is coming:—Don Sebastiano, who owns all the lands in sight, the herds, the village and the mill. He is accompanied by Tommaso, the village elder (bass), eighty years of age.

Pedro says he is going into his hut; if they want him, they can come for him. Nando continues watching, and distinguishes a woman with them. What can that mean? It would be a joke if God had kept His word and sent Pedro a little wife!

Sabastiano enters with Tommaso and Marta (soprano), asks for Pedro, sends Tommaso for him, and orders Nando

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to bring out some milk and bread and cheese: the way was long and he is hungry.

In their absence, Marta asks why Sebastiano has dragged her here. He answers because it pleases him; and then he has a scheme for her. When she begs to know his intentions, he tells her not to fear. She always served him faithfully and she knows he paid her well. She came a beggar into the district with an old vagabond father. She pleased the landowner, who made her father his miller for her beautiful eyes. Now she is the miller, and pays the rent in love; that's only right and reasonable!

Marta says it's dreadful: every day she complains, but what help is there since he is the master!

Yes, he agrees, and, as master, he now gives his orders. Pointing out Pedro, who has come out of his hut, he tells her to look at him. Handsome, is he not? and young and strong. He intends him for her husband!

Marta recoils and says she will rather leap down the precipice; but he restrains her and insists on obedience: what has to be will be! Finally, she wrenches herself free and runs off. Pedro, who has come near, stands gazing at her open-mouthed and exclaims: "Mother of God! How beautiful!"

Sebastiano, after a little conversation, asks Pedro how he would like to be miller down below, and have the woman of the mill for a wife. If they are mutually pleased, Pedro would not refuse! "You have already seen her, she is lovely," says Sebastiano. Pedro thinks he is being made fun of; but his master soon convinces him that he is serious. Tommaso explains to Pedro that, knowing him well for many years, he has recommended him for the place, and advises him to accept. Pedro is doubtful about the lady's consent, but is told to leave all that to the master. He insists that she ran away at the sight of him, but is told that all women are like that. He must get ready to be married to-morrow: all the preparations are already

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made. "So much luck to-morrow!" cries Pedro, as he takes leave of his visitors.

He returns to Nando, crying: "Did you hear? I've got a wife; Heaven sends her to me. I'm going down into the valley!"

Nando is not enthusiastic. "Into the Lowland! there the houses are stuffy, the mountains far away, the people live crowded together, the sun even is sad and all is grey. There is quarrelling and strife and uproar all day long. Are you going into the Lowland?"

Pedro will seek his happiness; he asks Nando to look after the flocks till another shepherd arrives. The sun has dispersed the clouds, and the light streams over the glacier. Pedro says farewell to his mountains, every crag and cranny of which he knows so well, and every gorge and green meadow. "Here was I free in thy beams, O Sun! now light me on my way to happiness!" As he goes down the slope, he calls to Nando to look out for wolves. How the sheep are crowding about him! He will be sure not to forget Nando down in the valley; nor his brave dog either! Calling his farewells, his voice grows fainter with distance; and the last words heard are: "The sun illumines my way into the valley. I go into the Lowland!"

An orchestral interlude separates this prelude from the first Act.

The opening of the first Act shows the interior of the mill. On the right is the big mill-wheel at rest. Above it is a primitively constructed wooden water-trough, at present dry. On the left is a door, reached by two flights of steps. A curtain hangs over it. At the back is the wide entry through which when the doors are open an extensive landscape is visible. Far on the horizon, the silhouetted glacier of the preceding scene is distinctly recognizable. Above the entrance door runs a wooden gallery at

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half the height of the rafters. In front, on the left, is a large hearth. Sacks of corn, millstones, etc., lie around. The hour is shortly before sunset.

Moruccio (bass), the miller's man, is sifting corn: Pepa, Antonia and Rosalia come running in to him to know the truth of the report of Marta's approaching marriage. He is provokingly uncommunicative, and the only satisfaction he gives them is a monotonous repetition of the words: "The bride is already waiting at the open church door!" His provoking reticence angers the women, and they say he is crabbed about the matter. It's no wonder that Marta did not take him for miller, which he wanted to be! It's a year since the old miller died; and Marta won't have anything to do with Moruccio! He's too old, and ugly, and bearish, and rude, and sullen! To all their coaxing and abuse, his only reply is a repetition of his couplet.

Little Nuri (soprano) appears in the doorway knitting a jacket. She stands on the threshold and says she has at last got all her fowls into the roost and they are already asleep: may she come in? And will they promise not to scold her as they always do when she visits Marta who loves her more than they do?

They ask her for news. She has been with Tommaso and he has told her many beautiful things, pointing out the houses, and mountain huts, and high-roofed manor house, and the mill on the stream, and the mountain, and meadows, and valley, all belonging to their lord Sebastiano! He also told her that if she walked without stopping for a whole twenty-four hours all the fields and forests and waterfalls she saw belonged to Sebastiano. If she caught a butterfly or a lizard, even she would have to let it go because it belonged to him; the flowers and birds also were all his!

Impatiently they say they know all that. "Where is Tommaso?"

He has just returned from up among the glaciers whither

he accompanied the master. They are bringing down a shepherd; and, just think! the shepherd is to marry Marta this evening!

"Thank God!" they exclaim, "now we know all about it!"

Moruccio, who has been listening while at work, mentally sends the inquisitive gossips all to the devil as they proceed to pump simple Nuri dry.

Presently Nuri says she knew long ago that Marta belonged to their lord. Then they elicit the information that one evening when they were strolling in the moonlight close to her Marta was weeping and she heard her say: "Yes, I know, I know full well that I am yours. Never shall I get free from you!" She was sobbing so that Nuri could scarcely distinguish her words; and the master said: "And even if you took another man for a husband, and I took another woman for a wife I should still be yours forever!" Nuri cannot understand what it all meant, nor how it could be so.

Nuri is told that it is no business of hers what the master meant. Moruccio commands the women to be silent, as Marta is coming.

They look expectantly at the curtained door, but Marta enters from the mill on the right. With bowed head she advances to the centre without seeing the women. When she does, she hurries in through the curtained door.

They call after her: They will come to her wedding in spite, "Is it possible that she will dare to enter into holy wedlock? And the ass knows nothing about it! He thinks that Marta—Ha, ha!"

Moruccio goes away in disgust. Nuri asks why they laugh. They ask why shouldn't weddings be merry,—especially this one. Everybody will laugh when they hear what they have to tell—that Marta and that ass of a shepherd! Ha, ha!

Marta appears, weeping and exasperated, at the head of

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the stairs, and orders them out. They mock her with pretended interest in her wedding; and when they won't go, she picks up their baskets and throws them out, threatening to do the same with them. They are frightened, and go.

Marta detains Nuri and gains a little comfort from her artless affection, as she bewails her hard lot. Hearing Sebastiano's voice, she sends Nuri away.

Despairingly she cries: "I am his, his property, now and forever! I can not break free! Holy Virgin, why does God punish me so severely! Was I wicked? Why do I suffer? I am a weak woman! I should have been free if I had plunged into the stream as I passed! But a word from the master breaks my resistance; I am his! Help me, Holy Virgin, if you can!"

As she hears a noise outside, she adds: "Can they be coming for me already? Has the booby already arrived? God's curses on him! I won't see him!"

She runs into her room.

Through the great open door a throng of peasants appears watching the approach of the bridegroom. They move off to the left with jeers and laughter.

Moruccio wants a word with Tommaso and detains him. To his questions Tommaso replies that he lives in the mountains and has never set foot in this vale till now, but he knows Sebastiano as an honest and noble lord; God bless him!

"So you do not know?" says Moruccio. "What? Speak!" cries the puzzled Tommaso.

When Moruccio says that the only question is, is he a villain or merely a blockhead, Tommaso thinks he understands: Moruccio wanted Marta for himself. When he denies this and is asked to explain, he does so.

Marta came here as a beggar with her father: whether he was her father or not, God knows!—she certainly was a beautiful child—the gracious lord, Sebastiano, thought so

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too, and gave the mill to the old vagabond for his liking for the lovely daughter; and he and Marta—Tommaso can picture the rest for himself!

Tommaso will not believe it; but Moruccio asks to be heard to the end. It is necessary for him to know why Sebastiano gets a husband for her now. Things are going badly with him; he is heavily in debt; distraint is imminent. His possessions will fly on the four winds unless he procures some assistance. This he has found in a rich heiress whom however he can not gain until he has silenced evil tongues. He must break off his relations with Marta in deference to public opinion; and that's the reason Marta has to marry this blockhead!

Tommaso denounces Moruccio as a vile slanderer; the latter says the facts are notorious; Tommaso will not believe and Moruccio says he is not a man of honour. They are about to use their sticks on one another, when they are stopped by the noise of the returning crowd. The twilight is deepening.

"Pedro is coming! Long life to him!" cry the villagers.

He appears in the doorway, joyously crying: "Yes, yes! here I am! I sprang down from the mountain into the valley as swiftly as a chamois! Here I am! But where is she? Where is my treasure, my bride?"

They call for Marta; and throng about him, mockingly assuring him that she is pretty and fresh; and that they wish him joy of her. He thanks them with simple enthusiasm in joyous anticipation of marital happiness.

In an aside, Tommaso asks Moruccio how he could imagine that Sebastiano—but the latter is coming, and Moruccio says that, if he is incredulous, he can question him himself.

Pedro and all the others deferentially salute their lord, who asks where Marta is, and orders Pepa to go and bring her out. He tells Pedro that all is ready, the priest is

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ordered, and in an hour they will be man and wife. Pedro is very grateful.

Pepa returns with a message that Marta will come soon. Sebastiano cries: "What's that? She will come soon? She must come immediately when I call her!"

He runs to the foot of the stairs and calls her. Tommaso follows and says he must speak with him. There is a load on his heart! "What's that to me? Another time!" says the master. Tommaso insists that it is a matter of conscience; but Marta appearing at that moment, he impatiently ejaculates: "At last!" and waves Tommaso aside with a "Later, later!"

Marta comes down and in low tones begs Sebastiano to spare her; but he is merciless. Nuri calls attention to her tears; so she dries them and pretends to be merry. Sebastiano points to Pedro's ragged garments. He has ordered clothes more fit for a bridegroom. The villagers make sport of him, calling him a fop and a coxcomb. He asks them to explain the terms and lays hold of one of his tormentors, threatening to punch him. Sebastiano stops the impending row, and sends the men off with Pedro to adorn him.

The priest appears and is reverently received. Tommaso repeats his request for a hearing and Sebastiano consents to see him outside in a few moments. He then tells the priest to go to the chapel where the bridal couple will soon arrive; don't keep the ceremony waiting for him; may Heaven bless their union!

Left alone with Marta, who again begs him not to give her to that man, he imposes his authority and asserts his rights over her mind and body. He is glad that she shrinks from Pedro: he would not suffer the marriage if he thought she liked the bridegroom! He loves nothing in the world but her and will not give her up. He gives her to Pedro to satisfy the world, and everything remains

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as before! Marta vainly struggles against her master's will.

Loud laughter is heard outside and the villagers return. Pedro positively refuses to wear the finery provided for him: he prefers his old coat. Sebastiano does not object. He asks Marta if she is ready. She says she is, and that all is over between them. He tells her she is mistaken: he is coming to her to-night. When she sees a light in her room, she will know he is there. Nuri brings Marta's mantilla. Marta says she was once an innocent child like her. Sebastiano shrugs his shoulders; and orders the procession to start. Tommaso appears and insists on being heard before the wedding is celebrated, but Sebastiano sends them all off. Lit by torches, they depart in wild gaiety, with Pedro in as high spirits as anybody. Moruccio and Tommaso only remain behind, the former obstinately refusing to obey Sebastiano's orders to go. He gladly accepts his consequent dismissal, and packs up his tools while Tommaso asks about the scandalous rumours he has heard. Sebastiano gives the lie to them. Tommaso shakes his fist at Moruccio and denounces him; and Sebastiano threatens to hunt him out of the mill like a dog. Moruccio stands his ground, defies his master and calls him a liar. Didn't he see him sneak into Marta's room night after night? Doesn't he know why she is being married off to this blockhead? He swears by the soul of his dead mother that his words are true and dares Sebastiano to do the like.

Sebastiano says: "Take no notice of him!"

Tommaso, however, is convinced. He will hasten to the chapel, and forbid the marriage! But he is too late: the wedding-bells begin to ring. "What have you done? Woe to you!" he cries.

Sebastiano says: "What has happened has happened! Calm yourself and good-night!"

The bridal procession is heard approaching. Tommaso

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is overcome with self-reproach. Moruccio invites him to accompany him back to the mountains. He accepts; and they go off together.

Marta comes in and Pedro stays on the threshold to exchange hearty farewells with the villagers. Then he locks the door and approaches his wife, asking for a loving word. She coldly repulses him. Light-heartedly he does his best to coax her into some feeling of affection, but she is obdurate. He wants her to accept the first dollar he ever earned; it is stained with his own blood. It was given to him by the lord Sebastiano, God bless him! Marta refuses, but less brusquely.

Pedro then sings the story of his slaying of the wolf that ravaged his flock and killed his best dog. He waited all night for the brute in the snow; and, after a fierce struggle, slew him with his knife, though he himself was badly mangled, and had to be carried home, where he lay ill for many days. When he was convalescent, the master paid him a visit and gave him the dollar. As he was about to kiss the giver's hand, his wounds opened, and his blood dyed the dollar red. "That was hard-earned money, was it not?" he asks.

This vocal passage is orchestrally illustrated by all the tonal resources of descriptive composition. The dripping of the melting snow, the bleating of the lambs, the barking of dog and the attack of the wolf are all reproduced in the music.

Marta is touched, but will not accept the dollar. It is time to go to bed: she points to his room. He is amazed and demands an explanation. She asks him to spare her that; he well knows how he has treated her. He must be a vile and shameless character! She cannot believe that he was not in the secret. He well knew on what terms he married her!

He protests that he only knows he seized his happiness with both hands when he saw it; and will hold and foster

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it his whole life long. His only care shall be to make her happy.

At that moment, a light appears in Marta's room, to her horror. Pedro's suspicions are aroused, and Marta's explanations do not allay them.

Marta sits down and says she means to spend the night in the chair, and again tells Pedro to go to his room, but he is determined to stay with her. He lies down at her feet; and says, as usual, one Paternoster for his parents in Heaven. He need not say the second one, for Heaven has now given him a wife.

Marta exclaims: "Oh, God in Heaven, how terrible is thy punishment!"

Half asleep, Pedro murmurs: "All around is rest! All is still! The wolf is not coming to-night; not to-night!"

The second Act opens at dawn with Marta and Pedro in the same position. Nuri is singing outside that the stars have gone to rest and the day is smiling. Who could be sad in the bright sunlight? She wishes she could kiss the sun, but it is so far and she is so small.

Marta awakes at the first notes, glances at Pedro, gets up and goes into her room.

Nuri comes in knitting her jacket, and wakes Pedro with her "Good morning!" He asks where Marta is. She says he should know: has he not been her husband since last evening? She is knitting him a jacket because his own is so worn. He says he will be far away before it is finished. He is desperate. How came that light in her room? He will not rest till he has plunged his knife into the intruder's throat.

He checks himself, but Nuri knows what's hurting him: Marta is unkind, and the people are all laughing at him! She wonders why! Can she comfort him?

He strokes her hair. Marta comes in; and is jealous

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and tells her to be off; she appeals to Pedro, who says Marta is mistress here, go! Marta tells her to stay. She cries and does not know what to do. Pedro says they will go together. Marta orders him to stay; but before his steady gaze, she sinks crying into a chair. Pedro sarcastically says she is not crying; they have both done nothing but laugh since yesterday. Nuri shall come with him away from this house where misery dwells.

Marta hurries after them crying: "He shall not talk to her! He shall not go with her! He is mine, and no one shall rob me of my Pedro!"

She runs against Tommaso, who just met Pedro looking desperate. He does not understand why the people mock him. He will ask Tommaso who was responsible for the marriage. Tommaso could beat Marta!

Marta wishes he would, but not revile her. By the memory of his dead daughter, she implores his pity; and confesses her sins to him.

She never knew her father. Her mother was a blind beggar in Barcelona. In all weathers she clung to her mother's skirts, as she stood mute with outstretched hand. One day they were joined by an old crippled man, and all three begged. The old couple often fought and quarrelled all night long. One morning her mother was lying still and cold, and the old man said she was dead. Marta did not understand what that meant till long afterwards. The old man took her with him wandering through the country, keeping her a prisoner because her dancing brought money. He did not care if she cried the long nights away! Their wanderings brought them here. The lord admired her beauty and her dancing; and asked the old man if he would like to stay and be miller. She pleaded with her eyes—no more need to beg and dance for bread! They bargained in low tones; and she stayed. She was fourteen years old. Sebastiano brought her presents every day and begged and threatened; and the old man beat her and

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tore her hair out. Unless she would obey the master, there would be an end of their peace and comfort! She would have to beg and dance again. "No, no, no! And so it happened!"

"God punish Sebastiano!" cries Tommaso, and bemoans his own instrumentality in the marriage.

Marta now knows that Pedro loves her and she loves him; and Tommaso tells her she must confess everything to Pedro. He blesses her and promises to pray for her.

Women's voices are heard approaching. Marta retires, as she does not want to see them. Tommaso also departs.

The women come in and are soon followed by Pedro. They have brought corn to be ground, and mockingly congratulate him. They torment him with innuendoes, and when he insists on their explaining their words, they go away telling him to ask Marta.

Marta comes down and places his dinner on the table. He can not eat; and pushes her away. He is going back to his mountains!

Marta begs him to forgive her; but he says she has deceived him, and he ought to curse and kill her. In her desperation, she tries to provoke him to do so: kill her, but not leave her! Finally, in his rage, he wounds her in the arm, and then repents; but she embraces him. She longs to die. They acknowledge their mutual love,—and she wants to tell him all about her past; but he says no! First they will go to the mountains where they will be nearer to God, and all can be forgiven.

Sebastiano meets them as they are going. Pedro tells him to take back the mill: he is returning to his mountain home.

Sebastiano does not notice his words, but turns to Marta and says his bride's father is coming this evening: till then he wants to be merry. He has not seen Marta dance for a long time. She shall dance for him now, and he will play!

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The villagers enter; and he takes his guitar and sings: "Throw your mantilla around you, and conceal your face in it. Now dance, love, dance for my delight to the measure of the melody; and sway with your hips and lift your knee!"

Pedro calls Marta to come away, but she bends to the stronger will she has been used to, and shame-facedly does his bidding as he continues singing in the same strain.

Pedro calls again. Marta says she must go. Sebastiano says she is out of her senses and shall not go. He holds her back. Pedro asks what he is doing; is she not his wife? Sebastiano laughs and says he is keeping his own. Marta says he has no right to retain her: she will go with Pedro. Sebastiano tells the villagers to throw Pedro out. Pedro takes Marta's hand, and says she shall go with him. Sebastiano gives him a box on the ear, and he sheds tears of rage. Marta tells him to avenge the insult. Pedro dare not. He is the master! Marta contemptuously says: "The master, is he? It was he who drove your wife to shame and infamy. He brought evil upon me and you. Last night he came to my room!"

Pedro tries to attack Sebastiano, but is dragged away by the villagers, vowing revenge.

Tommaso appears with a message from Sebastiano's prospective father-in-law. The match is off. Tommaso has enlightened the interested parties. He departs amid hearty curses.

Sebastiano turns to Marta. He has lost his bride, and he is ruined; but he will not lose her. The mill is his, and she is his, and he will tame her to love him as he loves her. He is deaf to her prayers.

Marta is no longer the timid child she was; she loves Pedro, and will fight for her love. She is willing to die for it and for Pedro! She calls on Pedro for help. Is there no help for her?

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Sebastiano springs at her, crying: "No, no help! You are mine! I will silence your lips with kisses!"

Pedro has learned how Sebastiano gained access to Marta's room. He runs down the stairs, and to Sebastiano's startled question how he got in, he says through the same door that Sebastiano used last night as master and thief. When told to go away, he asserts that he is no longer the lout who was fetched from Roccabruna: they stand on an equal footing here, man to man.

He intercepts Sebastiano as he tries to escape; if he wants Marta he must fight for her! He draws his knife. Sebastiano says he has not one, so Pedro throws it away; they will fight on equal terms!

Marta tries to restrain Pedro, and Sebastiano takes advantage of her interference to try to get the knife, but Pedro catches him and sets his foot on it. Sebastiano curses him, but says that he too can wrestle. Pedro tells him to try, and clutches him by the throat. Sebastiano calls for help: Pedro is choking him.

Pedro throws him down and calls the horrified Marta to come and look: he's dead now! He then goes to the door and calls in all the villagers. Their master wants them!

Tommaso says that Heaven has punished the guilty; God be merciful to the sinner!

Pedro asks them all why they don't laugh: now's the time! He calls Marta. "Up to the mountains! Make way, all! Away from the Lowland! I have throttled the wolf. The wolf has been slain by my hand!"

The curtain falls slowly.

Madama Butterfly

Milan, 1904

"His method is that made familiar in *La Bohème* and

Tosca; yet carried further, perhaps, than in either of them. It is to make the music a minute and critical commentary on every line, every sentence of the text. The musical development is strictly dependent upon this text, and he has taken few opportunities for a sustained flight in such development. There are few airs detachable from an immediate context; and few tonal pictures developed for their own sake. . . . He is the Puccini of *La Bohème* in such purely lyric passages as the love duet at the end of the first Act between Pinkerton and Madama Butterfly. There is an impassioned and powerfully dramatic trio in the third Act that suggests *Tosca*. But in the purely pictorial effects suggestive of the time and place and the succession of incident and emotion he has written charmingly and in a vein that if not strikingly original is at least purely personal and individual. His orchestration is more refined, more pointed and delicately coloured than ever. He has ventured far into new and adventurous harmonies, and some of his effects in this direction are captivating."—RICHARD ALDRICH.



HE orchestra is a closely woven symphonic commentary on the play. Puccini has introduced characteristic motives and several Japanese melodies and harmonies, and the Star-Spangled Banner appears in the orchestra on several occasions. The work opens with a short fugue, and then we are shown a pretty Japanese house on a hill near Nagasaki, with terrace and gardens, and a view of the town, bay and harbour in the distance. Goro, a Japanese marriage broker (tenor), is showing Lieutenant B. F. Pinkerton of the United States Navy (tenor), over the house. He is enraptured with its surprising compartments, its sliding walls and its ceilings. It is a fairy dwelling, where everything comes and goes as if by magic! Clapping his hands,

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Goro summons the servants—two men and a woman, who fall on their knees before their new master. The latter asks their names, upon which Goro introduces: "Miss Gentle Breeze; Ray of Morning Sunlight; and Sweet Perfume." "Silly names!" and pointing to each in turn, Pinkerton says, "I will call them Ugly Mugs, one, two, and three!" Suzuki (mezzo soprano) advances and compliments the master of the house in her flowery fashion; but Goro, seeing that Pinkerton is bored, claps his hands, at which the servants leave.

"All women are alike when they begin to talk," Pinkerton exclaims, and wonders what Goro is observing so interestedly. "The arrival of the bride," he replies. "Is everything ready? You pearl of brokers!" exclaims the naval officer; and then learns that the future wife, her relations and the American consul are coming to sign the contract.

"Has she many relations?" Pinkerton inquires. "Her mother, grandmother, the Bonze her uncle (who will probably not deign to come), various cousins and numerous ancestors," replies Goro, and with sly obsequiousness—"As for the descendants of your Honourable Self and the beautiful Butterfly——"

They are interrupted by Sharpless, the American consul (baritone), who is heard complaining of the steep climb, and enters breathless. A fine burst of melody marks his entrance and his characteristic theme, which is quoted frequently throughout the work. Goro bows low and Pinkerton shakes his hand cordially and orders Goro to bring refreshment.

"Indeed the view is charming and the dwelling delightful. Yours?" Yes, Pinkerton has leased it for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, but he can cancel the contract any month he pleases. Contracts are very elastic in Japan!

Goro and the two servants now bring seats, glasses and bottles, which they stand on a small table. As Pinkerton

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invites Sharpless to be seated, the Star-Spangled Banner is heard from the orchestra.

"The Yankee travels over all the world on business and pleasure bent" (*Dovunque al mondo il Yankee vagabondo*) begins Pinkerton, interrupting himself to inquire "Milk-punch or whiskey?" and then describes his own character, by saying that "life is not worth living unless you can win the best and fairest of each country,—the heart of each fair maid."

Sharpless reminds him that it may be pleasant, but it is fatal in the end; but Pinkerton continues that "it is easy to try again, and, at any rate, he is marrying in Japanese style for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, but is free to annul the marriage at any time. America for ever!"

"Is the bride pretty?" Sharpless inquires. "Fair as a garland of flowers! Brighter than a golden star!" exclaims Goro, who has overheard and approaches the Consul. "And only a hundred *yen*! If the honourable Consul will command me, I have a fine assortment!"

The Consul laughingly declines; and, as Goro goes off to bring in the bride, Sharpless asks Pinkerton what folly has seized him. Pinkerton cannot tell. He does not know if it is love, or fancy. All he knows is that the quaint, dainty little maiden, who looks as if she had stepped from a screen, has charmed him with her pretty ways. She flutters and hovers lightly as a butterfly and he wanted to pursue her even if her frail wings should be broken in the quest.

Very seriously and kindly, Sharpless recalls that she called the other day at the Consulate, and that although he did not see her, he heard her lovely voice. Indeed her love seems pure and true: It would be a great pity to tear her wings and break her heart. "Men of your age look on life somewhat sadly," rejoins Pinkerton; and offers more whiskey. "Yes," Sharpless assents, "Good health to your distant relations." "And to the day," adds Pinkerton,

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"on which I will make a real marriage with an American wife." Goro, running up the hill, cries that they are coming.

Soon the noise of many voices is heard from the path and Pinkerton and Sharpless go to the back of the garden to watch the approaching guests.

"One more step to climb," they hear the voice of Butterfly, or Cho-Cho-San, (soprano) say, and then she sings that the sweet spring breeze is blowing over earth and sea and that she is the happiest maiden in Japan, indeed in all the world! (*Spira sul mare e sulla terra un primaveril soffio giocondo.*)

Her companions wish her the best of good fortune, and beg her, before she crosses the threshold, to look once more upon the flowers, the sky and the sea (*Gioia a te sia dolce amica*).

"Oh! joyous prattle of youth!" exclaims Sharpless; but now Butterfly and her friends appear on the hill all carrying large parasols of bright colours.

"Here we are!" she says, closing her parasol, and then introduces Pinkerton to her friends. "B. F. Pinkerton. Down!" she says, falling on her knees.

The young girls, also closing their parasols, repeat, "Down," and also kneel; then they rise and approach Pinkerton.

"The climb is somewhat trying?" Pinkerton asks smilingly. "Not so trying to a bride," Butterfly responds, "as the hours of waiting!" "An exquisite compliment!" Pinkerton remarks sarcastically. "I have some prettier ones than that," Butterfly remarks ingenuously. "Perfect jewels!" replies Pinkerton. "Would you like to hear some of them now?" asks Butterfly, anxious to exhibit her repertory. "Thank you—no," is Pinkerton's answer.

Sharpless, who has been looking at the group with curiosity, approaches the bride: "Miss Butterfly, your name suits you wonderfully. Are you from Nagasaki?" "Yes,

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sir," she answers. "My family were once wealthy;" and turning to her friends, "Is this not true?" "True," they quickly answer. "Nobody likes to own that he was born in poverty," Butterfly continues, and repeats that she has known riches; but when they fled she had to earn her living as a *geisha*. "Is it not true?" "Very true," her friends assent.

"Her pretty baby face inflames my heart!" Pinkerton exclaims; and in reply to Sharpless's questions regarding her family Butterfly informs him that her mother is dreadfully poor; but she speaks of her dead father with great embarrassment, which is shared by her friends, who hang their heads and fan violently.

Butterfly, to break the painful silence, informs them that she has an uncle, the Bonze. Pinkerton is ironically grateful for such a connection. Butterfly's other uncle is a terrible drunkard! Well, Pinkerton doesn't care! Sharpless now asks Butterfly her age. "Guess," she coquettishly answers. "She is fifteen!" "The age for playthings!" exclaims Sharpless. "And for sugar plums!" Pinkerton adds, and, clapping his hands, orders Goro to call his "three Ugly Mugs to serve some candied flies and spiders, jellied nests and the other nasty things they like to suck in Japan."

As Goro is about to follow the servants into the house, he perceives the other guests and returns to announce with great pomposity: "The Imperial Commissioner and the Official Registrar."

Butterfly's relatives ascend the path and are welcomed by her as they arrive. They gaze curiously at the two Americans, looking at Butterfly for explanations. The last to come are the Imperial Commissioner (bass) and the Official Registrar (baritone). Pinkerton, taking Sharpless aside, laughs at his new relations. What a burlesque it all is! He is sure his mother-in-law is behind that fan of peacock feathers! That old frog is the vagabond and

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drunken uncle! and there is a little fat, yellow monkey! "Just look at them all bowing before me!" (*Che burletta la sfilata.*) "Oh! lucky Pinkerton!" Sharpless exclaims. "You have a newly opened flower; I have never seen a sweeter maiden than Butterfly. This pseudo-marriage will lead to trouble. Do not regard this as a pastime,—for she trusts you!" (*Pinkerton fortunato!*)

Butterfly's relatives ask her to point out Pinkerton, who is variously criticized. Some of them think him far from handsome; one cousin says he was offered to her, but she wouldn't accept him. Butterfly is contemptuous, and other kind cousins predict divorce. The uncle, Yakusidé (baritone), asks for wine; the child is promised some sugar plums; and Butterfly introduces her mother (*mezzo soprano*), Yakusidé, and other relations.

"What silly people!" Pinkerton exclaims, bored by their flowery compliments; and, to get rid of them, shows them the refreshments which Goro and his servants have brought out and arranged on tables, to which they repair. Butterfly tries to restrain the greediness of her mother; and in the meantime Goro, the Consul, the Commissioner and the Registrar are busy at a table with papers and writing materials.

Butterfly, rising, shows Pinkerton her stuffed-sleeves: "Mr. B. F. Pinkerton, excuse me, I shall want a few little women's things. I hope you are not angry!" and then takes out of her sleeves handkerchiefs, a pipe, a belt, a little buckle, a mirror, a fan and a little pot. "What is that?" he asks; and, learning that he despises her little jar of paint, Butterfly throws it away. "And what is that?" "Something very sacred to me," she answers gravely. "May I see it?" "There are too many people present," she entreats, "excuse me," as she lays down the box very solemnly, Goro explains that it was sent by the Mikado to Butterfly's father with a message, and he imitates the *hara-kiri* cuts across his stomach. "And her father?"

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asks Pinkerton. "Obeyed," says Goro, who joins the guests.

Butterfly takes some small images from her sleeves—the *Ottoké*—the souls of her ancestors, at which Pinkerton bows in mockery. Butterfly draws him aside and tells him that as long as fate has united her to Pinkerton she wanted to follow his faith; and so, unknown to her family, she stole secretly to the Mission and renounced her faith. For her he has paid a hundred *yen*; she will be frugal; she will give him pleasure; and even forget her race and people. "So there go her gods!" and she throws down the images.

"Silence! Silence!" cries Goro, and all come forward. Pinkerton and Butterfly stand in the centre. The Imperial Commissioner reads the bond granting permission for Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton, Lieutenant on the gunboat, *Abraham Lincoln* of the United States Navy, and Butterfly of Omara-Nagasaki to marry; the former of his free will, the latter with the consent of her relations, who will witness the contract. The bridegroom and bride sign the paper and as her friends congratulate "Madam Butterfly," she corrects them: "Madam B. F. Pinkerton."

The Commissioner, Registrar and Sharpless take their leave and Pinkerton accompanies them to the back, waving his hand as they disappear.

Butterfly goes to her mother's side. "Now," says Pinkerton, returning, "to get rid of the family!" He offers a bottle to Yakusidé, who is quite ready to drink up the ocean; drinks, wine and sweetmeats to the others; cakes, pastry and sugar-plums to the child; and raises his own glass to toast the newly-married couple!

In the midst of this merry-making, strange cries are heard from the hill, and the Bonze (bass), Butterfly's uncle, rushes in in a rage. Goro signs to the servants to remove the tables and chairs; and all the frightened guests huddle together, crying "The Bonze!"

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Pinkerton laughs at his appearance.

"What were you doing at the Mission?" he asks Butterfly; and, to Butterfly's shame and distress, he announces that she has renounced her religion; and then he begins to curse her.

At Pinkerton's protest, he ceases; and addressing the relatives commands them to come with him. "Cho-Cho San has renounced us all," he says, "and we——" "Renounce her!" they cry together.

Pinkerton is master here and bids all leave instantly; and, as they go, Butterfly bursts into tears. The twilight dusk with its glimmering stars only adds to her distress; but Pinkerton gradually cheers her and she kisses his hand, for she has heard that that is a token of the highest honour!

Pinkerton, hearing a deep whispering, asks what it is. "Suzuki offering up her evening prayer," Butterfly answers. "Night is falling," says Pinkerton, drawing her close to him, and learns from Butterfly that although her family have renounced her she is happy. Pinkerton orders the partitions to be closed, and Butterfly calls Suzuki to bring her night clothes. Suzuki takes all the necessary articles out of a lacquer box; and, after retiring to a corner and assisting her to exchange her wedding-dress for a white robe, wishes her "good-night" and retires. Pinkerton, having thrown himself down on the lounge, takes a cigarette and watches Butterfly.

She is singing that she has got rid of her great *obi* and is now robed in white like a bride. Her husband is peeping and smiling and though she still hears the angry voice cursing her and though her relatives have renounced her, Butterfly is happy. (*Quest obi pomposa.*)

Pinkerton, in the meanwhile, thinks her pretty ways like those of a squirrel. His wife! There is hardly a trace of womanhood in her! She is a baby; but she is so charming that his heart is beating fast (*Con moti di scoiattolo*).

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Pinkerton, approaching her, leads her to the terrace. "This child with her bewitching glances and clad in her lily garment is all his own" (*Bimba dagli occhi pieni di malia*); and Butterfly tells him that she is the moon-goddess who has descended from the bridge of clouds. Presently she says that she was half afraid to accept his offer of marriage at first—a stranger from America, a barbarian, a foreigner; but she liked him: he is so strong, so handsome, with such a delightful laugh and charming manners. "Ah! love me a little," she says, "as you would love a baby! I come of a gentle race, grateful for very little; but with a faith as everlasting as the sky and as deep as the sea!"

Pinkerton takes her hands to kiss them. "My Butterfly," he exclaims, "your name was well chosen;" but this troubles her. "They say," she says, "in your country that when a man catches a butterfly he sticks a pin into its heart and leaves it to die!"

"Well, I have caught you," laughs Pinkerton. "I hold you all fluttering. Be mine!" "Yes! Yours forever," cries Butterfly, throwing herself in his arms. "Come! Come!" he cries. Butterfly hesitates. Why is she trembling? Why has she misgivings? Pinkerton shows her the starry night. "Beautiful night! Countless stars!" cries the comforted Butterfly. (*Dolce notte! Quante stelle!*) The whole sky is ecstatic with love! "Come! Come!" Pinkerton cries passionately and leads her into the nuptial chamber. The curtain falls.

Three years have passed.

Within Butterfly's house, Suzuki is praying before the image of Buddha, and at intervals ringing a prayer-bell, as she beseeches her gods to grant that Butterfly shall weep no more. Butterfly, standing motionless near the screen, thinks perhaps the God her husband believes in would an-

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swer more quickly; and then asks Suzuki, who has risen to her feet: "Is misery near?"

Suzuki, taking a few coins from a cabinet, tells Butterfly that these are the last, and "unless he comes quickly," she adds, as she replaces them, "we shall be in trouble."

"He will come," Butterfly says with emphasis; but Suzuki's doubts—for she never yet heard of a foreign husband who returned to his nest—provoke her to anger. "What!" she exclaims, "and he went away saying, 'O tiny Butterfly, my little wife, I will return with the roses in the happy season when robin redbreasts nest again!'" "Let us hope so," replies Suzuki. "Say it with me," says Butterfly, "He will come again." To please her, Suzuki does so, and then begins to cry. "Weeping?" asks Butterfly, "you lack faith. One day we shall see a thread of smoke on the horizon, then the ship will come into the harbour thundering her salutes. Do you see? He is coming! And I, I shall go to the hill, away from the crowd. Here comes a little black speck, a man, climbing the hill! Can you guess who? Soon he will call 'Butterfly' and I, just to play a little, will hide, and then he will call me 'Little wife, my sweet verberna!' the names he used to call me! Now, Suzuki, get rid of your silly fears! He will come! I know it!" (*Piangi? Perché?*)

As Suzuki leaves, Goro and Sharpless appear in the garden. "Here she is!" says Goro, "Come in!"

"Madam Butterfly," begins Sharpless, as she rises to greet him. "Madam Pinkerton," she corrects him, "why, it is the Consul!" Sharpless is surprised that she remembers him. She invites him to be seated, as Suzuki brings a stool, cushions and a table with articles for smoking, inquires for his honourable ancestors and invites him to smoke, after first having tried the pipe herself. Perhaps he would prefer American cigarettes?

"Thank you," replies Sharpless, who has been trying to

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show her a letter just received from Mr. B. F. Pinkerton. Butterfly is overjoyed. "He is well?" "Perfectly well." Then Butterfly is the happiest woman in Japan! Will he allow her to ask a question? "Certainly." "In what month do the robin redbreasts of America nest again?" "Why?" "My husband," she says artlessly, "promised me that he would return when the robin redbreasts nest again. They have built here three times and I thought perhaps they might build them less often in America."

Goro, who has approached unseen and overheard, bursts out laughing. Butterfly reproves him, and then asks the embarrassed Sharpless to reply. The latter mumbles that he has never studied ornithology and tries to return to the question of the letter.

Butterfly interrupts to say that as soon as B. F. Pinkerton went away, Goro tried to arrange other marriages for her. "Yes," says Goro, "the wealthy Yamadori. She is terribly poor and her relations have renounced her." "Here he is now," remarks Butterfly as Prince Yamadori (baritone) enters with ceremony, followed by two servants and carrying flowers. Yamadori bows to Madam Butterfly and then to Sharpless, and takes the seat that Goro has brought.

Well, and does Yamadori still intend to die without her love? Surely having had so many wives he must be inured to trials! Yamadori has divorced them all; he knows he would be true to Butterfly; he has horses, servants and gold and a superb palace at Omara! "My hand is already given," says Butterfly; and the others explain to Sharpless that she still believes she is married. "I know it," Butterfly interposes positively. "Desertion gives the wife the right of divorce," Goro remarks. "That is the Japanese law," interrupts Butterfly; "but it not so in my country." "Which?" asks Goro. "The United States." "Unhappy one!" cries Sharpless, as she says this.

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"I know that here," continues Butterfly, "you can turn your wife out of doors at any moment and divorce her; but in America, it is not possible. Isn't that so?" she asks Sharpless. "Perfectly true," he answers, "but——"

Butterfly, turning to Goro and Yamadori, triumphantly explains that you have to have good reasons in America for getting rid of your wife; and, to end the conversation, orders Suzuki to bring tea.

While Butterfly is making the tea, Goro whispers to the others that Pinkerton's ship has been sighted. "And when they meet"—Yamadori exclaims in despair; but Sharpless explains that Pinkerton does not want to see her. He has a letter in his pocket now. He has come to prepare her; but stops suddenly as Butterfly comes forward to offer tea. She laughingly says to Sharpless behind her fan, "How annoying they are!" Yamadori refuses the tea and takes his departure with his hand on his heart and many sighs. "If you only would"—but she interrupts. "The trouble is I don't want to!"

Goro follows Yamadori; Suzuki removes the tea things; and Sharpless assumes a serious air. Greatly moved, he begs Butterfly to be seated and to read the letter with him. She takes it from him, kisses it and lays it on her heart; then returns it with: "You are the best man in the world. Please read it." "Dear friend, please seek the pretty childish flower," but Butterfly joyfully interrupts: "Did he call me that?"

"Those were happy days! Three years have passed." "Then he, too, has counted?" she exclaims, "Perhaps Butterfly does not remember me!" "Not remember!" cries Butterfly horrified, "Suzuki come and say if I have remembered!" Suzuki nods, and then goes into the next room. Because of her joyful interpretation of every sentence, at last Sharpless folds the letter up in despair, and puts it in his pocket. "That devil of a Pinkerton!" he exclaims; then rising and looking into Butterfly's eyes, says very

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seriously: "Tell me, Madam Butterfly, what would you do if he were never to return?"

At last she understands! With childish submission she replies: "Two things: go back and entertain people with songs; or else, die."

Sharpless, deeply moved, turns to Butterfly: "I am grieved to destroy all your hopes, but I think you had better accept Yamadori's proposal." "You, sir, tell me this!" "Good Lord!" exclaims Sharpless, "what can I do!"

Butterfly claps her hands for Suzuki, and orders her to escort his Honour to the door; but, as Sharpless leaves, she runs to him sobbing. She sends Suzuki away and tells Sharpless that he has deeply wounded her; for she is unwilling to believe that she has been forgotten. Then, running into the room on the left, she brings her baby in upon her shoulder: "Can this be forgotten?" she cries. "Is it his?" asks Sharpless. "Does he look like a Japanese with these yellow curls and blue eyes?" "His very image!" "Does Pinkerton know?" "No," she answers; "won't you write and tell him a little son is waiting for him; a son unequalled anywhere, and then he will hasten over land and sea!"

"Do you know, darling?" she then says to the child, "this bad man fancied that your mother would have to take you on her shoulder and dance and sing to earn food and clothing? Well, perhaps the Emperor might stop to look at this pretty boy! He might even make him a ruler of his kingdom!" And she embraces the child with such devotion that Sharpless can bear it no longer. He must go!

"Give him your hand," Butterfly tells the child. "What is his name?" Sharpless asks. "Trouble," Butterfly informs him; "but it will be changed to Joy when his father returns."

"I will tell his father," says Sharpless, "I promise you that," and leaves.



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FARRAR AS "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

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Suzuki enters with Goro. Goro is a vampire; he has been saying that nobody knows the father of this baby. "I only said," Goro begins, "that in America a child born under such conditions is regarded as an outcast." The enraged Butterfly goes for her father's sword by the shrine; but Suzuki interposes and then takes the baby away. Butterfly spurns Goro with her foot. "Go!" she cries, and he makes his escape. Butterfly replaces the sword and then exclaims: "Soon our avenger will be here and take us to his own country!"

"The harbour cannon," cries Suzuki, running in breathlessly. "A man-of-war!"

Butterfly, in the greatest excitement, and with telescope in hand, sees the "Stars and Stripes," floating on the ship on which she reads the name *Abraham Lincoln*. "I knew it! I knew it! He is coming! He is coming! He is coming and he loves me!"

Now laughing and sobbing alternately, she bids Suzuki: "Shake those boughs and inundate me with flowers. In the odorous rain, I want to bathe my burning brow." "Oh! be calm!" Suzuki entreats. "He will be here in an hour—two hours at most! Bring flowers! Place flowers everywhere! As many flowers as the night has stars!"

"All the flowers?" asks Suzuki from the terrace. "All! Peach-blossoms, violets, jessamine,—every bit of furze, grass and flowering tree!"

"The garden will look like a desert."

"Never mind! Spring's sweet breath must be here!"

Suzuki brings flowers and foliage. She must find more. "How often you have stood at this window, weeping and watching," Suzuki reminds her. "Never mind now! Butterfly's tears have watered the earth and it has given her flowers in return, and the kind sea has brought him!"

Suzuki returns with the last of the flowers, and now they scatter them everywhere; "roses on the doorsill, convolulus

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round his seat. Scatter them everywhere! Let us sow April everywhere—violets, lilies, tuberoses, sweet verbena petals,—every flower! every flower!”

Now Butterfly must make her toilet; but first bring the baby. Suzuki does so. “Ah! how changed he will find me!” Butterfly sighs as she looks in her mirror. “Lips drawn from too much sighing! Eyes weary with crying!” and suddenly throwing herself on the floor at Suzuki’s feet: “O Suzuki! make me beautiful! Make me beautiful!”

Suzuki, stroking her head soothingly, begs her to be calm. “Put on each cheek a little dab of red, and also a touch for my darling, so that he, too, may not look pale!” “Wait till I arrange your hair,” says Suzuki. “What a surprise for all my relations,” Butterfly rambles on. “What a talk it will make! What will the Bonze say? And Goro? and all the gossips that were so sure of my downfall? And Yamadori, with all his airs?” “I have finished,” says Suzuki. “Bring my wedding obi,” commands Butterfly; and while she puts this on, Suzuki wraps the child in her old white robe. “He shall see me as on our wedding-day! So put a scarlet poppy in my hair!”

Looking at herself in the mirror, Butterfly is satisfied with the effect. “Now we will make three little holes in the *shosi*, and here we will watch and wait like little mice!”

Butterfly carries the child to the *shosi* and makes three holes in the partition, one for Suzuki, one for herself and one for the baby, and shows the latter how to look out of the hole. After a time, Suzuki and the baby fall asleep; but Butterfly remains motionless, still keeping watch as the moon rises and the night wanes.

An instrumental intermezzo gives an idea of the weary night of watching and waiting; a peculiar effect is produced by the unseen chorus humming with closed lips, accompanied by a *viola d’amore*.

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The rosy lights of dawn are touching the sea and the hills, but Butterfly is still gazing motionless as the curtain rises. The clank of chains and anchors is heard and the songs of sailors from the distance.

"It is day, Cho-cho San!" and Suzuki touches her mistress on the shoulder. "He will come!" she answers with a start. Suzuki begs her to go and rest. She will call her when he comes; and, taking the baby, Butterfly acquiesces, singing a cradle song to him as she goes up the stairs (*Domi amoe mio!*) "Poor Butterfly!" Suzuki exclaims and then kneels before Buddha before she opens the *shoji*.

A knock is heard, and what is Suzuki's surprise when she finds Pinkerton and Sharpless! They beg her not to disturb her mistress and Suzuki explains that she was so weary, she watched all night with the baby at her side.

"How did she know?" Pinkerton inquires. "No ship has come into the harbour," Suzuki explains, "without her knowledge." "What did I tell you!" asks Sharpless. "Last night she decorated the room with flowers!" Suzuki says. "What did I tell you?" asks Sharpless, much affected. "O misery!" cries Pinkerton in distress. "Misery!" exclaims Suzuki, and then, "Who is that in the garden? A lady?" she asks as she peeps through the *shoji*.

"Hush!" says Pinkerton. "Who is it? Who is it?" Suzuki persists. "You had better tell her all," advises Sharpless. "She came with me," falters Pinkerton. "She is his wife," Sharpless says deliberately. At this Suzuki falls with her face on the ground.

"We came here early," explains Sharpless, raising her, "to ask you to tell us what to do." "How can I?" asks the despairing Suzuki. Pinkerton is wandering about the room, noticing every detail. "There is only one thing to do," Sharpless says to her, "and that is to look to the future of the child. This lady who dares not enter will give it a mother's care." "No," Suzuki refuses to tell

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Butterfly. "Well, then," Sharpless says, "Butterfly must see the lady and learn all from her," and sends Suzuki into the garden to join Mrs. Pinkerton. "Oh, the bitter fragrance of these flowers!" exclaims Pinkerton (*Oh! l'amara fragranza!*). "They are poison to my heart. She has counted every hour. Nothing is changed. Here is my picture! I cannot remain. Sharpless, give her this money. I cannot remain. I am choking with remorse and anguish!" "Did I not tell you the truth?" Sharpless asks. "Yes. I know now that I shall never free myself from remorse. I now see my heartless action. I shall be haunted by her reproachful eyes forever. O happy home! I cannot stay. Let me fly like a coward!" "I warned you," Sharpless says: "I told you to be careful because she trusted you. Her heart will break and perhaps she has already divined the trouble." Pinkerton had better go and let her hear the cruel truth alone.

Kate Pinkerton (mezzo soprano) and Suzuki enter. Mrs. Pinkerton is assuring Suzuki that she will care for the child like a son. "Ah, she will weep bitterly!" Suzuki says, and she must be with her.

Butterfly calls Suzuki and appears at the head of the stairs. Suzuki tries to prevent her from coming down, but she does so and looks about in great excitement. "He must be hiding!" She sees Sharpless and then Mrs. Pinkerton. Will no one speak? Why are they weeping? "You, Susuki, always so faithful,—is he living?" "Yes." Then she asks "Will he come no more?" "He arrived yesterday?" "Who is the lady? She terrifies me!"

Kate replies: "I am the innocent cause of all your sorrow. Forgive me!" Butterfly waves her away imperiously and then—after a long silence, asks in a calm voice: "How long has it been since he married—*you?*" "A year," replies Kate, and then begs Butterfly to give her the child, promising loving care. Butterfly tells her that she is the happiest lady under the sky. May she remain so and not be

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saddened by her and please tell him that peace will come to her. "No," she will not take Kate's offered hand, and begs her to leave. "Can he have his son?" Kate asks Sharpless as she goes. Butterfly has overheard. "Yes. If he will come himself within an hour." As they go, Butterfly nearly faints, but is supported by Suzuki. She gradually recovers and orders Suzuki to close the doors; there is too much light and too much smiling spring. Where is the baby? "He is playing," Suzuki answers. "Shall I bring him in?" "No, go and play with him," she commands; but the weeping Suzuki falls at her feet: she will not leave her mistress.

"How does the song go?" asks Butterfly. "Through the closed gates Life and Love entered and then went away and nothing was left but Death? Go! go!" and Butterfly sends the weeping Suzuki away. Then she goes before Buddha, bows and remains motionless for a long time, then takes from the shrine a white veil, which she throws across the screen and takes the sword, the blade of which she piously kisses, then reads the words inscribed on the blade, "To die with honour when you can no longer live with honour." She points the sword at her throat and Suzuki pushes the child in, who runs to his mother with outstretched arms. Butterfly lets the sword fall and kisses the child rapturously: "You, you, my darling idol (*Tu, tu, piccolo Iddio!*) I am dying for you, that you may go beyond the ocean, although you will never know it, I am dying for you. Once more look upon your mother's face! Farewell, beloved! Now go and play!"

Butterfly places him on a stool, gives him a doll and the American flag, and bandages his eyes. Then, taking the sword, again she retires behind the screen. The veil disappears; the sword falls to the ground and Butterfly emerges with the veil around her neck. She totters to the floor, embraces the child again and then falls. Pinkerton's voice is heard calling, "Butterfly! Butterfly!" The door on

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the right opens and Pinkerton and Sharpless enter. Butterfly with a feeble moan points to the child and dies. Pinkerton falls on his knees; and Sharpless takes the child and kisses him, sobbing.

Characteristic Japanese melodies are heard as the curtain falls.

Salome

Breiden, 1905

"It is easy enough to talk enthusiastically of *Salome*, or to disparage it; but to look at it critically is a very difficult matter, so full is it of new and bewildering things. Some parts of it, such as the scene between Salome and John, and the final scene of Salome with the head, are recognised at once to be entrancingly beautiful; it is remarkable, indeed, what depth of real feeling Strauss gives, by his music, to Wilde's cold, mechanical, enamelled lines, and the wax flowers of his imagery. And even where the music is not beautiful, but merely a tissue of cunning *tours de force* of characterisation and strange suggestion, it sweeps us off our feet. But whether this latter kind of thing will keep its interest for us is another question, that only time can answer.—ERNEST NEWMAN.

"The greatest technical master of the orchestra, making of it a vibrating dynamic machine, a humming mountain of fire, Richard Strauss, by virtue of his musical imagination, is painter, poet and psychologist. He describes, comments and narrates in tones of jewelled brilliancy; his orchestra flashes like a canvas of Monet—the divided tones and the theory of complementary (overtones) have their analogues in the manner with which Strauss intricately divides his various instrumental choirs: setting one group in apposition or juxtaposition to another; producing the most marvellous, unexpected effects by acoustical mirroring, and transmutation of motives, and almost blinding the brain when the entire battery of reverberation and repercussion is invoked."—JAMES HUNEKER.



ALOME consists of one Act, without change of scene.

The orchestra is such a vast fabric of closely woven themes, phrases, chords and trills, that it is difficult to pull the threads or cut the patterns from the tapestry for the sake of analysis. The instruments are called upon separately and in combination to annotate and intensify every word that is sung, ejaculated, whispered or gasped; and to

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describe every emotion that the characters feel. Nor are leading themes sufficient for Strauss: he endeavours to depict in musical tones the psychological nature of the characters in this strange drama. Salome, for instance, has three motives descriptive of her beauty and grace and of her cruel nature; Iokanaan has two: Iokanaan the man and Iokanaan the Prophet; Herod has two: Herod the Tetrarch, and Herod's Gaze; while Narraboth's motive that dies with him is descriptive of his passion for Salome. The motive of the querulous Jews constantly appears; and the orchestra gives long descriptions of the moonlight, the kiss, and the Wind which is the strange beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. To produce all his varied effects the composer calls for 112 instruments: sixteen first and sixteen second violins, twelve violas, ten 'cellos, eight double basses, three flutes, two oboes, one English horn, one piccolo, one Heckelphone*, five clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one double bassoon, six horns, four trumpets, four trombones, one bass tuba, five kettledrums, bass drum, side drum, tam-tam, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, xylophone, castanets, chime-of-bells, organ, two harps, harmonium, and a celesta.

The moon is shining very brightly upon the great terrace before the banquet-hall of Herod's Palace. On the right is an enormous stairway, and at the back an old cistern surmounted by a wall of green bronze. Soldiers are leaning over the balustrade.

"How beautiful the Princess Salome is to-night!" exclaims Narraboth (tenor), the Captain of the Guard. The clarinet here introduces one of Salome's characteristic motives (Salome I.), which is followed by a passage on the

* Called after the inventor (Heckel) or restorer rather, of the baritone oboe, one octave lower than the oboe proper and one-fifth higher than the bassoon. This instrument makes the oboe quartet in the orchestra complete.

'cellos descriptive of Narraboth. "How strange the moon looks!" notes the Page of Herodias (contralto), "like a woman emerging from the gravel!"

"She does look strange," Narraboth replies, "just like a princess who has white doves for feet. You might say she was dancing!" "She seems like a dead woman," rejoins the Page, "she glides so slowly!"

One of the two Soldiers on the terrace wonders what has occasioned the uproar in the banquet-hall, and his companion tells him that it is only the noise of the Jews who are always arguing about their religion, whereupon the First Soldier thinks it ridiculous to argue about such things. Meantime a phrase descriptive of the querulous Jews has been announced by the orchestra.

Again Narraboth goes into raptures: "How beautiful the Princess Salome is this evening!"

"You are always gazing at her," the Page tells him. "You look at her too much. It is dangerous to look at people like that! Some terrible thing will happen!" The horn agrees with the Page and pronounces a warning phrase. "She is so beautiful to-night!" persists Narraboth.

"How the Tetrarch scowls to-night!" the First Soldier notes. "Whom is he looking at?" "I don't know," the other replies.

"How pale the Princess is!" Narraboth exclaims, "I have never seen her so pale! She looks like the reflection of a white rose in a silver mirror!"

"You must not look at her. You look at her entirely too much. Some terrible thing will happen," repeats the Page, who is very nervous, and the horn again agrees with him, with its warning phrase.

"After me comes one mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose," cries the voice of Iokanaan (baritone) from the cistern. "When he cometh the lonely places shall rejoice. The eyes of the blind shall

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see, the ears of the deaf shall hear." While Iokanaan speaks, a suggestion of his motive, which will be heard in its complete form when the Prophet appears, is sketched upon the 'cellos. "Tell him to be quiet," says the Second Soldier, "he is always saying ridiculous things!" His companion objects, however: "He is a holy man; he is very gentle; and every day when I bring him his food he thanks me!"

"Who is he?" asks a Cappadocian (bass), joining in the conversation. "A Prophet!" the First Soldier answers. "What is his name?" persists the Cappadocian. "Iokanaan!" "Where does he come from? What is he talking about? Can any one see him?" The soldiers reply to these questions that Iokanaan comes from the desert, where he had a great following; that it is impossible to understand what he is talking about; and that the Tetrarch has forbidden any one to see him. During this conversation the 'cellos and double basses have been commenting at some length upon the Prophet, his character and his cryptic utterances.

"The Princess rises!" Narraboth exclaims in great excitement. "She leaves the table! She is coming here!" While he speaks the two first motives that were announced by the orchestra (Salome I. and Narraboth) return.

"Don't look at her!" the Page entreats. "Yes; she is coming here!" Narraboth repeats. "Oh! don't look at her!" the Page begs earnestly.

Narraboth, however, gazes at Salome entranced: "She is like a strayed dove!" A second motive (Salome II.) announced by the violins, violas and celesta precedes Salome, who enters excitedly.

"I will not stay. I cannot stay," she soliloquizes. "Why does the Tetrarch gaze at me so, with his mole's eyes under his quivering eyelids (Herod's Gaze, described on the 'cellos and bass clarinet). Strange it is that my mother's

SALOME

husband should gaze at me like that! How sweet the air is here! I can breathe here! (Violins and celesta announce a third Salome motive.) Inside there are Jews from Jerusalem, who are tearing each other to pieces over their foolish ceremonies; silent, crafty Egyptians; and coarse, brutal Romans with their clumsy speech. Oh, how I hate the Romans!" (The motive of the querulous Jews returns here and also Salome II.)

"Something terrible will happen," the excited Page says to Narraboth. "Oh! why will you look at her so?"

"How delightful it is to see the moon," Salome continues. "She is like a silver flower, cool and chaste. She has the beauty of a virgin."

"Behold! the Lord hath come! The Son of Man hath come!" sounds from the cistern.

Salome asks who cried out, and the Second Soldier informs her that it was the Prophet.

"Oh!" she exclaims, "the Prophet! The one of whom the Tetrarch is so afraid?" "We know nothing about that," the Soldier replies, "but it was the Prophet Iokanaan that called out."

Narraboth's motive returns as he interrupts with, "Shall I order your litter, Princess? The night is lovely in the garden."

Taking no notice of Narraboth, Salome continues to question the soldiers (Salome III.). "He is the one who says such dreadful things about my mother?" "We do not understand anything he says, Princess," the Second Soldier replies. "Yes," she continues, "he says terrible things about her."

A slave approaches with a message from the Tetrarch bidding her return to the banquet. "I will not return," Salome defiantly sends in answer, and continues to question the Soldier regarding the Prophet. First she would like to know if he is an old man.

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"Princess," Narraboth urges, "you had better return. Allow me to escort you?"

Taking no notice of him, Salome repeats eagerly, "Is this Prophet an old man?"

"No, Princess, he is still young," the First Soldier informs her.

"Rejoice not, O land of Palestine," Iokanaan calls, "because the rod of him who smote thee is broken; for from the seed of the Serpent a Basilisk will come and its offspring shall devour the birds!"

"What a strange voice!" Salome exclaims. "I should like to speak to him!"

"Princess," replies the Second Soldier, "the Tetrarch does not allow any one to speak to him. He has even forbidden the High Priest to do so."

The motives of Salome I. and Salome II. are here combined and Salome insists, "I wish to speak to him!"

"It is impossible, Princess!" "I will speak to him," she passionately retorts. "Bring the Prophet here!" "We dare not!" the Second Soldier answers.

"How black it is!" Salome observes as she looks into the deep hole. "It must be terrible to be in there! It is like a grave!" Then to the Soldiers, "Did you not hear me? Bring the Prophet here! I want to see him!"

"Princess, we entreat you not to order us to do this!"

"Ah!" Salome has an idea, for her glance has fallen upon Narraboth (Salome II.).

"Oh, what is going to happen!" cries the terrified Page, "I know some awful thing is going to happen!"

"You will do this for me, Narraboth. I have always had a tender feeling for you," wheedles Salome. "You will do this for me? I only want to have a look at this strange Prophet. Everybody has been talking so much about him. I believe the Tetrarch is afraid of him!"

"The Tetrarch has positively forbidden that any one

SALOME

should raise the cover of the well," explains Narraboth.

"You *will* do this for me, Narraboth (*earnestly*), to-morrow, when I go in my litter through the gateway where the idols are, I will throw a little flower to you—a little green flower!"

"Princess, I can not! I can not!"

"You *will* do this for me, Narraboth. You know you will, and early to-morrow I will give you a glance from behind the curtains. Narraboth, I will give you a glance, perhaps a smile, too. Look at me, Narraboth, look at me. Ah! how well you knew that you would do this for me!"

"Let the Prophet come forth! The Princess Salome wishes to see him," and Narraboth gives a gesture of command.

"Ah!" Salome exclaims as the Prophet emerges from the cistern. The orchestra assumes here the greatest importance, announcing the Iokanaan motive, his Prophecy (trombones and 'cellos) and the Salome motives.

Salome steps back as Iokanaan advances, exclaiming: "Where is he whose cup of crime is now full? Where is he, who in a robe of silver shall one day die in the sight of all the people? Bid him come forth, that he may hear the voice of him who hath cried in the desert and in the houses of kings."

"Of whom does he speak?" asks Salome.

"No one knows, Princess," Narraboth replies.

The Prophet continues: "Where is she who gave herself up unto the lust of her eyes and, having seen the images of men painted on the walls, sent ambassadors into the land of the Chaldæans?"

"He means my mother!" Salome gasps almost inaudibly.

"Oh, no! Princess!" cries Narraboth.

"Yes! He means my mother!"

The Prophet continues: "Where is she who gave herself

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unto the Captains of Assyria? Where is she who hath given herself to the young men of Egypt, who are clothed in fine linen and decked with jewels, whose shields are of gold, whose bodies are mighty? Go, bid her hear the words of him who prepareth the way of the Lord, that she may repent of her iniquities. Though she will not repent, but will persist in her abominations, go bid her come, for the fan of the Lord is in His hand."

"He is terrible! He is terrible!" cries Salome.

"Do not stay here, Princess, I entreat you!"

"His eyes are so terrible! They are like black caverns where dragons live. They are like black lakes flickering in the moonlight. Do you think he will speak again?"

"Do not stay here, Princess, I entreat you not to stay!"

"How wasted he is! He is like a thin ivory statue. His flesh must be very cold, cold as ivory. I would look closer at him."

"No, no, Princess!"

"I must look at him closer."

"Princess! Princess!" cries Narraboth.

"Who is this woman who is looking at me?" thunders Iokanaan. "I do not wish her to look at me. Why does she look at me with her golden eyes? I know not who she is. I do not want to know who she is. Bid her be gone."

"I am Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa."

"Back, Daughter of Babylon!" cries the Prophet.

"Come not near the chosen of the Lord. Thy mother hath filled the earth with her iniquities. Her sins are known to God;" but Salome bids him speak again, for his voice is music to her ears.

"Princess! Princess! Princess!" cries Narraboth.

Salome, however, bids the Prophet speak again and tell her what to do.

"Come not near me, Daughter of Sodom," is his reply; and Iokanaan bids her veil her face, scatter ashes on her head

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and seek for the Son of Man. "Who is the Son of Man?" she asks. "Is he as handsome as you are, Iokanaan?"

"Flee from me!" he cries, and solemnly announces that he hears the rustlings of the wings of the Angel of Death.

Salome will not heed Narraboth's entreaty to go within the Palace; but, turning to the Prophet: "I am amorous of your body, Iokanaan! Your body is white, like the lilies of the field that the mower hath never mowed. Your body is white like the snows that lie on the mountains of Judæa. The roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so white as your body; nor the feet of the dawn when they light upon the leaves; nor the breast of the moon when she lies on the sea. There is nothing in this world so white as your body. Let me touch your body."

Iokanaan commands the daughter of Babylon not to speak to him, for he will not listen to her. He heeds only the voice of the Lord God.

Then Salome turns upon him: "Your body is hideous. It is like the body of a leper. It is like a plastered wall, where vipers have crawled; it is like a whited sepulchre, full of loathsome things; it is of your hair that I am enamoured, Iokanaan. Your hair is like clusters of grapes, like the clusters of black grapes that hang from the vines of Edom. Your hair is like the great cedars of Lebanon that give their shade to the lions and to the robbers. The long black nights, when the moon hides her face, and there are no stars, are not so black as your hair. There is nothing in the world that is so black as your hair. Let me touch your hair."

Iokanaan again repulses her; and she continues: "Your hair is horrible. It is covered with mire and dust. It is like a crown of thorns. It is like a knot of serpents coiled round your neck. I love not your hair. It is your mouth that I desire, Iokanaan. Your mouth is like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory. It is like a pomegranate cut in twain with a knife of ivory. The pomegranate flowers that

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blossom in the gardens of Tyre are not so red. The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings, are not so red. Your mouth is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press. It is redder than the feet of the doves that inhabit the temples. Your mouth is like a branch of coral in the twilight of the sea, the coral that they keep for the kings! There is nothing in the world so red as your mouth. Let me kiss your mouth!"

"Never! Daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! Never!"

Salome insists that she will kiss him, whereupon Narraboth, in fear and desperation, cries: "Princess, Princess! You, who are like a garden of myrrh and a 'dove of all doves, look not upon this man. Do not speak to him! I cannot bear it!" And as Salome repeats, "I will kiss your mouth, Iokanaan," Narraboth kills himself, and falls between them. (His motive departs with him.)

Salome takes no notice of this, but repeats her request.

"Are you not afraid, Daughter of Herodias?" is the Prophet's answer.

Salome persists. There is but one who can save this wicked woman, and Iokanaan says with great ardour: "Seek Him. He is in a boat on the Sea of Galilee talking with His disciples. Kneel on the shore and call to Him. When He cometh—for He cometh to all who call—bow at His feet and ask Him to forgive your sins."

Salome makes one more desperate appeal: "Let me kiss your mouth, Iokanaan;" and though he curses her, "daughter of a wicked mother," she persists. "I will kiss your mouth, Iokanaan!"

With repeated curses, the Prophet returns to the cistern.

Herod's motive appears on trombones, tubas, brass and wood-wind as the Tetrarch (tenor) enters with Herodias (mezzo soprano).

"Where is Salome?" inquires Herod. "Why did she not return as I commanded? Ah! there she is!"



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DALMORES AS "HEROD"

SALOME

"Don't look at her so? You are always gazing at her!" Herodias commands.

Herod remarks on the singular appearance of the moon. She seems to be reeling through the clouds like a mad woman, or a drunken woman. Herod decides to remain here, on the terrace, and orders: "Manasseh! spread carpets and light torches! I will have wine here with my guests. Ah!" he exclaims, "I have slipped in blood! What an ill omen!" (The Salome motives heard in the orchestra recall why this blood was spilled.) Herod then asks the Soldiers about the body. "Whose is it?" "It is our captain!" they reply. Herod can recall no order that he should be slain; and when the Soldier explains that he has just killed himself; "Well, take it away!" Herod commands, and remembers that the young Syrian was wont to gaze languorously upon Salome.

It is very chilly and Herod seems to hear the beating of enormous wings. It comes and goes! (And it comes and goes also on the muted violins and 'cellos.)

Herodias hears nothing. Herod must be ill! "No, I am not ill!" he replies. "It is your daughter who is ill! I have never seen her so pale!" "I have told you not to look at her!" Herodias rejoins. "Bring wine!" Herod commands, and then calls Salome to drink a little of the delicious wine that Cæsar sent him. "Dip thy little red lips in," he entreats, "and then I will empty the cup!" "I am not thirsty, Tetrarch," Salome replies.

"Did you hear how your daughter answered me?" Herod asks his wife; and then orders his servants to bring ripe fruit.

"Salome, come and eat some fruit," he entreats, "I long to see the mark of your white teeth in the pulp. Bite this fruit and I will finish it."

"I am not hungry, Tetrarch," Salome replies. "There you see how you have brought up your daughter!" Herod says to Herodias.

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The latter contemptuously reminds him that she and her daughter are of royal blood, while his father was a camel-driver, and also a thief and a robber.

"Salome, come and sit beside me," Herod again entreats. "You shall have your mother's seat."

"I am not tired, Tetrarch," she replies.

"Now you see what she thinks of you!" Herodias exults.

"Bring me——" begins Herod, but "Behold the time has come. The hour I foretold has come," arises from the cistern.

"Bid that man be quiet; he is always insulting me," Herodias commands.

"He has said nothing about you," retorts Herod; "moreover he is a very great Prophet."

"You are afraid of him," persists Herodias. "Why don't you give him up to the Jews, who have been clamoring for him for months?"

One of the Jews agrees this would be a good thing, but Herod refuses. "I will not deliver him into your hands," he replies. "He is a holy man. He has seen God." "That cannot be," replies the Jew, "the last man to see God face to face was the Prophet Elias. God hides himself in these days; and, therefore, great evils have come over the land, great evils!" The Jews begin to argue as to whether Elias saw God, or the shadow of God; also the strange ways in which God worketh, and the many dangerous doctrines from Alexandria.

"Bid them be silent!" Herodias says to Herod, "they bore me."

Herod is interested, however. "I have heard it said," he inquiringly observes, "that Iokanaan is really your Prophet Elias."

"That cannot be," replies the Jew, "for Elias lived more than three hundred years ago."

One of the two Nazarenes present insists that he is the

Prophet Elias, which the Jews indignantly deny. "Bid them be quiet!" Herodias demands.

"Behold the day of the Lord is at hand," calls the voice of Iokanaan, "I hear upon the mountains the feet of Him who shall be the Saviour of the World!"

"What does that mean,—the Saviour of the World?" Herod asks, and the Nazarene answers: "The Messiah hath come!" The First Jew contradicts this emphatically.

"He hath come!" repeats the First Nazarene, "and everywhere He worketh miracles. At a marriage which took place in a little town of Galilee, He changed water into wine. He healed two lepers of Capernaum." "Merely by touching them," adds the Second Nazarene, and the First Nazarene continues: "He healed blind people also, and He was seen on a mountain talking with angels." "I do not believe in miracles. I have seen too many," interposes Herodias.

"He raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead," continues the Nazarene.

"What! He raises from the dead?" Herod questions in terror. "I forbid him to do that. It would be terrible if the dead came back. Where is this man?" Herod questions in terror.

"Ah! Ah! the daughter of Babylon. Thus saith the Lord God. Let the people stone her," cries the voice of Iokanaan. "Let captains of the hosts pierce her with their swords, let them crush her beneath their shields. It is thus that I will wipe out all wickedness from the earth."

"You hear what he says against me?" cries Herodias to Herod, "will you allow him to revile your wife!"

"He did not speak your name," Herod replies; and the Prophet continues: "In that day the sun shall become black like sackcloth and the moon like blood; the stars of the heaven shall fall upon the earth like unripe figs from the fig-tree; and the kings of the earth shall be afraid."

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"Ah! ah!" laughs Herodias. "This Prophet talks like a drunken man; but I hate his voice! Command him to be silent."

Herod now bids Salome dance for him, which excites Herodias's anger still further. "She shall not dance," she protests. Salome quietly responds, "I do not want to dance, Tetrarch."

"Salome, daughter of Herodias, dance for me," Herod orders peremptorily.

"I will not dance, Tetrarch," Salome insists.

"See how she obeys you!" sneers Herodias.

"Will you truly give me whatever I ask, Tetrarch?" Salome inquires, rising.

"Do not dance, my daughter," interposes Herodias.

"Whatever thou wilt ask, even unto the half of my kingdom!" "You swear it, Tetrarch?" And Herod swears by his crown, by his gods. "O Salome! Salome! dance for me!" "Do not dance, my daughter," cautions Herodias. "You have sworn an oath, Tetrarch." "I have sworn an oath," he replies to Salome, whose mother once more repeats her warning.

"Even to the half of my kingdom," replies Herod. "You will make a beautiful queen, Salome!" and then he shudders. "What an icy wind! and what do I hear? Why do I hear this beating of wings in the air. Ah! it seems as if a great black bird were hovering over this terrace. Why can't I see this bird? This beating of wings is terrible! And what a cutting wind! No, it is not cold,—it is hot! Pour water on my hands! Give me snow to eat! Loosen my mantle! Quick! Quick! loosen my mantle! No, let it alone! It is my garland that hurts me, my wreath of roses! The flowers burn like fire! (He tears the wreath from his head and throws it on the table.) Ah! I can breathe again. Are you going to dance for me, Salome?"

"I will not allow her to dance," objects Herodias; but Salome answers: "I will dance for you, Tetrarch."

SALOME

The slaves bring perfumed ointments and the seven veils and take off Salome's sandals.

"Who is this who cometh from Edom, who is this who cometh from Bosora whose raiment is dyed with purple, who shineth in the beauty of his garments, who walketh mighty in his greatness? Wherefore is thy raiment stained with scarlet?" cries the voice of Iokanaan.

"Let us go within," Herodias insists. "The voice of that man maddens me. I will not let my daughter dance while he is continually crying out. I will not let her dance while you look at her in this way. In a word, I will not let her dance!"

"Sit still, my wife, my queen," Herod replies. "I will not go within until she has danced. Dance, Salome, dance for me!"

"Do not dance, my daughter," warns Herodias; but Salome replies: "I am ready, Tetrarch."

The musicians begin a wild dance, the theme of which is sung by the viola and flute. Salome, at first, motionless, draws herself up and gives the musicians a sign upon which the wild rhythm is suddenly changed for a gentle undulating melody. Salome then dances the "Dance of the Seven Veils."

After this is finished, she seems exhausted, but rouses herself and pauses in a rapt attitude near the cistern and then falls at Herod's feet.

"Ah! wonderful! wonderful!" exclaims Herod. "You see she has danced for me. Come near, Salome, come near, that I may give you your fee. I will pay you royally. I will give you whatsoever your soul desireth. What would you have? Speak!"

"I should like," Salome begins sweetly, "to have brought me presently in a silver charger——" "In a silver charger!" laughs Herod. "Certainly, in a silver charger. She is charming, is she not? What would you like to have in a silver charger, O sweet and beautiful Salome, fairer

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than all the daughters of Judæa? Tell me. Whatever it is, you shall have it. My kingdom is yours. What would you have, Salome?"

"The head of Iokanaan," laughs Salome, rising. "No! No!" cries Herod; and Herodias in joy exclaims: "Well said, my daughter, well said!"

In reply to Herod's protest that she is listening to the evil counsel of her mother, Salome explains that it is purely for her own pleasure that she asks for Iokanaan's head, and reminds Herod of his oath.

"No," Herod refuses. Salome insists. "Yes," Herodias interrupts, "you have sworn an oath; everybody heard you!"

"Peace, woman! I did not speak to you!" Herod storms. "My daughter has done well to ask for the head of Iokanaan, who has insulted her mother! Now, Salome, do not yield; for he has sworn an oath." Herod entreats Salome to ask for something else. The head of a man severed from his body is frightful to look upon! He has the most beautiful emerald in the world. Salome can have that. "I demand the head of Iokanaan," persists Salome. "O Salome is but jesting! Oh! Oh! bring wine, Herod is thirsty! Salome! Salome, think again! Take my beautiful white peacocks that strut in the garden between the myrtles. Take the whole hundred!"

"Give me the head of Iokanaan," persists Salome. "Well said, my daughter," interposes Herodias, and to Herod, "You are ridiculous with your peacocks!"

"Silence, woman!" Herod cries. "You scream like a bird of prey. Think again, Salome. This is a holy man: God's finger hath touched him. You would not have evil befall me? Salome! Hear me!"

"Give me the head of Iokanaan," persists Salome.

"Ah!" cries Herod, irritated, "you are not listening to me, Salome! Be calm. See I am calm! I have hidden jewels—jewels that your mother has never seen. I have a collar of pearls, set in four rows. Topazes, yellow as the

SALOME

eyes of tigers, pink as the eyes of a wood-pigeon, and green as the eyes of cats. I have opals that burn with a flame cold as ice. I will give them all to you. I have chrysolites and beryls, and chrysophrases and rubies; I have sardonyx and hyacinth stones, and stones of chalcedony, and I will give them all to you, and other things besides! I have a crystal, into which it is not lawful for a woman to look. In a coffer of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises. He who wears them on his forehead can imagine things that are not. They are treasures above all price. What can you wish more than these, Salome? All that you ask I will give you, save one thing only, the life of this man. I will give you the mantle of the High Priest. I will give you the veil of the sanctuary."

"Oh! oh! oh!" groan the Jews.

"Give me the head of Iokanaan," persists Salome.

"Let her have what she asks for," Herod yields, sinking back in his seat. "She is indeed her mother's child!"

Herodias draws the Tetrarch's ring from his finger and hands it to a soldier, who carries it to the executioner.

"Who has taken my ring?" asks Herod. "Who has drunk my wine? O surely evil will befall us!"

"My daughter has done well," exclaims the triumphant Herodias.

"I am sure some evil will befall us," mutters the Tetrarch.

Salome, who has watched the executioner go down into the cistern, now follows, leans over and listens. She hears nothing! Why does not this man cry? She would cry if anyone tried to kill her! "Strike, Naaman, strike," she commands, and then she exclaims: "No, I hear nothing. There is a terrible silence. Ah! I heard something fall. It was the executioner's sword. This slave is afraid. He has dropped his sword. He dares not kill him. This slave is a coward! Send the soldiers."

Seeing Herodias's Page, she calls him to her side: "You were the friend of the dead man, were you not?"

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Well, I tell you, there are not dead men enough. Go to the soldiers and bid them go down and bring me the thing I ask, the thing the Tetrarch has promised me, the thing that is mine!"

As the Page recoils, she calls the Soldiers. "Come hither, Soldiers. Go ye down into this cistern and bring me the head of this man. Tetrarch, Tetrarch, command your Soldiers that they bring me the head of Iokanaan!"

A large black arm rises out of the cistern bearing the head of Iokanaan on a silver charger. As Salome takes it, the Salome I. theme bursts out triumphantly from the orchestra. Herod covers his face with his mantle; Herodias fans herself serenely; and the Nazarenes fall on their knees in prayer.

"Ah! you would not let me kiss your mouth, Iokanaan. Well! I kiss it now. I said it; did I not say it? I said it. Ah! I will kiss it now. But wherefore do you not look at me, Iokanaan? Your eyes that were so terrible, so full of rage and scorn, are shut now. Open your eyes! Lift up your eyelids, Iokanaan! Are you afraid of me, Iokanaan, is that the reason you will not look at me? And your tongue, that was like a red snake darting poison; it moves no more; it speaks no words, Iokanaan, that scarlet viper that spat its venom upon me. You spoke evil words against me, to me, Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judæa! Well, I still live, but you are dead, and your head belongs to me. I can do with it what I will. I can throw it to the dogs and to the birds of the air. Ah, Iokanaan, Iokanaan, you were beautiful. Your body was a column of ivory set upon feet of silver. It was a garden full of doves and lilies of silver. There was nothing in the world so white as your body. There was nothing in the world so black as your hair. In the whole world there was nothing so red as your mouth. Your voice was a censer that scattered strange perfumes, and when I looked on you I heard a strange music!

SALOME

"Ah! wherefore did you not look at me, Iokanaan! You put upon your eyes the covering of him who would see God. Well, you have seen your God, Iokanaan, but me, me, you never saw. If you had seen me you would have loved me. I am athirst for your beauty; I am hungry for your body; and neither wine nor apples can appease my desire. What shall I do now, Iokanaan? Neither the floods, nor the great waters, can quench my passion. Ah! ah! wherefore did you not look at me? If you had looked at me, you would have loved me. Well I know that you would have loved me, and the mystery of Love is greater than the mystery of Death."

"Your daughter is a monster," Herod whispers to Herodias, "a monster!"

"She has done well!" repeats Herodias.

"There speaks my brother's wife! Come, I will stay here no longer. Some terrible thing will happen," Herod declares. "Let us hide in the Palace, Herodias. I am afraid! Manasseh, Issachar, Ozias, put out the torches! Hide the moon! Hide the stars! Some terrible thing is going to happen!"

The slaves obey and put out the lights. The stars also disappear; and a great cloud obscures the moon. The terrace becomes dark; and the Tetrarch, ascending the staircase, hears Salome in the darkness:

"Ah! I have kissed your mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed your mouth. There was a bitter taste on your lips. Was it the taste of blood? or was it the taste of love? They say that love hath a bitter taste. But what matter? what matter? I have kissed your mouth, Iokanaan. I have kissed your mouth!"

A ray of moonlight falls upon Salome.

"Kill that woman!" commands Herod, turning around. The soldiers rush forward and crush Salome beneath their shields. The curtain quickly falls.

Electra

Brenden, 1909

"The system of representative themes and their transformation has now been carried to such a pitch that it is no longer possible to ticket them, as was possible even in Wagner's latest works; but they form one complete and unbroken web of sound which never fails to differentiate the dramatic situation and the character. Herr Strauss has never previously approached such accuracy of characterisation. The womanly Chrysothemis, Electra, who is embodied passion and revenge, and Clytemnestra, enfeebled and superstitious, stand out as clearly in the music as on the stage. But the composer's love of musical picture-writing is still seen in the themes of the slippery blood and the rattle of Clytemnestra's amulets."—
J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.



LIKE *Salome*, *Electra* consists of one act without interval or change of scene. The score calls for 111 performers in the orchestra, and among the instruments are two basset-horns, a Heckelphone, eight horns, six trumpets, five tubas, and drums of all varieties.

The scene is laid in an inner court-yard, bounded by the back of the Palace at Mycæne and the low buildings of the servants' quarters. In the foreground, on the left, is a draw-well, around which five Maid-Servants are grouped, and among them is their Overseer (soprano).

The first Servant, lifting up her water jug, asks, "Where is Electra?" "It is her hour—the hour when she waits for her father until all the walls ring," replies the second Servant.

Electra (soprano) comes running out of the dark ground floor and all go towards her; but Electra springs back like an animal into her dark corner, holding her arm before her face.

"Did you see how she behaved to us?" says the first Servant. "Fierce as a wild cat!" replies the second Ser-

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vant. "Of late she has been lying there and groaning," the third Servant begins, and the first adds, "Always, when the sun is high, she lies and groans?" The third Servant says: "We approached her too soon and went too close to her." "She can't bear to have anybody look at her," says the first Servant. "Yes, we went too near," says the third Servant. "She spat at us like a cat. 'Go away,' she cried, 'go away!'" "'Away, blow-flies!'" adds the fourth Servant. "'You shall not feed upon my wounds!' and struck at us with a wisp of straw," adds the third Servant. "'Away, blow-flies!'" the fourth Servant repeats. "'You shall not suck the sweet from my affliction; you shall not taste my brimming cup,'" adds the third Servant. "'Crawl away!' she screamed at us. 'Eat cream and sweets and go to bed with your men,' she screamed," says the fourth Servant; and the third Servant says "She answered, 'Yes! when you are hungry you do the same,' and then she sprung up and shot a terrible glance, shook her finger like a claw at us and cried, 'I nourish a vulture in my body.'" "And what did you say?" asks the second Servant. "'You will always nourish it,' said I, 'while you keep scratching up an old corpse for carrion.'" "And what did she say then?" asks the second Servant. "She howled again and went back into her hole," replied the third Servant. "Why the Queen allows such a demon to go free in the house and court-yard, I can't understand," the first Servant remarks. "She is her own child," explains the second Servant. "Were she my child, by the Gods, she would be under lock and key," adds the first Servant. "Are you not hard enough with her?" asks the fourth Servant. "Do they not give her her bowl of food with the dogs?" and then adds, sighing, "Have you not heard the master beat her?"

The fifth Servant, who is still young, now interposes, her voice trembling with excitement: "I will throw myself before her and kiss her feet. Should the daughter of

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a King have to endure such insults? I will anoint her feet and dry them with my hair."

"Go inside!" commands the Overseer, pushing her; but the fifth Servant continues:

"There is nobody in the world more regal than she. She may lie in rags on the threshold; but nobody, nobody in the house can stand her glance." "Go in!" commands the Overseer, pushing her in the open door on the left; and the fifth Servant, standing in the doorway, exclaims: "Not one of you is worthy to breathe the same air that she breathes! O! if I could see you all hanging by the neck in some dark place for what you have done to Electra!"

"Did you hear that?" says the Overseer, shutting the door, "that we should let Electra put her bowl on our table, when they call her to eat with us, she who spits upon us and calls us dogs!"

The first and second Servants say that she is always insisting that the blood of that everlasting murder should be wiped from the floor and that the outrage that is renewed day and night should be swept away; and the Overseer who has opened the door to go in adds: "And when she sees us with our children, she screams, 'Nothing can be so cursed as the children that have been born in this house and that wallow on the stairs in blood!' Did she not say that?" "Yes! Yes!" reply the Servants. "Did she say that, or not?" repeats the Overseer as she shuts the door. "Yes! Yes!" reply the Servants. Now from within the fifth Servant cries out, "They are beating me!"

Electra comes out of the house, exclaiming: "Alone! Alas, all alone! My father gone! Lying neglected in his cold tomb! (Calling to the earth) Agamemnon! Agamemnon! Where are you, Father? Have you not the power to come before me? (Then softly) It is our hour—the hour when you fought your wife and the one who sleeps in the royal bed. They threw you in the bath and

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your blood flowed up to your eyes. The bath streamed with blood. Then, he took you, the coward, by the shoulders and threw you across the window-sill with your legs inside and your head outside. Your eyes were wide open! Come again with eyes wide open and the kingly diadem stained with crimson from the wounds. Agamemnon! Father! I will see you; do not leave me alone to-day. Come; if you only show your shadow on the wall to your child, as you did yesterday. Father! Agamemnon! thy day will come!"

And then she goes on to say that blood from a hundred throats shall be poured on his grave,—in a deluge, like a swollen torrent; for him shall their life's blood be shed (and with great pathos); "and we will drive to your grave and kill your horse that neighs in the stable, already perceiving his doom; and we will kill the dogs that used to lick your feet and hunt with you and to which you used to throw scraps of food,—they must all give their blood to serve you,—and we, we of your own blood, your son Orestes and your daughters—we three will accomplish all this; and a purple canopy shall be erected over your grave of this smoke of blood that shall reach to the sun; (and with inspired pathos) and over the corpses will I lift my knee with high steps, and I will dance so that even my shadow will dance with me: and it will be said that a great king had a magnificent festival here of his flesh and blood and that his children danced a royal dance of victory over his grave! Agamemnon! Agamemnon!"

Chrysothemis (soprano), Electra's youngest sister, appears in the doorway and calls softly, "Electra!"

Electra shrinks back and starts as if waking from a dream.

"Ah! the face!" she cries.

Chrysothemis, standing against the door, asks quietly and gently, "Is my face so disagreeable?"

"What do you want?" asks Electra vehemently.

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"Speak; out with it,—then go and leave me," and as Chrysothemis lifts her hands as if pushing something away cries: "Why do you hold your hands like that? So our father lifted his hands when the hatchet fell and cleft his flesh. What do you want, daughter of my mother, daughter of Clytemnestra?"

"They are planning something frightful," replies Chrysothemis softly.

"The two women?" asks Electra, and explains that she means her mother and that other woman, that cowardly assassin, Ægisthus, who only thinks of heroic deeds in bed. "What are they planning?"

"They are going to throw you in a tower where you will never see the sun or moon or any other light." Electra laughs and asks how Chrysothemis learned this, to which she softly replies "At the door, Electra." At which Electra breaks out with "Open no doors in this house. Choked breath and the rattle of the strangled is all that resounds in these walls. Open no doors! Don't creep about. Sit at the door as I do and wish for the dead and for justice for him and for them."

"I cannot sit and stare in the dark as you do," replies Chrysothemis. "I have fire in my breast—it drives me about the house all the time, I cannot suffer in any room; I must rove from place to place. I have such anguish that my knees tremble all day and all night: and it seems as if my throat were closed up; I cannot even cry; everything is like a stone. Sister, have pity!" "On whom?" asks Electra.

"You are the one," answers Chrysothemis, "that fastens me to the ground with iron clasps. If it were not for you, they would let us out. Were it not for your hate, your sleepless, untamable spirit, before which they tremble, they would willingly enough have released us from this prison!"

Then she passionately declares she will depart; she will not sleep there every night till she dies. Before she dies,

ELECTRA

she means to live. She intends to have children before her body withers. Even if it's only a peasant, she will bear him children, and warm them with her body in the cold nights when the storm shakes the hut. Does Electra hear her?

"Poor creature!" comments the latter.

Chrysothemis continues earnestly, begging her to have pity on her and herself. Who benefits by such distress? Their father is dead; their brother does not come home. Here they sit on a perch like roosting birds, turning their heads this way and that, and no brother comes, nor even a message. Day after day carves with a knife its evil in their faces, and the sun rises and sets, and women come laboriously to the well, and presently they come again with a suckling at their breast, and the children grow up. "No!" she insists, "I am a woman and I will have a woman's lot! I would far rather die than live and not live!"

Electra scornfully says that her place is in-doors. Perhaps they will make a wedding for her! She can hear them running! The whole court is busy. When they are not marrying, they are murdering! When a corpse is needed in order to sleep, then she must sleep!

Her sister tells her to go and hide herself from her mother, and not stand in her path to-day, for Clytemnestra darts death with every glance. She has had a dream.

(The sound of many steps inside the house is heard approaching.) Electra had better go! They are coming through the passage, this way. She knows not what the dream was; she heard the maids say that she dreamed of Orestes, and cried out in her sleep so loudly that she woke people up. (The passage on the left of the door is full of torches and candles.) She is already here. She is driving before her the maids, all with torches, and behind her come animals and sacrificial knives. "Sister, when she trembles, she is most terrible. Only go to-day, get out of her way, if for this hour only!"

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Electra has a stronger desire to talk to her mother than she ever yet had!

Her sister will not stay to listen; and hurries away.

Through the wide window, Clytemnestra (mezzo soprano) is visible. Her pale and bloated face in the glare of the torchlight looks still more pallid against the scarlet drapery. She is leaning on a Confidante (soprano), who is robed in dark violet, and on an ivory staff ornamented with jewels. A yellow figure (soprano), with black hair combed back like an Egyptian, and with a smooth face, and head like a snake erect, bears her train. The queen is smothered with jewels and talismans. Her fingers are covered with rings, and her arms with bracelets and armlets. Her eyelids are unnaturally large; and it seems to cost her a painful effort to keep them open. Electra raises herself to her full height. Clytemnestra suddenly opens her eyes, and, trembling with anger, goes to the window and points her staff at Electra.

"Look there!" she cries, "what do you want? Look how she extends her neck and hisses at me! And I let her run free in my house! Suppose she could kill me with her gaze! Why does she lay me waste? Why does my strength fail in me? Why does it happen, ye eternal Gods?"

Electra quietly remarks: "The Gods! But you yourself are a Goddess, like themselves!"

Clytemnestra turns to her attendants: did they hear, did they understand what she meant? The Confidante thinks it was meant literally, the Trainbearer thinks spitefully. Clytemnestra had long forgotten the fact; and muses that Electra knows her well, but nobody knows what is concealed in her shell. Meanwhile the Confidante and Trainbearer whisper together.

Electra slowly comes nearer. She tells her mother she is no longer herself. Her mind is confused by what they tell her, and wanders as in a dream.

ELECTRA

Clytemnestra leaves the window though her attendants try to dissuade her. She will talk to Electra, who is not offensive to-day, but talks like a physician. She appears in the doorway, and replies to the whispered protests of her attendants: "I will not listen! What comes from you is only the breath of Ægisthus; and when I wake you at night, do you not always say something different? Do you not croak that my eyelids are swollen and my liver out of order? And in the other ear do you not whisper that you have seen demons sucking my blood with long sharp beaks. Do you not point out the marks on my flesh, and do I not follow your advice and slay, slay, slay, sacrifice after sacrifice? Aren't you driving me to death with your advice and counter advice? I will listen no longer! If she tells me what pleases me to hear, I will listen to her! Leave me alone with her!"

Clytemnestra motions them into the house with her staff. They angrily obey; and the torch-bearers go with them, leaving only a faint light that falls through the vestibule into the court-yard and streaks the figures of the two women.

Clytemnestra slowly approaches. She has bad dreams: does Electra know any cure? Yes! they who are old dream, but dreaming can be stopped; there must be a way; there is a right one for everything. That is why she is so loaded with stones and amulets, for some power dwells in each. It is only necessary to know how to use them! If Electra only would, she could say something that would be helpful!

Electra disclaims any such power; but her mother insists. Electra has a great intellect: she could say a great deal. Clytemnestra proceeds to describe how a mysterious something when she lies awake creeps over her; it is not a word, nor a pain, nor a nightmare, but it is so horrible that she longs for death. Electra can see how she is wasting away, like a garment eaten by moths. Then she sleeps

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and dreams, and wakes, and watches the flickering torch at the door. These dreams must be stopped! If the right blood were only shed, the demon would be banished! Must she drain the veins of every animal that crawls and flies, and stand in the reek of the blood and sleep like the people of Ultima Thule in blood-red clouds? She will dream no longer!

Electra says that that will be when the right blood sacrifice falls under the axe. She gives dark answers to her mother's excited questions as to what living creature, the place, the hour, and the way, and the slayer. She finally gathers that the victim must be a woman, and the slayer a man not in the house; it may be at any hour and place. The man, however, belongs to the house.

Clytemnestra begs her not to talk riddles, but is glad to find her amiable. Electra suddenly asks her if she has seen her brother to-day. Clytemnestra says: "Have I not forbidden you to mention him?" "So you fear him!" retorts Electra. "Who says so?" "Why are you trembling, Mother?" "Who is afraid of a half-witted person? They say he stammers, lies in the yard with the dogs, and cannot distinguish a man from an animal!" Electra protests that he was mentally sound as a child; but is told that they gave him bad shelter, and farmyard animals for companions. His mother sent gold and gold: he ought to have been reared like a King's child.

"You lie!" cries Electra, "you sent gold to have him strangled!"

"Who told you that?"

Electra says she reads it in her eyes;—wherein she also reads that he still lives; that by day and night she thinks of nothing but him; that her heart shudders with horror because he is coming!

Clytemnestra cares not who is outside the house; here she lives and is mistress. She has enough servants to guard the doors; and when she wants them, she has three armed

ELECTRA

men at her door by day and night; and she will drag the right word out of Electra one way or another! She has already learned the right sacrifice, and the way. If Electra will not tell the rest in freedom, she shall in chains,—if not fed, then hungry! Dreams are something that people want to get rid of! If a man suffers and does not find a cure, he is a fool! She will find out for herself what must bleed in order that she may sleep again!

Electra springs savagely at her. What must bleed? Clytemnestra's own neck, when the hunter has caught her! Electra hears him going through the room; he lifts the curtain of the bed. Who would slay a sleeping victim? He hunts her out, and she flees shrieking, but he is close behind! He chases her through the house; on her left is the bed; on her right the bath gleams crimson with blood; the shadows and the torches cast black and red nettings over her.

Clytemnestra turns towards the house, shaking and speechless with terror. Electra pushes her up against the wall. Clytemnestra shrinks back against it. Her eyes are staring and the staff falls from her trembling hands, as Electra continues her description of the flight up and down the stairs, Electra, the hound on her tracks, past corners and recesses where she would hide till she comes to a wall, dark and shut in. There Electra can nevertheless see a shadow and even limbs and the white of her mother's eye. There sits her father. He pays no attention; but it must be accomplished: they drag her to her feet. She tries to scream, but her voice dies in her throat. She already thinks she feels the steel in her neck, but it is too soon—everything is so quiet that she hears her heart beating against her ribs. This time is given to her to survey her life.

Electra concludes as follows: "Here I stand before you; and now, with staring eyes, you can read the dreadful word that is written in my face. Your soul is hanging in the noose; the axe falls; and at last I see you die. Then

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you will dream no more; and those who live on can exult and enjoy their lives."

They stand together, eye to eye: Electra in wild exaltation; Clytemnestra panting with terrible anguish. At that moment the vestibule is illuminated and the Confidante comes running out. She whispers something in Clytemnestra's ear, who at first does not seem to understand. Slowly, she recovers and calls: "Lights!" Female slaves bring torches and stand behind her. She calls for "More lights!" and more come and stand behind her, so that the whole court is illuminated and orange light floods the walls. Now Clytemnestra's expression gradually changes, and the tension gives way to one of wicked triumph. She has the Confidante whisper the message to her again, while she watches Electra out of the corner of her eye. Then, entirely relieved, she violently pushes Electra away with both hands. The Confidante picks up her staff and hands it to her. Gathering up the skirts of her robe, she swiftly runs into the house. The torch-bearers follow her in as if they were hunted.

Electra is musing: "What did she say to her? She was so suddenly rejoiced! I cannot understand it! What was the woman so glad about?" when Chrysothemis rushes into the court-yard, howling like a wounded animal: "Orestes! Orestes is dead!"

Electra tries to silence her. She will not believe it; but Chrysothemis insists: "I came out; they already knew it in there! We only were kept ignorant."

Electra is still incredulous; but Chrysothemis continues: "The strangers, who are sent here to announce it, are at the walls—two, one old and one young. They have told it to everybody. They are the centre of a curious circle. Nobody thinks of us. Dead, Electra! Dead in a foreign land! Dragged along and killed by his own horses!" She sinks on Electra's threshold and gives way to wild grief.

ELECTRA

A young Servant (tenor) comes hastily out of the house, steps over her, complaining of the obstruction, and calls to the stable. An old Servant (bass), with a morose face, appears at the gate and asks what is wanted.

"A horse saddled as soon as possible,—a nag, a mule, or even a cow, only quickly!" "For whom?" "For him who orders it! Myself! Because I must go and fetch the lord from the field, for I have great news for him, important news—heavy enough to ride one of your mares to death!" He follows the old Servant out.

Electra exclaims: "Now we must do it ourselves!"

Chrysothemis, in amazement, asks her to explain. Electra says that it must be done this night. The work has fallen to them, now that he cannot come. They two must go and kill the woman and her man.

Does she speak of their mother? asks Chrysothemis, trembling. "Of her, and also of him: it must happen without any delay. Be silent. No talk. The only thing to be considered is how we shall do it." "I?" cries Chrysothemis. "Yes; you and I,—who else?" "What? We two? With our hands?" "Leave that to me. The axe with which our father——" "You, you have the dreadful thing?" "I was keeping it for our brother. Now we shall have to swing it." "You slay Ægisthus with your own hands?" "First her and then him; or first him and then her; it is all the same." "I am afraid!" "Nobody sleeps in their ante-room!" "Murder them in their sleep?"

Electra says that he who sleeps is a bound sacrifice. If they did not sleep together, she could accomplish it alone, so Chrysothemis must help her because she is strong; and she expatiates at considerable length on her sister's strength and physical advantages.

Chrysothemis will not be persuaded, although Electra threatens and pleads, and promises to be her slave and do everything in her power to fulfil her desires and make her

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happy. She tries to make her swear that she will come at night when all is still to the foot of the stairs. Chysothemis still resists, and at last forcibly breaks away and runs into her own apartments, while Electra shouts curses after her, and then exclaims: "Now then, all alone!"

She gropes along the wall of the house sideways towards the well, and begins to dig hastily without making a sound, like an animal, stopping from time to time to look around cautiously. She digs deeper.

Orestes (baritone) stands in the court doorway showing black against the last light in the sky. Electra springs to her feet hastily. Tremblingly she asks the stranger what he wants? what brings him here at the hour of darkness, spying on others? She has a task to perform. What business is it of his? Leave her in peace!

Orestes says he must wait here. He asks if she is one of the maids of the house. She answers that she serves in the house, but he has no business there; and tells him to go. He repeats that he must wait here until he is called. She tells him he lies: she knows well that the lord is not at home, and what should the lady want with him?

Orestes replies that he and a companion have business with the lady: they are sent to her because they can relate how her son Orestes died before their eyes, killed by his own horses. Orestes and he were of the same age, and companions by day and night.

Electra complains of this intruder into her sad corner, and asks the herald of misfortune why he can't go and trumpet his news where it will be enjoyed, reproaching him for living when a far nobler man has gone. He gently replies: "Never mind about Orestes! He enjoyed himself too much in his lifetime. The gods above will not tolerate too much happiness,—so he had to die!"

Electra, however, bewails her loss and the brother who will never come; "and this brood lives and eats and drinks and sleeps and enjoys itself and I am here and she is here

ELECTRA

all alone living more lonely and wretchedly than any woodland beast."

Orestes asks who she is. What matters it to him? She must be related by blood to the dead Agamemnon and Orestes. "Related? I am of their blood. I am the forgotten blood of King Agamemnon,—Electra!"

Orestes cries: "Do I really see you, Electra? Then you have starved yourself, or—have they been beating you?"

She tells him to not scrutinize her rags. He asks her what she has done with her nights: her eyes look so terrible; her cheeks are hollow. She tells him to go into the house, where she has a sister who is more inclined to social pleasures. He asks her to listen to him; but she does not want to know who he is; she does not want to see anybody. "Listen to me. I have no time to waste," he says. "Orestes lives."

"Is he free? Where is he?" she asks. "He is as uninjured as I am." "Then save him before they strangle him!" she cries.

He swears by his father's corpse that he came here for that very purpose.

Struck by his tone, Electra asks who he is.

At that moment, the morose old Servant, followed by three other Servants, hurries silently into the court-yard, throws himself down before Orestes and kisses his feet, while the others kiss his hands and the hem of his garment.

"Who are you?" excitedly cries Electra.

Orestes gently says: "Do the dogs in the yard recognize me, and my sister not?"

Electra bursts into a torrent of welcome. When he wants to embrace her, she holds him off and speaks of her squalor and neglected beauty, explaining how she has sacrificed all natural feelings to her father. The dead are jealous and he sent her hatred for a bridegroom; so she has

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become a prophetess for evermore, and produces nothing but curses and despair. She asks him why he looks so anxiously about him; his whole body is suddenly trembling. Orestes says it forebodes which way he shall take. Electra exclaims: "You will do it alone! You poor child!"

In a duet, he announces his determination, and Electra encourages and blesses him. Electra sings also "Blessed is he who digs the axe out of the earth," holds the torch and opens the door for him.

The Foster-father of Orestes (bass) stands in the court, a strong old gray-beard with flashing eyes. He asks them if they are not out of their senses not to keep silence when a noise or the merest trifle might ruin the work and themselves. He adds to Orestes: "She waits within; her maids are seeking you. There is no man in the house."

Orestes stands erect, controlling his tremor.

The house doorway is illuminated and a servant appears with a torch. The Confidante is behind her. Electra springs back into the shadow. The Confidante beckons the two strangers to follow her in. The servants fix the torch in an iron ring. Orestes and his Foster-father go in, exchanging a swift glance. The door closes behind them. Electra is extremely excited. She strides up and down before the door with bowed head like a caged animal. Suddenly she halts, and cries: "They are gone! They are gone, and I have not been able to give him the axe! There are no Gods in heaven!"

After a terrible pause, a shriek is heard from Clytemnestra's distant chamber. Electra screams like a demon: "Strike again!" A second cry is heard within. Immediately, Chrysothemis and a party of her servants issue from the dwelling on the left. Electra stands at the entrance with her back against the door. Chrysothemis says that something must have happened. One Maid says, "She screams like that in her sleep!" The second thinks that there must be men in there; she is sure she heard men go in.

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The third remarks that all the doors are bolted; while the fourth cries "Murder! There's murder in the house!" The first Maid then notices a figure in the doorway. Chrysothemis recognizes her sister, and they all call to her to speak to them. The fourth Maid runs for assistance, while all the others call to Electra to open the door and let them in. The fourth Maid returns crying: "Back to our apartments! Quick! Ægisthus is coming! If he finds us here and then discovers what has happened in the house, he will have us killed!" All disappear into the house on the left.

Ægisthus (tenor) appears at the entrance of the courtyard and stands there calling for lights, and complaining of the lack of order and discipline. Electra takes the torch from the ring, runs to meet him and bows before him.

Startled by the wild figure in the flickering light, Ægisthus starts backward, saying "What outlandish woman is this? Haven't I ordered that no strange face shall ever come near me?" Then, recognizing her, he angrily exclaims: "What? You? Who called you?"

Electra asks if she may not light his way? He asks where he can find the strangers who have come with the news of Orestes. Electra says they are inside. They found a gracious hostess and are enjoying themselves with her! Ægisthus concludes therefore that doubtless they announce that Orestes is dead and that there is not the slightest doubt of it.

Electra says that they confirm it not merely with words but with bodily tokens that leave no possible room for doubt. He asks her what she means? And what has happened to her that she talks with him? What makes her stagger to and fro with the light?

She says that it is nothing more than at last she has become sensible and attaches herself to those who are strongest. Will he allow her to light him on?

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Ægisthus hesitates and then accepts as far as the door. "Go carefully," he says, "what are you dancing for?"

Meantime Electra goes forward with strange dance steps circling him, and then, suddenly bowing low, says "Here are the steps; take care you don't fall!"

Ægisthus stops at the door and asks why there is no light? Who are they within?

Electra replies that they are those who desire to wait upon him in person; and she who has so often insolently and boldly annoyed him will now at last know how to retire at the right moment.

Ægisthus goes in. For a few moments all is quiet. Then there is an uproar inside. Ægisthus appears at a little window and tears away the curtain, crying: "Help! Murder! Help your lord! Murder! They are murdering me! Will no body hear me?"

As he is dragged back, Electra shouts, "Agamemnon hears you!"

Once again Ægisthus's face appears at the window, crying, "Woe! Woe!" He is again torn away.

Electra stands, panting, facing the house. Chrysothemis and her women come out and run madly to the door. There they suddenly halt and turn back. Chrysothemis cries: "Electra! Sister! Come with us! Our brother is there in the house! It is Orestes who has done it!"

The uproar continues inside the house: cries of "Orestes" are heard above all the other confused voices. "He is standing in the vestibule with a throng about him kissing his feet. (The clash of arms accompanying the fight between the slaves devoted to Orestes and the adherents of Ægisthus has gradually concentrated in the inner court into which the door on the right opens.) All who hated Ægisthus have attacked the others, the whole court is full of the dead, and all the living are covered with blood and wounds, but they are all embracing one an-

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other and exulting! A thousand torches are kindled! Do you not hear?" continues Chrysothemis.

Electra, still crouching on the threshold, replies: "Do I not hear the music? It comes from me. The thousands bearing torches, whose steps, whose myriad steps produce a black menace over all the earth, all wait on me. I know well that they are waiting because I must lead the dance, and I cannot, for the ocean, the monstrous ocean, overwhelms my every limb with its weight, and I cannot rise."

Chrysothemis says that they are carrying Orestes on their shoulders.

Taking no notice of her, Electra springs to her feet as if inspired, and cries: "We are with the Gods, we fulfillers! They go forward with the edge of the sword through us—the Gods!—but their majesty is not too great for us!"

Chrysothemis says that all the faces have altered, all eyes and the cheeks of the old are streaming with tears. Cannot Electra hear them weeping?

The two sisters sing together, Chrysothemis in praise of the Gods; Electra of the flame in her that has burnt up the darkness. Chrysothemis concludes: "Now our brother is here and love flows over us like oil and myrrh. Love is all! Who can live without love?" She must go to her brother! Electra answers: "Love dies; but no one can go forward who has not known love!"

When her sister has gone, she springs down the steps to the court-yard. Her head is thrown back like a Mænad's: she lifts her knees and sways with her arms, going through the steps of an awe-inspiring dance.

Chrysothemis again appears, followed by torches and a throng of male and female faces. "Electra!" she cries.

Electra pauses, staring straight before her. "Silence! and dance! All must come and join in! I bear the load of happiness and I dance before you here. Whoso is as happy as we, should do likewise: silence! and dance!"

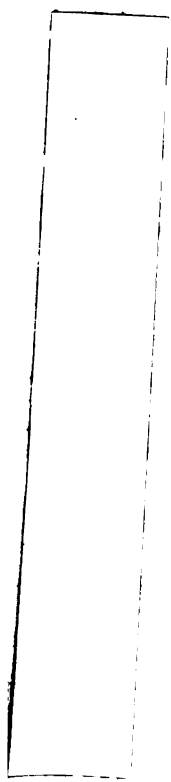
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She takes a few more steps in her exalted triumph, and then collapses.

Chrysothemis runs to her and finds her rigid. Then she goes to the door and beats upon it, calling, "Orestes! Orestes!"

There is silence as the curtain falls.

THE END



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